

PHOTOPLAY



5¢

OBER

9-10

JOHN CRAWFORD

THE LOVE STORY JEAN HARLOW ASKED ME TO WRITE by FAITH BALDWIN

HOLLYWOOD MORALS, IF ANY! by ERROL FLYNN

DIXIE WILLSON GILBERT SELDES ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS LOWELL THOMAS



Share a secret with Hollywood...

"Choose your makeup by the color of your Eyes"

SAYS

Dolores Del Rio

A SECRET? Yes, a beauty secret... direct from Hollywood... from glamorous Dolores Del Rio. "Choose your makeup by the color of your eyes!"

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? Just this: Nature has given you a personality color, a color that never changes... It's the color of your eyes! That's the secret of Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. First of all, it's makeup that matches... harmonizing sets of face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara... all in correct color symphony.

AND IT MATCHES YOU... because this new makeup is scientifically keyed to your own personality color—the color of your eyes! Wear this new makeup and...

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MARVELOUS *Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

PARIS LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO BUENOS AIRES MEXICO CITY BERLIN SYDNEY HAVANA VIENNA

Meet the World's most Glamorous Girls—

LEARN THEIR BEAUTY SECRETS

How do they preserve their beauty—these captivating women who earn up to \$200 a week posing for smile pictures?

By simple exercise and diet for the figure ... by special creams for their ivory skin ... by Listerine Tooth Paste to give lustre, flash and brilliance to their flawless teeth.

Their preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is just about the finest compliment that can be paid a dentifrice. After all, there are no

sterner critics of beauty aids than glamour girls; they've got to be to hold their jobs.

Here are their comments: "A real beauty bath for teeth," says one. Another adds, "Never a tooth paste so dainty." A third says, "Most of the models I know use it." So runs their praise day after day.

To it is added that of thousands of mothers and fathers with a sharp eye to economy. Remember—Listerine Tooth Paste in the 40¢

double size actually contains more than a quarter of a pound of tooth paste. That is important news for any family.

When are you going to try this dainty, delightful, mouth-freshening tooth paste? See for yourself how it lives up to the claims we make for it. Get a tube from your druggist at once.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



(above) Posing one day as a young mother, the next as a debutante and the third as a stenographer, Henrietta Donahue earns an attractive salary in the New York studios. Her gorgeous teeth are not the least of her charms.

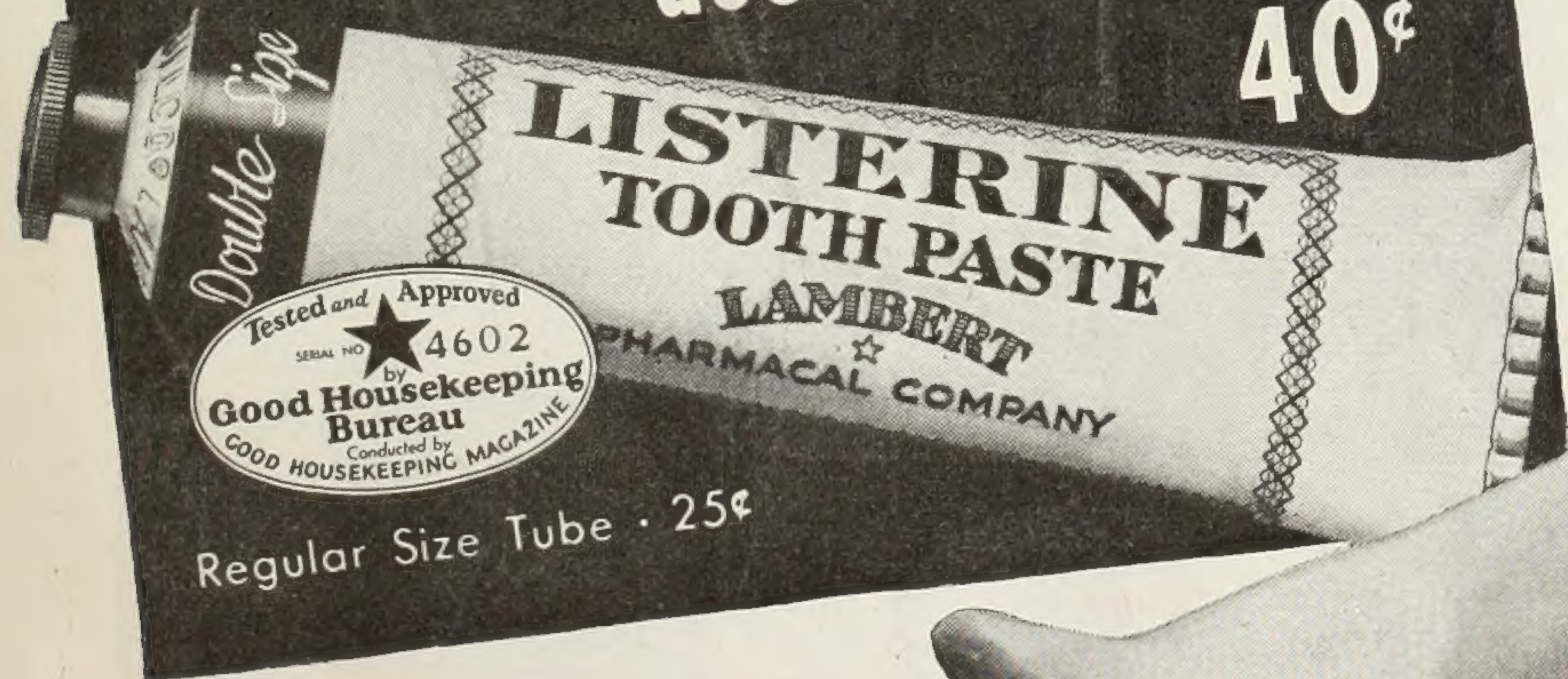
(left) Glamour girl indeed is blonde Florence Nine of West Virginia, winner of three beauty contests and one for personality. If she did not have lustrous, white teeth, her job in the studios would not last long.



Linda Yale, from Iowa, had always wanted to live in New York. She's "arrived" there now—in more ways than one. Her flashing smile and lovely teeth make her a favorite in New York commercial studios.

More than $\frac{1}{4}$ POUND
of tooth paste in the
double-size tube

40¢



Regular Size Tube - 25¢



Joan
CRAWFORD

Franchot *Robert*
TONE * YOUNG



She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!



with **BILLIE BURKE**
REGINALD OWEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

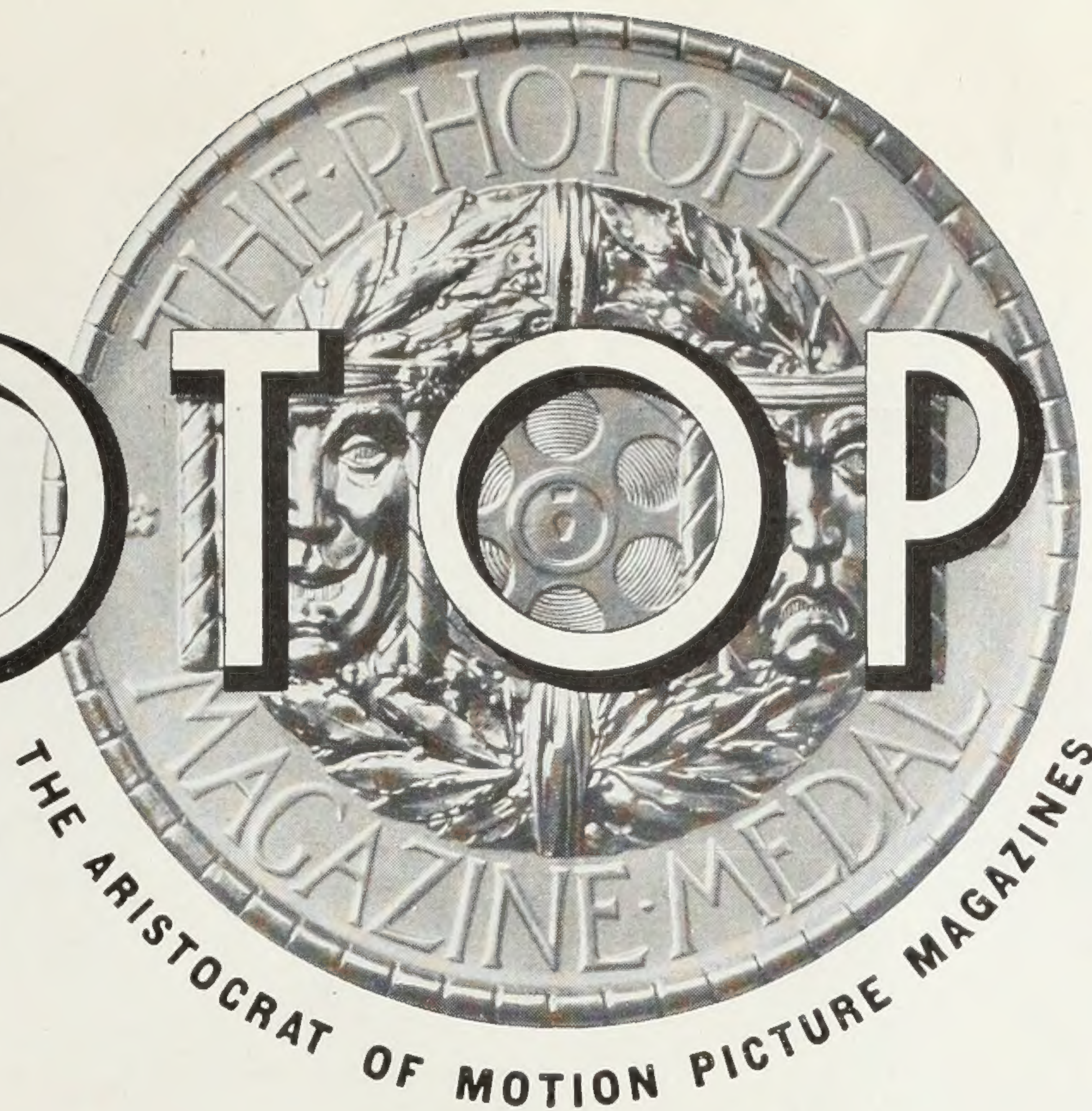
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote

The **BRIDE WORE RED**



Directed by
Dorothy
Arzner
Produced by
JOSEPH L.
MANKIEWICZ

PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

On the Cover—Joan Crawford, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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HOLLYWOOD'S JUNIOR LEGION

This is Station K-I-D and reserved for the young readers of PHOTOPLAY, as a place to meet the Junior Movie colony



For Jane Withers (the little girl who knows how to escape scoldings) Marianne made this real spinning wheel. Left, Shirley Temple, as she looked 3 years ago. She was Marianne's first real film friend



Marianne, the editor of this page, is of French birth, and through her aristocratic background, knows many important personages of both Europe and America. She writes regularly to Princess Elizabeth; is an intimate friend of the children of the king of Belgium. She came to Hollywood when she was fifteen; is the author-playmate of all the movie children

THIS story is for children only. The editor of PHOTOPLAY promised me that it might be, and that all adults coming upon it must turn quickly to another page, for, as you well know, it is quite rude to read a story not intended for you.

Now, I've never been here before, and, since there isn't anyone to introduce me, I'll have to introduce myself. I suppose it should be done something like this: "How do you do, Boys and Girls, how are you?" "That's fine, so am I." "Would you care to have me tell you about Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, and all the interesting little stars that shine in Hollywood's great motion-picture land?" "Why thank you, I'd just love doing it."

You see there's nothing like getting off to a nice polite start. It really counts for a great deal. I learned that when I lived in Europe where everyone is extremely formal, and a lady or gentleman dresses for dinner, even if there's nothing but a glass of water and a napkin. You and I may think that is going a little too far, but after all it's better to be too polite than not polite enough. In Europe I used to take a walk each day with a dignified chaperon and often played with little princes and princesses in luxurious gar-

dens with fountains and roses, where stern-faced governesses and guards stood about in constant attendance, ready to say "No" even before you asked. I used to wonder what on earth had ever happened to make them that way, so stiff and formal and unyielding.

But somehow, when four o'clock came, it was different. That was the regular hour for tea, and then those governesses and guards seemed to change. They would smile and relax and appear altogether human. Mlle. Raymonde, my *bonne*, usually a most forbidding lady, became gay and chatty, and sometimes offered to read fortunes from the tea leaves. It was the happiest part of the day for me, as well as for all other children, when the steaming pot was brought in on a silver tray, with a special plate of sweet *babas* beside it as an extra treat if we'd been good. No one minded that the tea was scarcely more than a little sweetened water, it was teatime, and something to look forward to in an otherwise uneventful day.

Then, all of a sudden, I came to live in Hollywood, to write books in English and French for boys and girls. Soon I learned to know the children who act so entertainingly in motion pictures. Shirley Temple was my

first friend. Shirley was tiny and cute and carried a huge Teddy bear almost as large as herself. She had the prettiest curls I ever saw, and not the slightest idea of what a very important little person she was.

I've written several books about these children who have become my friends, and it's fun doing it, because they are so like make-believe youngsters and so interesting that finding a story about them doesn't tax the imagination, at all. But each day, when the clock strikes four, I give my typewriter the last tap and pull on the cover. Then I call the maid and ask who's coming to tea; for once the clock strikes four my brain refuses to think of anything but tea and *babas* and the society of my little friends and whether the leaves in my cup today will bring me good fortune.

WE'VE formed a sort of band, these little Hollywood children and I. We call ourselves "The Junior Legion." Recently we designed a decoration, a medallion of honor, which will be given to some child each year for "Valiant Achievement." It is made in the shape of a tiny gold star, surrounded by an olive wreath, to which is attached a cross bearing the inscription "Pour Valeur." It is to be presented with much pomp and ceremony and bears citations written by a great many famous men. Who do you think should receive this medal?

When I first started the habit of having tea together with the boys and girls we had

(Continued on page 98)

Candidly

HERE ARE THE

HIGHLIGHTS OF HOLLYWOOD



Who wouldn't take romance, when it's spelled G-R-A-C-E M-O-O-R-E! Here's by all odds her finest and funniest picture.



GRACE MOORE "I'LL TAKE ROMANCE"

With MELVYN DOUGLAS • Stuart Erwin
Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Between contracts and kidnapers, Grace has troubles aplenty. But she comes up smiling—more gorgeous, more glamorous than ever before.



IRENE DUNNE • CARY GRANT "THE AWFUL TRUTH"

With Ralph Bellamy • Alexander D'Arcy • Joyce Compton
Produced and Directed by LEO McCAREY
Associate Producer, Everett Riskin

Why did his wife have to hide Jerry Warriner in the bedroom when her best friend visited her? This and other novel romantic questions are answered uproariously in this brilliant version of a Broadway hit.



"Theodora" goes wilder than ever untangling new angles in this tantalizing love triangle. . . . See how a society bride's sensational drawing-room dance shocked Park Avenue—and stopped a divorce!

MADELEINE CARROLL • FRANCIS LEDERER "IT'S ALL YOURS"

With MISCHA AUER • Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
Associate Producer, William Perlberg

Hollywood's all excited about this gayest picture of the new season! Advance reviews call it "a sweet-heart of a picture"—"swell entertainment." See why!

And now at last at popular prices—Frank Capra's production starring Ronald Colman—"Lost Horizon."

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your theatre for the dates of these attractions.



BRIEF REVIEWS



It's curtains (in films!) for this combination for a while after "Thin Ice." Ty Power goes to work with Loretta Young on "Second Honeymoon"; Sonja Henie teams with Don Ameche in "Bread, Butter and Rhythm."

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SHADOW STAGE

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ANGEL'S HOLIDAY—20th Century-Fox

Again Jane Withers proves herself a rare trouper in this rollicking comedy of a kidnaped movie star, and provides her uncle's newspaper with plenty of headlines when she locates the missing actress, helps capture the thugs. (July)

AS GOOD AS MARRIED—Universal

Audacious, gay and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary in order to save on his income tax. But his frau really loves him, gets tired of his shenanigans. Giddy and good. (July)

BANK ALARM—Grand National

This jumps for glory from murders to kidnapers to counterfeits, and misses. Conrad Nagle is the G-man who ferrets out the crimes with the assistance of his comely lieutenant, Eleanor Hunt. Vince Barnett contributes several laughs as a slow-witted photographer. (Aug.)

BEHIND THE HEADLINES—RKO-Radio

Lee Tracy is the energetic newshawk in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl (Diana Gibson, a bright newcomer), and blocks the theft of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and expertly acted. (Aug.)

★ BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, wife, nurse, directed in an unusually exciting and realistic way. Franchot Tone brings all his ability to the rôle of the surgeon, Virginia Bruce is his selfish but glamorous wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan the sympathetic partner in his lifework. Splendid. (Sept.)

BIG BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox

The Jones family again delivers an excellent piece of entertainment in this tale of how they are almost ruined by Jed Prouty's (Mr. Jones) entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Gleason is good as the procrastinating florist who woos the daughter; Kenneth Howell does well as the inventive son. (July)

BORDER CAFE—RKO-Radio

John Beal, ne'er-do-well, goes out to the great open spaces, and, aided by cattleman Harry Carey and café dancer Armida, makes good after routing gangsters who try to bamboozle him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Aug.)

★ CAFE METROPOLE—20th Century-Fox

This offers Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in an unbeatable combination of sly satire, speedy humor and a giddy romance built around café society. It's a casual story of a young man who poses as a Russian duke to snare an heiress. Adolphe Menjou, Gregory Ratoff (who wrote the story), Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all the cast, are grand. Be sure to go. (July)

CORNERED (FORMERLY WAR LORD)—Warners

This is "The Bad Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well been left undone. Boris Karloff is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Raids, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept.)

COUNSEL FOR CRIME—Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is Kruger's illegitimate son who prosecutes his father on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and the love interest is flatter than an ironing board. (Sept.)

DANCE CHARLIE DANCE—Warners

Stuart Erwin provides what comedy he can in this old-plotted picture of a small-town boy who inherits mazuma and puts on an unsuccessful Broadway production. Jean Muir is his sympathizing Girl Friday. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards and Glenda Farrell contribute. (July)

DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—Republic

A child violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations, racketeers fleeing the law, a tepid romance between a forest ranger and an heiress compose this placid adventure tale. Twelve-year-old Ra Hould is particularly splendid. (Sept.)

★ DAY AT THE RACES, A—M-G-M

One of the grandest bits of nonsense in the whole Marx of Time parade. Gags that explode with the vim of a firecracker, dialogue that sizzles with insanity, tuneful melodies, and pretty girls are sketched in against a background that entangles Groucho, a horse doctor, Harpo, a jockey, Chico, a tipster, Maureen O'Sullivan, owner of a sanitarium, and Alan Jones who sings her love songs. A fun fest. (Aug.)

★ DEAD END—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

Sidney Kingsley's superb and poignant play of how society makes its own criminals along the New York water front where slums and smart apartments meet, loses none of its drama on the screen. Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, augmented by the six little hoodlums of the original version. This is a "must" unless you don't like realism in the theater. (Sept.)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving this neatly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the attorney who first defends, then prosecutes Elisha Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Sept.)

★ EASY LIVING—Paramount

Nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish piece of silly sophistication which revolves around Edward Arnold,

Wall Street tornado, a sable coat which lands on the smooth back of Jean Arthur, and her romance with Ray Milland who works in an automat. It's a riot! (Sept.)

★ EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS, THE—M-G-M

Gorgeous production, exquisite cameo-like work by Luise Rainer, and the always satisfying performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture, though the creaking story built around spy activities is antique and melodramatic. E. E. Clive, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Sept.)

EVER SINCE EVE—Warners

Once again Marion Davies is a glamorous beauty posing as an ugly duckling to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author-boss, discovers he loves his homely secretary, all goes quite as you would expect. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the slap-happy comedy. (Sept.)

FLY-AWAY BABY—Warners

Glenda Farrell, feminine Sherlock Holmes, again solves a murder mystery, but this time she takes to the air on a round-the-world trip to do it. Barton MacLane is the dick in love with her. Good comedy is provided by Tom Kennedy. And the finish is a surprise. (Aug.)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—Grand National

With sixteen Gilbert and Sullivan tunes to create nostalgia and a surprise performance by Irene Hervey, this reaches the upper brackets as bright comedy. Bob Armstrong is the down-at-the-heel manager of a singing troupe. You should see it. (Aug.)

GO GETTER, THE—Warners

Peter B. Kyne's famed story of a man, who despite the loss of a leg fights against all odds and finally wins out. Charles Winninger is grand as Cappy Ricks; Anita Louise is his charming daughter, and George Brent is sympathetic as the ambitious young man. (July)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Warner Bros.

take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul **MUNI**

this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF

EMILE ZOLA

He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: **Gale Sondergaard... Joseph Schildkraut**
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haines Harold and Geza Herczeg

✱

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Evenings and Holiday matinees: 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax

Matinees - Monday to Friday: 1.00, .77 plus tax • Matinees - Saturday and Sunday and

6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax. • Mail orders accepted.

✱

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.

SO

MEN CAN'T COOK, EH!

BY EDGAR ALLAN WOOLF

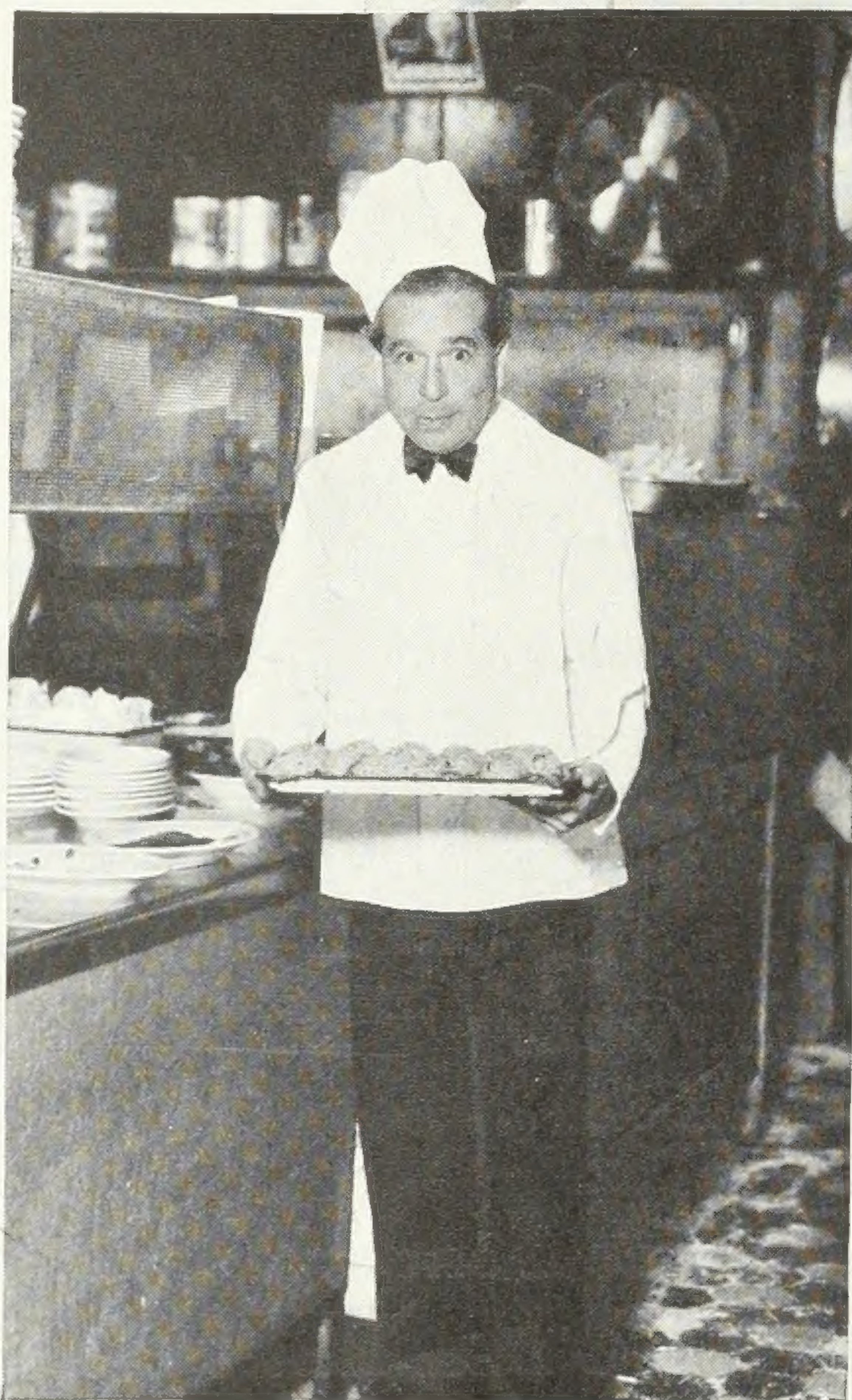
But it's a different story when this famous Hollywood writer takes a pan in hand

YEARS ago, when I was a very little boy, there lived on our block a charming family that had a terrific stigma cast upon it. It became noised about in back parlors that the father of the family had cooked the Christmas dinner. The scandal grew and grew, so that whenever the poor man left the house, the children on the block would cry after him, "There she goes! Isn't she sweet?" And this, in spite of the fact he was a prize fight promoter. The man was too big to slug the children, so the family had to move.

Today, it's an entirely different story. There's hardly a man in any city or village who hasn't some specialty he enjoys cooking up for the family.

Out here in Hollywood, some of our biggest stars are famous for their culinary specialties. Bob Taylor can make as neat a minute steak as any minute man ever dished up. Bill Powell is an expert with his chafing dish. His Newburgs would put to shame the chafings of the great Henri. As for Jean Hersholt, it's no wonder he's the pride of Denmark, for his Danish pastry is so light, it crumbles at the sight of a fork. Dick Powell looks so well in a chef's apron and cap that it doesn't matter if he does burn the *crêpes suzette*, the girls still love them. And no one can scramble an egg with more fluffy insouciance than Lionel Barrymore. Leo Carrillo specializes in Mexican and Spanish dishes. His tamales are so good, he's often been accused of buying them. But I've seen him make them, and will fight for his honesty.

When a man cooks, there's something about the result that's entirely different from a woman's cooking, and I think the reason is he doesn't know how much butter costs a pound—and the current price of cream—in



fact, he doesn't bother. He knows it takes good things to make good dishes, and he puts them in, in goodly proportions.

My chief claim to culinary distinction out here in Hollywood revolves around my Baked Beans. I heard Robert Taylor's mother give her recipe over the air, and I know she's famous for them, too; but our recipes are so different, it only proves we both must be wrong, since I am convinced that a good cook cooks everything wrong, and that's why it turns out right.

Inasmuch as my enemies claim I've been at M-G-M seven years on account of my beans, I call them "Baked Beans à la Metro."

Baked Beans à la Metro

OF course, I soak them overnight, which really requires very little cleverness. And yet, after all, it does. My first experience as a bean soaker taught me that. You see, I didn't know that the pot in which I soaked them should have been large enough to allow for growing, and that the beans had to be more than just covered with water. In the middle of the night I heard little pitter-patters on the kitchen floor. I sat up in bed, convinced someone was breaking into the



The author, the most famous amateur chef of the screen colony, proves his culinary skill by letting Cecilia Parker act as Chief Taster. His dishes are the highlights of parties; he passes on the recipes to you

house. Grabbing up my trusty thirty-two (which is never loaded), I crept down to the kitchen, turned up the light, and there were the beans sneaking out of the pot, and tip-toeing over the floor. One even looked up at me with an expression which seemed to say, "So you think you're a cook, eh?"

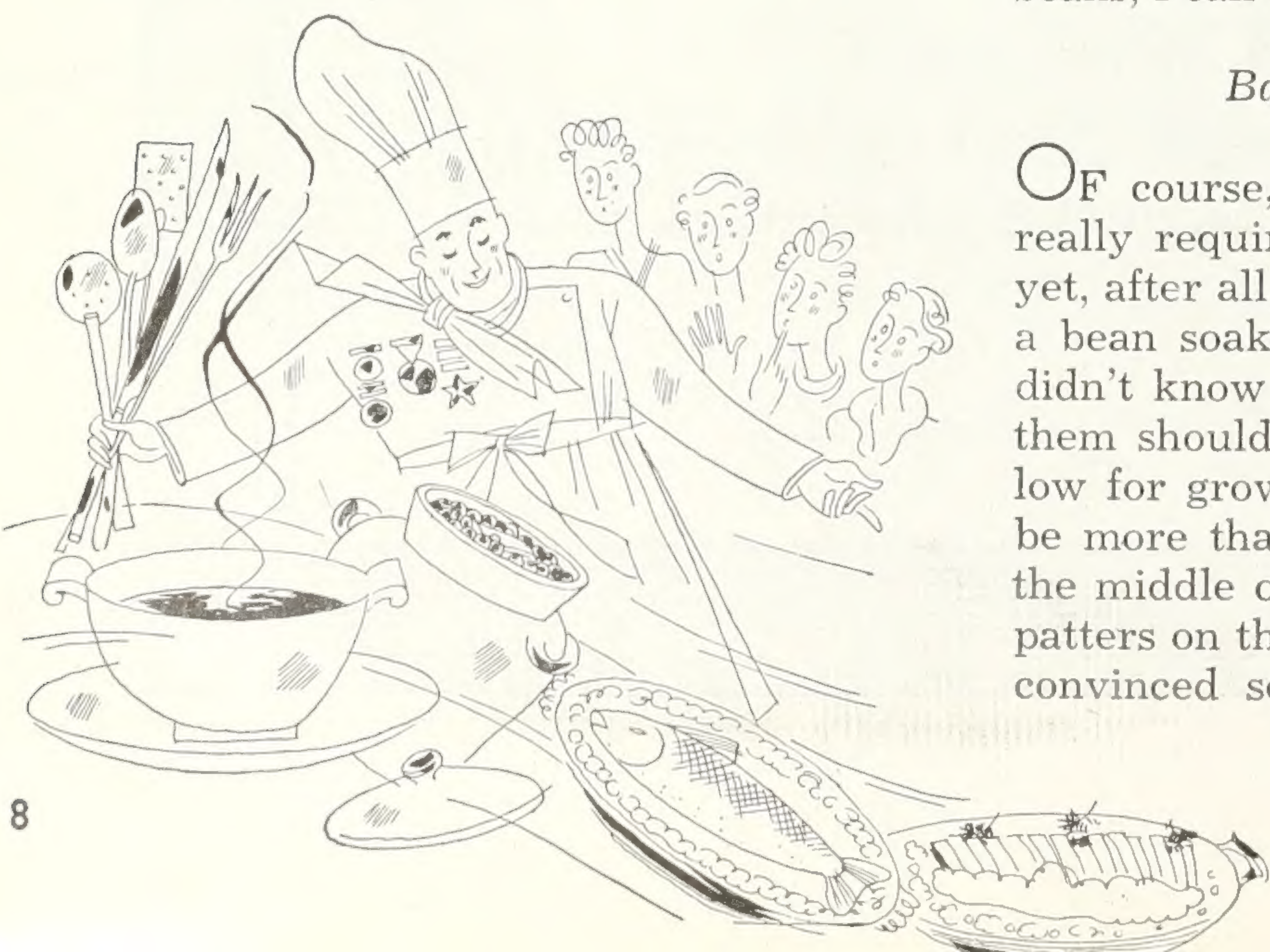
Well, to get back to the recipe! After the beans have been soaked all night—let's say you experiment with a pound—in the morning I boil them in very slightly salted water until, when the little beanlet is blown upon, its little jacket snaps open right in your little face.

Now here's my big secret! When I put the pound of beans into my bean crock, I don't throw away the slightly salted water, because that's going to come in handy later.

At just about this point in the process I brown about four small onions in a quarter of a pound of butter. When the onions are golden brown, I pour about a half a pint of catsup into the pan, four heaping tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, a slack teaspoonful of mustard, another of salt, and another of white pepper. When this is all a nice gooey mixture, I pour it over the beans and stir it well. Then I lay a nice generous piece of salt pork tenderly on the top, put the cover on the pot, shove it into the oven, and let it stay "shoved" about five hours.

Now we'll go back to the bean water. About every half-hour the good old crock has to be opened and watched, as, after all, beans are beans. If they are getting too dry, add, little by little, the slightly salted water in which they were boiled. Will you please try this some time, and let me know if you

(Continued on page 99)



IT'S GAY! IT'S SWEET! IT'S HOT! IT'S SWELL! AND WHAT A STORY!

Let 52nd Street tell you of romance, of music, of pathos, of drama...from the time that it was *the* center of fashionable New York — until it became the after-dark capital of the world...Around a grand romantic story by Grover Jones, who gave you "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—there is exciting entertainment with the stars who came out at night on Jam Canyon... They sing! They swing!—They dance!



Swell Songs

"I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight"
 "I'd Like to See Samoa of Samoa"
 "Don't Save Your Love for a Rainy Day"
 "Sing and Let Your Hair Down"
 "Nothing Can Stop Me Now"

Directed by
 HAROLD YOUNG

with IAN HUNTER • LEO CARRILLO
 PAT PATERSON • ELLA LOGAN • SID SILVERS
 DOROTHY PETERSON • MARLA SHELTON
 ZASU PITTS • AL SHEAN • COLLETTE LYONS
 and KENNY BAKER

A WALTER WANGER Production

Plus many entertainers who made 52nd Street famous
 Jack WHITE
 ROCCO and SAULTER
 Georgie TAPPS
 COOK and BROWN

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

BEAUTY



for the
VERY YOUNG
and
VERY BLONDE

The most beautiful young girl in Hollywood, Anita Louise. Her beauty secrets are amazingly simple and clever

BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK

ANITA LOUISE has always reminded us of apple blossoms—the translucence of her skin, the delicately modeled features, the shimmer of her golden hair have the same ethereal quality as the pink and white flowers which bloom in the youth of the year.

We wondered how this girl, who has been acclaimed the world over by writers and artists as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, cared for the priceless beauty that is hers. To our amazement, her beauty secrets are the simplest that we have ever heard. They are, too, the very cleverest a young girl, just in her teens as Anita is, could follow.

We expected to find that she used rare oils, specially prepared cosmetics, for a fragile loveliness such as she possesses must surely be preserved with infinite care and no thought of time. Instead, we found she never dusts her nose with anything but talcum or a very lightweight powder. She sets her own hair more often than she has it done professionally. She eats anything and everything that she likes and she has never dieted—except to gain weight.

A part of Anita's beauty is due to the air of serene graciousness which surrounds her. She lives in a big white house with her mother, whom she adores and who is an unusually beautiful woman in her own right. The whole atmosphere of Anita's home is keyed to her tranquil loveliness, and it is easy to see why, in this scene of quiet and relaxation, Anita preserves that untouched look which is so much a part of her charm. Her every gesture reflects it. She is one of the few women we have ever seen who can sit quietly without fidgeting and still make you overwhelmingly conscious of her presence; the grace of her walk and the exquisite

way in which she uses her hands all bespeak breeding, poise and peace of spirit.

Her immaculateness is as shining as clear water and her method of preserving it is so simple that we were amazed. The glistening sheen of her light hair is achieved by a nightly brushing with a stiff bristled brush over which she stretches a filmy piece of chiffon or similarly sheer material. This skims off any dust which may have accumulated during the day leaving the hair, itself, bright and clean. Because she is blonde, she shampoos her hair every four or five days. Brunettes, she says, may get away with a shampoo every ten days or two weeks because, to show up to best advantage, dark hair needs the sheen of natural oil.

Anita likes to care for her hair herself. For her hot-oil treatments she uses Eucalyptus oil. It isn't a tricky process at all, she explains. "You simply apply the oil to the whole scalp with a pledget of cotton and massage gently. Then turn on the hot water in the basin. Place a large turkish towel over your head and bend over, holding the towel tightly to the edge of the bowl. It's as grand a steam cabinet as you've ever known and the results are so good for the hair and scalp—as well as for the skin." In fact, she confessed that this steaming process is her only complexion treatment.

NATURALLY, it seemed beyond our rosiest dreams that anyone could ever have a soft-as-a-petal skin like Anita's but she assured us that we were wrong about that. "Basically, of course, food and diet must be correct. But from then on, the simplest care is the best care."

At night before retiring, she uses a cleansing cream—a thin one. Plenty of soap and

water follows this cleansing and just a little—a very little—night cream. Moderate use of all cosmetics is her motto and it is one that certainly proves itself in complexion perfection for her. She discourages the use of ice on the skin but never underestimates the stimulating value of cold towels, dipped in ice water if you like, but never the actual contact of ice on the skin. The sudden shock of the cold breaks the tiny blood vessels which lie close to the surface of the skin.

Her innate fastidiousness is apparent not only in the finished product—which is a rarely lovely thing to behold—but is carried into the very preparations which combine to produce the delicately fragile picture which Anita presents at all times. A universal problem to which she has found a very adequate answer is the one of keeping powder from the hairline. She wears a thin rubber bandeau about her head while applying her cosmetics and protects her blonde hair from becoming discolored (which is bound to happen if powder is carelessly applied) by cleansing the hairline with cotton dampened with hair tonic. A very little of this goes a long way and, if used with care, cannot possibly damage the general wave outline.

"But what about sleep?" we asked next. Plenty of sleep, she emphasized. It's important to both physical and facial beauty but no more vital to any part of the body than to the eyes. Her clear blue eyes are protected always by dark glasses when out of doors and further insured against strain by eight hours of sleep nightly. Her own simple home remedy for tired eyes at the end of the day is a fifteen-minute nap before her bath with tiny pads of cotton soaked in witch hazel upon her eyelids.

(Continued on page 99)

Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he
woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.

RAMON
NOVARRO
in
The **SHEIK**
STEPS OUT

with LOLA LANE • GENE LOCKHART • KATHLEEN
BURKE • STANLEY FIELDS and BILLY BEVAN
directed by Irving Pichel • original story and screen play
by Adele Buffington • Associate Producer Herman Schlom

A *Republic*
PICTURE

BOOS and Bouquets



Gary Cooper having his costume and make-up tested for his rôle in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

THE WINNER!

TYRONE POWER—young America bouquets you. In the story, "The Life Story of a Problem Child," appearing recently in PHOTOPLAY, you certainly give us a true vision of young Americans. At least one movie star has had the courage to admit the things he really did when he was growing up, and to make no bones about it, either.

Most stars are brought up in convents, on the streets selling papers, or among the idle rich. As a rule, they never say anything about the exciting adolescent escapades that, if these stars were human, must have marked their youth.

Looking back on my own kid days, I remember well the high school dances at a certain pavilion, the "spirits" in the back pockets of the boys, and the favorite parking

spots for those who had a case of puppy love. Many of us had our hides tanned when we got home, but the evening had been worth it, so we took the beating with an inward smile, and cried to make Dad think it hurt. The "flivvers" we went around in! They were at the breakdown point every minute.

Young America will always have its fling, and more power to Tyrone Power for saying that he did.

ELEANOR BERGSTROM,
Minneapolis, Minn.

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

THE GIRL BEHIND THE HALO

Hats off to Bette Davis! At last Hollywood has a gal who is willing to portray characters true to form, and who is not continually worrying over whether or not the audience is getting the full benefit of her left profile.

I have long silently admired Miss Davis'

down-to-earth acting, but two incidents occurring in "Marked Woman" so impressed me that I just had to write this letter. First—after much sad experience with my own hair I always wonder how so many of film-land Cinderellas manage, under all circumstances, to keep every hair on their heads beautifully waved and curled. Therefore, when in a few scenes of that film I discovered Bette's smart coiffure reduced to not-so-unbecoming pin curls covered by a very realistic hair net I could have shouted for joy.

Secondly—oh, how many times have I been bored to tears when I have watched long-suffering glamour girls of the screen storm into a room, furiously tear their clothes from hangers so that it seemed there would be nothing left but shreds, and commence flinging them into a suitcase without the preliminary process of folding. Often these actresses are portraying poor working girls on whose lean purses clothes make quite an impression, so is it probable that even in moments of great emotion they would be so utterly careless of their precious finery? You may be sure it was a relief to see Bette prudently folding and carefully packing her belongings. So here's to more realism and Bette Davis.

SHIRLEY L. GRAY,
Pasadena, Calif.
(Continued on page 86)



Triumph for Joan— Triumph for Lux!

Dazzling Technicolor Film—
"Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938"

**stars beautiful Joan Bennett—with
colorful fashions cared for with Lux**

*A Bride in
Blush Pink*

The faint flush of Joan's fashion-show wedding gown is charmingly captured in Technicolor.

Colors must be perfect in Technicolor... Everything washable in this picture was cared for with Lux

"THE EXQUISITE DELICACY of Joan Bennett's coloring is perfect for Technicolor," they say at the Walter Wanger studio. "Costume colors must be *equally perfect*. Any change or fading during work on the picture might cause us to scrap thousands of feet of expensive film.

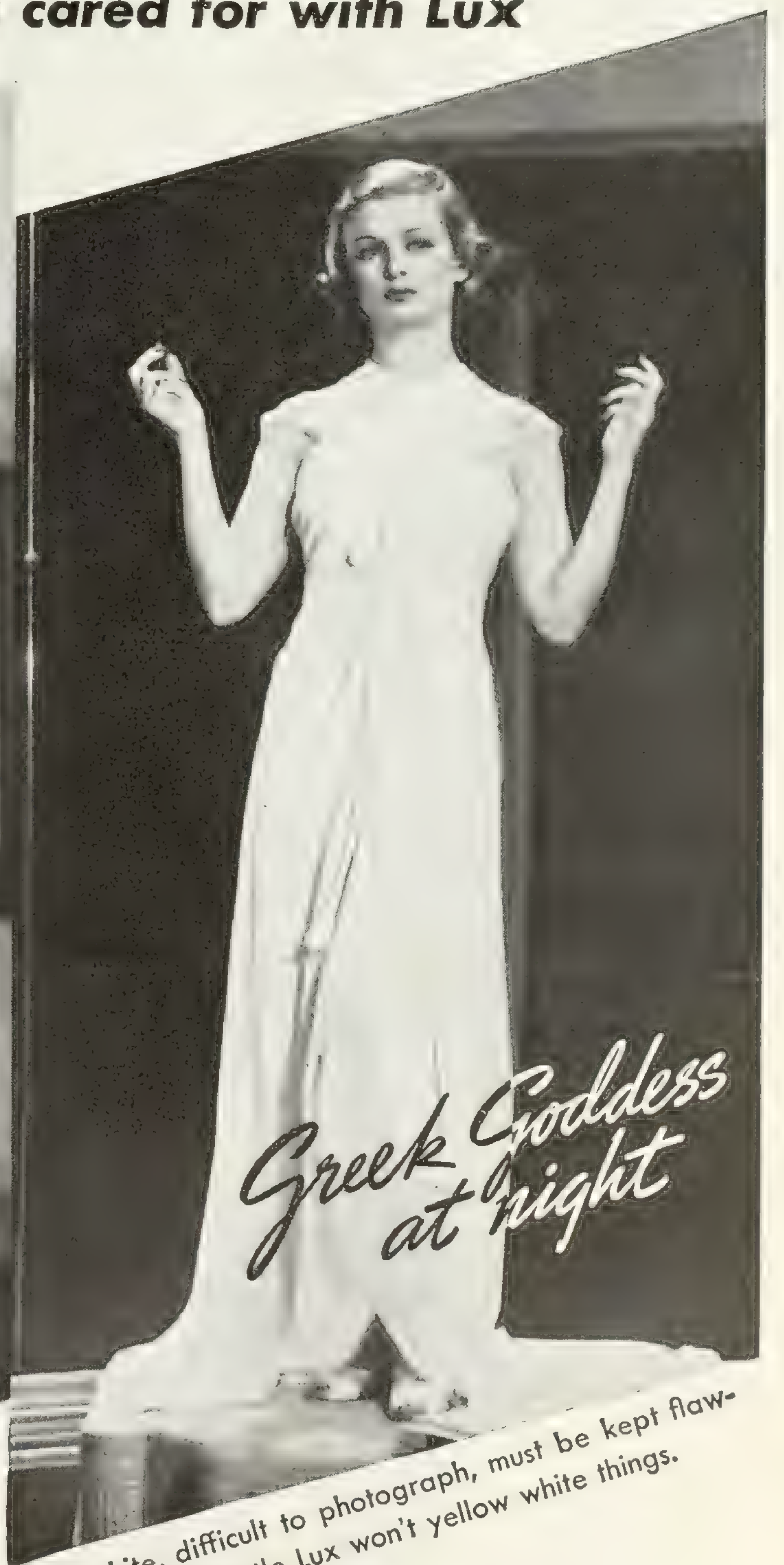
"Everything possible has been done to guard the color and newness of the stunning clothes we show. Naturally, we insisted that everything washable be cared for with Lux. It's the safest care we know."

YOU, TOO, can protect the perfect color of your own precious things—keep them exquisitely new with Lux. It costs almost nothing, yet it gives your things the *same safe care* used in the leading Hollywood studios. Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps—is safe for anything safe in water alone.



*Brilliance in
the afternoon*

Joan loves color! "Please don't risk washing things in anything but Lux," she always tells a new maid.



*Greek Goddess
at night*

Pure white, difficult to photograph, must be kept flawlessly fresh. Gentle Lux won't yellow white things.

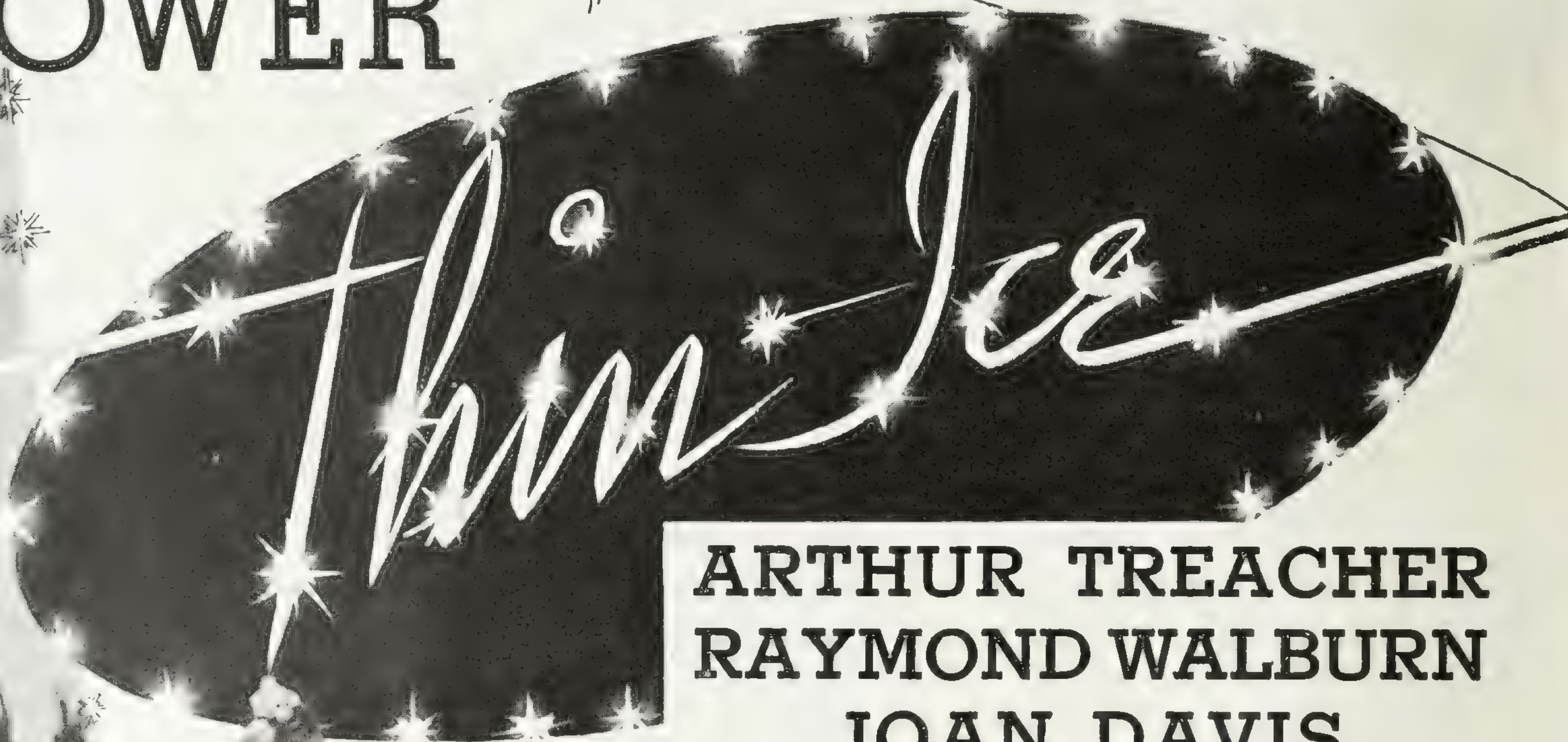
Specified in the leading Hollywood studios...





**SONJA TYRONE
HENIE • POWER**

A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel



**ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS**

**SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT**

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
... who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing",
"One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production



Your guarantee of the best
in entertainment!



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



The von Sternberg-Dietrich-Sieber trio and a beautiful location shot from "Hurricane" have a glamorous bond

BY RUTH WATERBURY

OH BOY what a fine exciting thing it is to glamorize a magazine . . . this new size PHOTOPLAY I mean . . . as exciting as make-up tests for an actress . . . only here instead of a new hair coloring and hairdress we have a new type . . . new size . . . new departments . . . do look now and let me know what you think of it all . . . I'd honestly like to know. . . .

Dressing things up like this does keep an editor rushing . . . must be pleasant to do one of those nice quiet fiction-story magazines . . . just read about romance day after day and publish some of it for other people to read . . . pleasant but not so much fun as this probably. . . .

An editor of a motion-picture magazine never knows what she is getting into . . . our high this month was the request of a prominent star not to publish a story we had had written about him because he thought it was too complimentary . . . we never expect to pass that point . . . that or of our lawyer asking us who Hymie Fink was . . .



plus our new magazine designer, Mr. Heyworth Campbell, querying us on honestly and truly why did we adore Hollywood so . . . that was our favorite question because it gave us the idea for this piece and the pictures on this page

That tropical shot up there . . . the beauty of it put us in a dither . . . yet it is just a still . . . merely a background shot from Goldwyn's "Hurricane" . . . interestingly enough that same location was used in "Paradise Isle" too . . . one a gigantic expensive picture, "Hurricane," of course, and the

other just a little quickie . . . but both spared no effort or money to bring you beauty . . . naturally most of the action shots were made right on the respective studio lots . . . like Paramount taking the Colbert company to Sun Valley, Idaho, last winter because they thought you might like to see what that much-advertised place looked like . . . but ending by taking most of the scenes in an icehouse in Los Angeles . . . The cause of that being that you can't make nature behave in a close-up . . . too used to getting her own way. . . .

WE TOLD Heyworth it was that search and realization of beauty that made us like Hollywood so much . . . that plus phenomena like Marlene Dietrich. Mr. Sieber and Josef von Sternberg . . . what a grouping that is . . . La Dietrich is most truly glamorous . . . I have seen her time and again in Hollywood in rooms filled with more genuinely beautiful women who, try as they would, couldn't keep the spotlight away from Marlene . . . the gorgeous thing about her is that she lets men worship her and serenely goes on in an attitude of complete independence doing exactly as she likes . . . she stays complacently, happily married to Rudolph Sieber . . . she brings up her lovely daughter . . . she goes on with her career . . . in London and Hollywood her constant escort is young Doug Fairbanks . . . who went abroad just a week or so before she sailed recently . . . when she left Hollywood for that trip she had a final dinner at which the picture on the preceding page was snapped . . . her final farewells were for von Sternberg . . . a wonderful woman, certainly, but you can't imagine her happening anywhere but in Hollywood. . . .

THERE'S also Martha Raye . . . I went to have dinner with her while she was in New York wowing the customers right into the aisles at the gigantic Paramount Theater . . . two years ago she was barely making a living . . . now she breaks box-office records in every theater she plays . . . the success has come so quickly for her you can see she is dizzy with it . . . she is more like Clara Bow in that way than any star since the "It" girl . . . the same naturalness . . . the same generosity . . . the same uncertainty . . . the same big bank roll suddenly thrown in her lap. . . .

The night I dined with her I stopped into the theater first to catch her show . . . it was only a quarter to seven in the evening which is practically midafternoon in New York . . . yet the standing room only sign was already out . . . inside the theater the lobby was chocked with people . . . Martha came out, clowning, singing, giving and giving of all her superlative energy . . . they screamed . . . they shouted . . . her act ran a minute overtime just allowing for the extra bows she had to take . . . backstage I found her exhausted, caught in a mob of autograph fans . . . it was her fourth show of the day with another still to play . . . we hurried out to dinner, Martha, myself, that handsome young husband of hers, Buddy Westmore, and a man friend of his . . . the chauffeur couldn't get the car moving because of the autograph fans hanging all over it . . . but finally we got through . . . and to a typical "show business" restaurant. . . .

That place was jammed too . . . noisy. . . hot . . . song pluggers . . . dancers . . . chorus girls . . . bookers . . . they all spotted Martha . . . they all knew her . . . the ones who knew her best were the ones who had barely spoken to her a few years back . . . there were also an odd half-dozen at least who had always known she would be a star . . . Martha shook hands with them all . . . stopped and was cordial . . . while her food congealed on her plate and she got more and more tired . . . she finally had to rush back since she had only a little



For more reasons than one Martha Raye is like the famous "It" girl of days gone by.

In other cities startled citizenry would tag Movita down the streets—but it's a different story in Hollywood

more than an hour before the show . . . stopping both as she left the restaurant and as she got back to the theater to sign more hundreds of autographs . . . "Well," said Martha, "I have one more show tonight, then tomorrow I just have to give out interviews and have a fashion sitting and go to the opening of 'High, Wide and Handsome'—you know, not really to the picture but to be there at the beginning so I can go on the radio and give the show a plug, and then I hop on the train for Boston where I'm playing a week" . . . she sighed happily . . . "I can hardly wait for tomorrow," she said, "that will be an easy day". . . .

Maybe there is someplace other than Hollywood where a girl would be trying to build a career and look after her family and furnish a new home and keep her husband happy and be nice to people and not lose her head under all the phony flattery . . . do all that without any undue spilling of temperament and at the age of twenty-one . . . maybe there is some other place where that would be possible but I doubt it. . . .

LOOK on this page above right and you will see a very beautiful girl . . . her name is Movita . . . I don't know Movita what . . . the interesting thing is that she is so very beautiful . . . anywhere but in Hollywood the startled citizenry would be tagging her down the streets . . . in Hollywood she is merely a lovely girl under contract to one of the smaller companies, Monogram . . . but there it is again, that constant, unexpected



Ruth Waterbury—Photo by Avery Slack

discovery of beauty and personality everywhere . . . and all that beauty and personality meaning nothing at all until it earns its way to box-office greatness by talent and technique. . . .

Aiding it is the determination of all the people in this business that you are going to be beautiful if it's humanly possible to make you so . . . like the nice photographer who took this photograph of me you see above and made up his mind that by gosh and some skilful lighting I was going to look interesting anyhow . . . and I almost do. . . .

That's why it has been so thrilling beautifying PHOTOPLAY to keep step with all this . . . this vivid, constantly growing, always improving Hollywood where the impossible is just one of the several things you have to see is done each day and every day before you go off the lot for lunch. . . .

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

Gary Cooper and George Raft

"Souls at Sea"

Frances Dee

Henry Wilcoxon • Harry Carey

DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY

BENGAL LANCERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

From an amazing sea story long buried in the files of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Henry Hathaway, director of such Paramount masterpieces of pictorial adventure as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," has produced and directed this grandest of all sea romances. Gary Cooper strides through another of his glorious he-man roles as a seaman of the Fabulous Forties who becomes the leading figure in the cause célèbre of the time: the famous murder trial which followed the destruction by fire on the high seas of the Liverpool-Philadelphia packet, the *William Brown*. George Raft in a picaresque role as his companion in arms gains even greater stature among the male luminaries of Hollywood. Frances Dee and Henry Wilcoxon head an all-star supporting cast.

*Another
Paramount Hit!*





W E A R A T R E A S U R E O F S I L V E R

Chic, good taste and rightful pride of possession distinguish the woman who owns lovely FEDERAL Silver Fox, whether it makes a stole or tops her winter coat. FEDERAL Foxes are abundantly silvered on a background of rich, pure, lustrous black. Exceptionally deep and silky, they are selected for *lasting* beauty. Look for the name "FEDERAL," sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side of the fur, when you buy silver fox.

GABLE AS RHETT



Drawings by Vincentini

PHOTOPLAY THROWS ITS HAT IN THE RING

Herewith we enter the Great Casting Battle of "Gone with the Wind," because to our mind there is but one Rhett—Clark Gable. So sure were we of our choice that we had Vincentini paint this portrait of Clark as we see him in the rôle: cool, impertinent, utterly charming. We like all the other handsome actors mentioned as Rhett—only we don't want them as Rhett. We want Gable and we're going to stick to that regardless



THE LOVE STORY JEAN HARLOW

PERSON-TO-PERSON CALL



F O R E W O R D

THIS is the story Jean Harlow asked me to write. She telephoned me during the summer of 1936 at about a quarter to four A. M., daylight-saving time. But it was, as she explained, the shank of the evening in California. She had called me to tell me an idea for a short story, and I recall saying sleepily that it sounded all right to me. The idea which had just come to her was centered around a girl who sits at a telephone waiting for a person-to-person call to be put through. And while she waits she looks through her telephone and address book, and as she turns the pages, much that is important in her life is revealed to her through names and addresses and numbers. Jean saw it too, I think, as a motion picture—a close-up of a distracted girl at the telephone . . . of the address book and a name standing out clearly . . . and then the picture fading to the significance of that name, and, little by little, her life and her love story unfolding. . . .

I wish now that I had written the story for her to read and criticize. But I did not, so I am writing it now—in the way, I hope, she wanted me to write it—as a tribute to her memory. . . .

The letters of Jean Harlow's name spell glamour to motion-picture audiences all over the world. But to those who were privileged to know her they spell qualities more memorable and forever to be treasured—generosity, gaiety, superb humor, and an unfailing kindness of heart and spirit. . . .

On the day following her telephone call she wired me to apologize for breaking into my slumbers, submitting in extenuation that she had been under the influence of some-

thing very dangerous—an idea of her own! And some days later I had a letter from which I quote, in part, as it lies here on my desk. . . .

"You know I am still blushing at the presumption of my even mentioning a moth-eaten idea to you, let alone suggesting it. But then there is the old business of fools rushing in, etc. . . . You're no less than an angel of the first water to be so darned understanding . . . And about the idea—if you can call it that—if you could use it, please do, and that's all. I love you for not making fun of me. . . ."

She had typed the letter herself; her typing was no better than my own. And had sent it off, impulsively.

It does not seem credible to me that she has gone. And I am convinced she has not, for as long as there are people to remember her sweetness she remains immortal—forever lovely and forever young.

Here is the story

Fate Baldwin

SITTING there by the telephone in an agony of indecision she glanced at the watch on her round wrist. One o'clock. The house was very quiet, the noises from the street were lessened, reaching her at this late hour as a muted accompaniment to her racing thoughts. Her mother and father were sound asleep upstairs. A light spring rain beat against the windowpanes, and the room seemed warm and close and intolerably fragrant of the red roses Peter had sent her. She thought, miserably, Peter loves me.

One lamp was lighted. The piano, upon

which the roses shed noiselessly their full-blown petals, was shut . . . it looked like a great black beast, sleeping, its ivory teeth hidden. She had not opened it for weeks, having no heart to play.

The old furniture looked strange and unfriendly, even the books in the shelves, their pages, which had once contained escape and excitement, shut between their bright covers. Pictures looked down from the walls: an etching of a street scene in Naples; another of a clipper ship; her mother's portrait; the serene landscape done in oils which had been her gift to her parents at Christmas.

She was unbearably lonely.

Ten minutes past one. But in California the evening was just beginning.

She picked up the telephone and dialed the operator. Her hand shook noticeably. She steadied it and her voice as best as she could. "I want long distance," she said.

When the indifferent, clear voice reached her she gave her number, hesitated a fraction of a second, and then said, "I wish to place a person-to-person call. Mr. William Chester, in San Francisco. No. No, I do not know his personal address. If he is not listed, will you try the hotels? Yes. I am Mrs. Chester," she said.

The operator repeated the name. "I will call you," she promised. Linda replaced the telephone. She rose, and found that her knees were traitors. She walked unsteadily across the room, lighted a cigarette, tossed it aside. Standing there, she regarded the telephone, looked down upon the little black mouth from which such sounds could emerge—sounds of horror, merriment, sorrow, rejoicing.

Raising her eyes she found herself in the

DRAWING BY BRADSHAW CRANDELL



ASKED ME TO WRITE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Here is the most startling collaboration in the literary world of today—that of one of our great modern writers and a glamorous star who is gone

big gilt-framed mirror—a tall girl with fair hair and dark eyes and a face, except for the lips, almost entirely devoid of color.

The telephone was silent. Linda sat down beside it, waiting. Her small black address book lay there on the little table. Idly, she picked it up and turned its pages.

ABRAMSON.

That was the tailor . . . the little over-worked man around the corner from the first flat in which the Chesters had lived. She remembered his dingy shop and, during the summer, its steaming heat. She remembered his thin, stoop-shouldered wife, and the black-eyed baby crawling around the littered floor. She remembered running in one sunny spring day. . .

"Oh, Mr. Abramson, do you suppose you could possibly clean this?"

He had taken "this" in his hands and turned it over carefully, the white dress, with the puffed sleeves and the square-cut neck sewn with little pearls.

"Yes," she had admitted, smiling, flush—
(Continued on page 82)

"I'm glad I gave you the Kohinoor before things smashed up," he said. It was their own special joke—that name for her engagement ring



TEARS FROM HIS HEART.

Is it secret sorrow—or pure intelligence—

that helps Freddie Bartholomew put over

his scenes? This is the story behind his tears

BY DIXIE WILLSON

IN the wide world of art there has never been a surer master than the gentleman from England, who, at thirteen, has established himself as one of the most finished actors of stage or screen: the gentleman whose name is Freddie Bartholomew.

From Warminster, County Wiltshire, comes this gray-eyed boy whose uncanny sincerity gave new life to "David Copperfield," to "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and later, so gloriously, to the little hero of "Captains Courageous."

He makes you love him. He makes you believe him. But more than that, he makes you cry with him. In fact, he may be depended upon to reduce, within one minute, any given audience to the common denominator of unashamed overflowing eyes and wet handkerchiefs.

How does he do it . . . a boy of thirteen! For obviously, before he can wring tears from *your* heart, he must have wrung them from his own.

In the studios of that amazing thirty square miles called "Hollywood," where cool double and triple fortunes are coined overnight in commercial traffic in those gossamer values, smiles and tears, he has made a swift journey to fame. Where, then, has this boy learned heartbreak and emotion?

Of course, we know one chapter in his brief life story, the chapter wherein is recorded the bitter court conflict between his mother and the aunt who has been his guardian ever since he can remember. Is it this drama of his own short years which has taught him the meaning of heartache?

We who see him as a small, helpless figure awaiting a court decision of the incomparably poignant question of who shall possess him, can but feel that he must have touched very closely the sort of tragedy which, in childhood, is so despairingly monumental. But the truth is that this irregular chapter of his own story has *not* touched him. This experience which would seem to have taught him emotion, oddly enough has not even cast a passing shadow across his laughing eyes, for to him it is simply out of the realm of possibility that any ruling of earth or heaven could separate him from Aunt "Cissy." And as Freddie conceives life, there could be no other tragedy.

The pathos of a little boy, helpless against decision to be meted out by law, is a picture Freddie could in no way connect with himself. He is simply Cissy's boy—and *nothing* can change it.

It didn't occur to him to regard as even mildly upsetting, the day when, in a Los Angeles lawyer's office, he was to meet the mother he scarcely knew. Walking into the room, by all means the most self-possessed person present, he went directly to Mrs. Bartholomew and offered his hand with his usual friendly smile.

"How do you do," he said, and then, with a directness which could put to shame the nervous evasions of many a man much older than this one, he followed his salutation with the simple question: "Why did you make this so difficult? Why didn't you come to our house and tell us what you were thinking? Cissy and I would have been very glad to see you."

And lost for an answer to this straightforward question, trying to measure up to the simple frankness of this boy, it was suddenly the others who were the pawns, and Freddie who had the game!

NO, he has learned nothing of tears from this chapter of his life. So where, then, has he learned? For, stout fellow that he is, no physical hurts, not even in his baby days, ever made him cry. Yet no actor of any age or experience has more surely distinguished himself than has the boy who, in "Captains Courageous," watches, terrified, while the sea closes over the face of *Manuel*; a bit of acting which puts Freddie Bartholomew well in line for this year's Academy Award!

With Freddie himself, then, I spent a sky-blue California Sunday afternoon, discussing just how he does this quite amazing thing; how he produces these magnificent tears, and the emotion to go with them.

Politely, graciously, and with an entirely simple, boyish manner, he considered the matter from a large brocade chair over the back of which he had arranged himself informally in a shape approximating a croquet arch. He wore a blue shirt, shorts, socks and sneakers. His hair was flecked with the down of the cottonwood tree from which he had been called to talk to me.



Aged five—and poised even then

Here, then, was Freddie himself. And "unbelievable" is the only word I know for a thirteen-year-old who one moment is completely racing, shouting, mischievous boy, and the next is as completely a princeling of such poise and charm as fairly to make your heart beat faster.

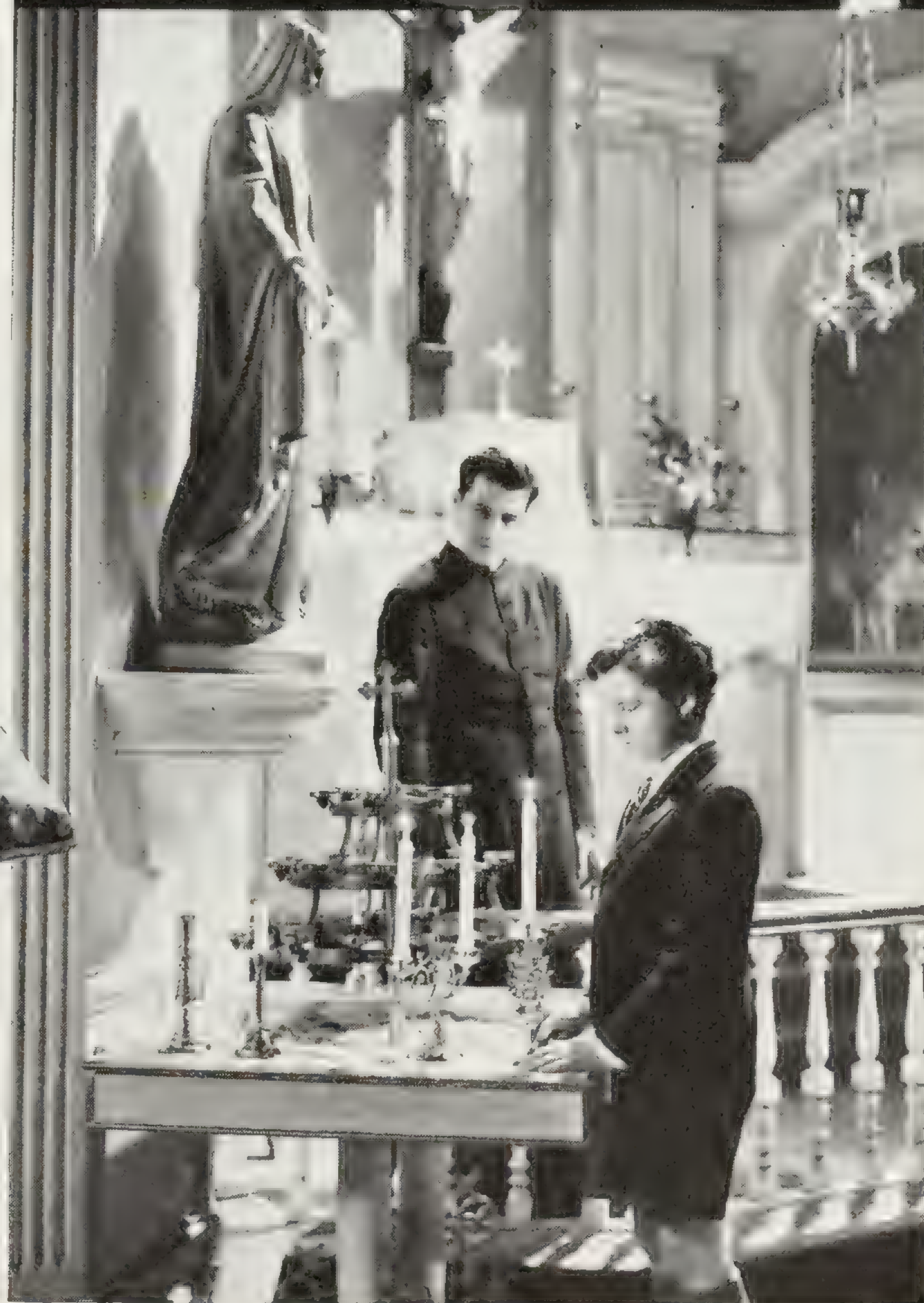
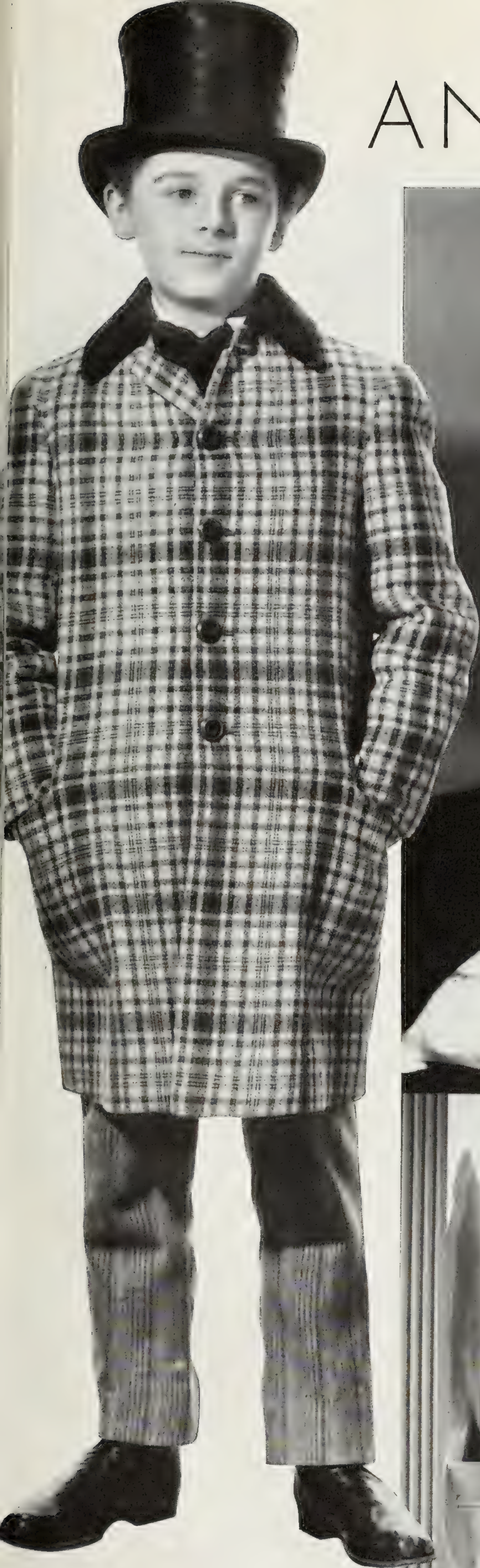
He is quite the usual size for thirteen, sprinkling of freckles on his nose, as we go to press a series of braces across his teeth, thick dark curls which are perpetually a tumbled mop. Among the cherished possessions in his sunny room with its scrambled assortment of ships, planes, books and compasses, is quite the normal collection of nails, grass snakes and undefinable rock and tin. But something never to forget is the expressive beauty of his face; something to marvel at, is his unerring sense of propriety. And most unbelievable of all, is his complete and unembarrassed devotion to Cissy.

His customary manner of addressing her, when repeated, can not, I'm sure, seem a really boyish, natural thing; yet completely, utterly so is the "Hello, my Precious" with which he comes shouting, bounding into a room to shower her face with kisses.

OUR Sunday afternoon discussion of tears was not my first meeting with Freddie. I had first made his acquaintance several weeks before on a day when, at teatime, his face smudgy, his sweater torn, I had heard him engineer a swap with the kid he had just finished beating in a fight; six cookies for a fishhook. And at eight the same evening, dressed now in small tailored Etons, I had seen him rise in response to a totally unexpected introduction, which called for both wit and wisdom, to extemporaneously address twenty thousand people!

Now, as we discussed the matter of his

AND HIS HEAD



Since Freddie reduced his audiences to tears in "David Copperfield" (his initial important rôle, too), his journey to fame has been swift. He has his own explanation of why this scene in "Captains Courageous" was so heartbreaking

acting, his perfectly phrased, ever-fascinating "Oxford" English was intermittently punctuated with the rattle of a pair of bones he had received the day before as a party favor.

"I don't believe I quite know how I *do* cry, really," he said, trying his serious best to be helpful about it. "That is, I have never quite thought it out. Perhaps a good idea would be to talk about it from the beginning. I mean from the first crying scene I ever did."

Following which suggestion, we began from the day when he had been an actor for three weeks, and Mr. George Cukor, director of "David Copperfield," had said, matter-of-factly, "Well, Bartholomew, today we've got to cry."

The set was *Copperfield's* small attic room with its trundle bed. *David*, reading his Crocodile book, was suddenly to be convulsed with frightened sobbing.

Freddie knew well enough, even then, that an actor must portray any emotion demanded of him, but tears were a large order, since, in contrast to three weeks as an actor, he had for nine years been just an untroubled little boy running about in a sunny old English garden.

(Continued on page 93)

"HOW DID THEY EVER GET THAT?"

NOBODY had expected any excitement at Lakehurst, N. J., on that tragic evening of May 6th, 1937. For the news gatherers the assignment wasn't thrilling. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't have been there at all, not even to cover the arrival of the largest airship in the world, if it hadn't been the *Hindenburg's* first landing this year.

Since four o'clock in the afternoon, reporters and photographers had been hanging around. For all of three hours the camera crews of five newsreel companies had been set up and focused, ready to shoot the anchoring of Germany's pride, the Queen of the Lighter-than-air Ships. Routine stuff, by this time: they had covered the scene many times before. The long wait had grown exasperating. Most of the boys had hoped to be finished with the job long since and on their way to dinner and theater dates.

"At last!" was the growling chorus that arose as the *Hindenburg* finally hove into sight and definitely began to descend. Then came that deadly flash followed by darting, unbelievable spears of flame. A boring, oft-repeated spectacle had in an instant changed to the starkest of tragedies. A dull, routine assignment had suddenly provided the most horrible but spectacular disaster in the history of the newsreel. Also one of the most perilous.

For the camera crews actually were in the first line of danger. Indeed, to some bystanders, it looked as though several of the newsreel men were themselves enveloped in those sheets of burning hydrogen. A. A. Brown, for instance, Associate Editor of Movietone, thought two of the outfit's best men must surely have perished. He was on the field in charge of the assignment. Brown was on top of the Movietone truck with Al Gold and Al Tice, all set to get a full, head-on shot of the giant Zep as she tied up to the portable mooring mast. Larry Kennedy and Deon De Titta were right under the *Hindenburg's* tail to capture a picture of her as she passed directly over them.

"The first flash was followed by a regular inferno of flames," says Brown. "Kennedy and De Titta were in front of us about two thirds of the ship's length. We on the truck never thought we would ever see either of them again. As the *Hindenburg* sank she seemed to us to settle directly over the last place where we had spotted them. But they stood their ground and kept on doing their job under conditions that would have daunted the bravest soldier.

"I jumped off the truck and sprinted around the now molten mass of the airship's duraluminum framework. I hadn't gone three hundred feet when I ran across the men we had given up for lost. They weren't at all fazed, hardly even excited. They were hurrying to find another position for a different camera angle. Kennedy was wet to the skin. A thunderstorm had broken over the airdrome an hour before, and he had taken off his raincoat to protect his camera. Thanks to that, he had been able to work right under the blazing Zep

(Continued on page 100)



RIOT
The whole U. S. was horrified



AIR TRAGEDY
Routine assignment until—

—that's what you so often say when you watch newsreel thrills. How do they bring them to you almost as fast as they happen? The whole fascinating inside story is told

BY LOWELL THOMAS



CORONATION

The Archbishop fumbled this

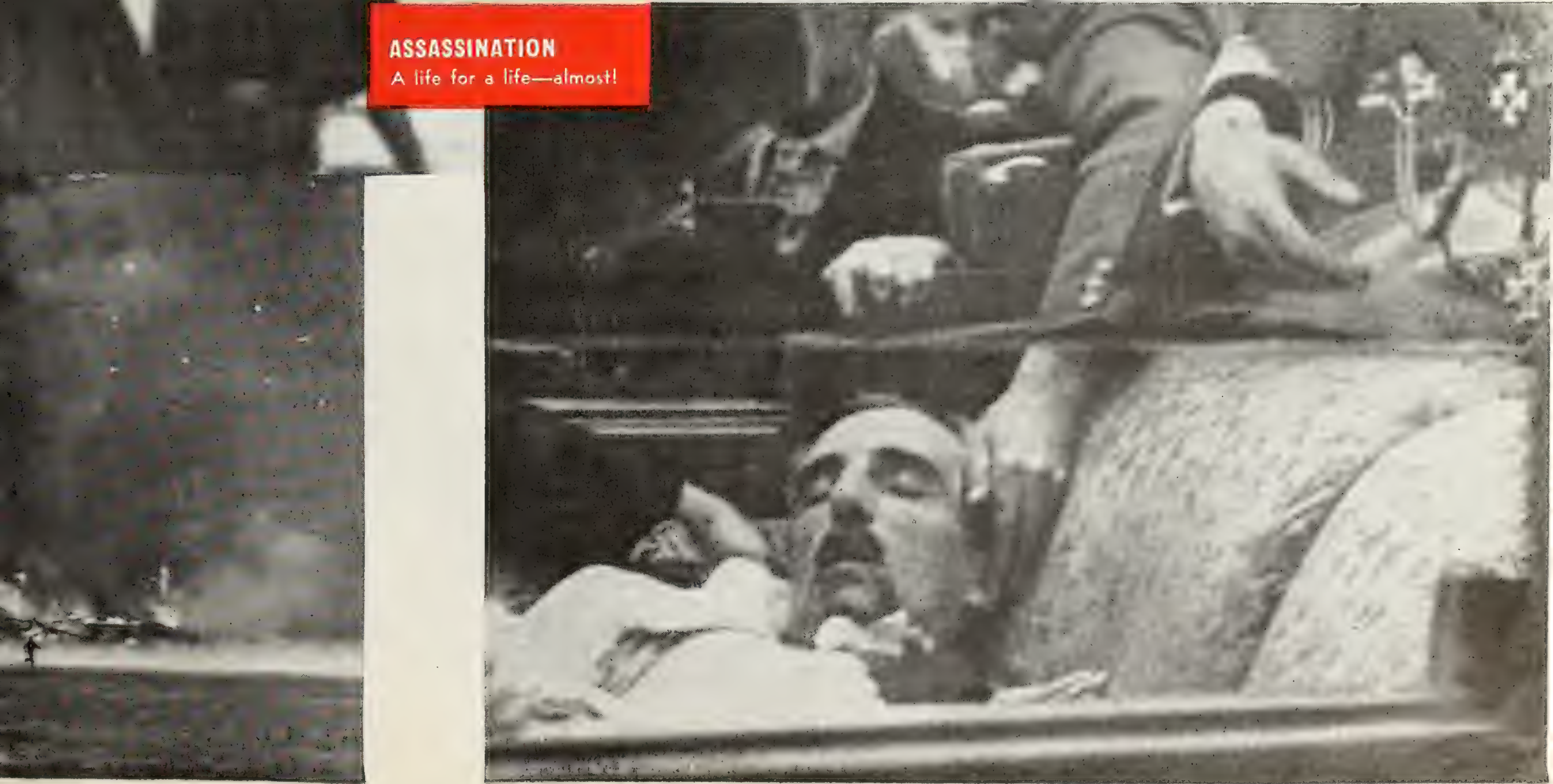


Lowell Thomas, famous author, radio and newsreel commentator

Pictures actually reproduced from newsreels

ASSASSINATION

A life for a life—almost!



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS PRESENTS JOAN CRAWFORD STARRING IN THE DRAMATIC RISE OF A SELF-MADE STAR

THE greatest story ever to come out of Hollywood is a real story.

For years, writers of renown have taken Hollywood, the land of the modern gold rush, the land of fame and fortune, of heartbreak and glory, and around it and its stars they have created their finest tales. They have passed the facts and fables, the scandals and sob stories, the skyrocket rises and dramatic falls of its stars through the spectrum of their imaginations.

Yet nobody has produced on paper or on film anything that equals the real story of Joan Crawford.

Today Joan Crawford occupies a position that makes her the undisputed queen of the motion-picture world. She sits upon the golden throne that has been occupied by only two people before her—Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson. No other star now in the really first rank of popularity and box-office appeal has been in that first rank as long as she has. She is the only woman star today in the first five who was in that same place eight years ago, nine years ago, almost ten years ago.

Movie houses everywhere were packed to the doors to see "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" just as they were packed in 1928 to see "Our Dancing Daughters."

And the real story of Joan Crawford has in it every element—every great scene, every great romance and scandal, every bit of heartbreak and suffering, all of courage and of love that you could possibly imagine if you sat down and produced these ingredients to suit your own fancy. She has faced malicious threats; she has been the target for scheming fortune hunters; she has seen those whom she has helped and called "friend" turn against her. Her life has been more spectacular than fiction. And so this is a greater story than any story of fiction or fancy, because behind it—real, vital, magnificently human—moves this living, breathing woman, whom you see night after night in your own theaters.

All these things crashed upon me by chance one day, and as I started to check up on them, I, as a writer, was literally so thrilled I wanted to get them all down on paper at once, for it isn't often that any writer gets to write the perfect story.

I can remember Joan in most of these astounding phases of her career. It is possible now to see them in some sort of perspective, to appreciate their incredible scope.

Perhaps it is of even greater interest to

me, because I must be honest and say that, while I have lived in Hollywood most of my life, seen its history unfold, I'd never realized exactly all that Joan had done and all that she stood for. I have known her ever since she first came out there—but never intimately, as I knew Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson and Jean Harlow and Clara Bow. I knew Joan just well enough to meet her sometimes at luncheon or dinner, to see

No one has produced or written a story to equal that of Joan Crawford—no writer could tell it better than Adela Rogers St. Johns

her at parties, to visit her home once in a while.

From her close friends, I know some of the inside story of her life. The changes in her, of course, I have seen.

HERE is the way I stumbled upon all the facts in this story that I am going to write for you because I can't resist it.

A magazine printed several pages of pictures of Joan Crawford. The pictures went back into her past a number of years, to the days when she was dancing in the chorus at the Winter Garden. They showed her when she was a rather plump, unfinished bit player in Hollywood. They showed her in the bizarre days when she was romping through Hollywood like a young whirlwind, dancing the Charleston in cafés and not accepted by the best people—oh, not by any means.

And somewhere I read that Joan was unhappy over the printing of those pictures.

Well, I could understand that. It was a perfectly normal, human reaction.

But then I began to think about it a little.

It reminded me poignantly of the Joan I used to see around Hollywood in the old days, dancing all night with young Mike Cudahy, laughing a little too loudly, wearing a little too much make-up, but with that exuberant, enormous vitality that made her noticeable in any room.

And I began to think of the Joan Crawford of today. The great star, the fine actress, the patroness of symphony concerts, the charming, highly cultured, well-bred lady.

I wanted to say to her, "But, Joan, don't be hurt about those pictures. Don't be sorry they were published. Don't you see that's why we love you? Don't you see that's what makes you great—as the self-made men of pioneer days were great? Don't you see that that's why you appeal to everyone, because in you all of us see something we were, or are, or hope to be? You're a great movie star, but you're a great person because you, alone and unaided, pulled yourself up by your bootstraps, you aspired to better things, you dreamed better dreams, and you made them come true. If you'd always been just what you are today, you couldn't possibly be so closely identified with us, with all that's American in us, with all that's human in us.

"What do we care that you once were fat? That's swell. Because today you have the most perfect figure a woman could have. What do we care if you once were a chorus girl and a shopgirl and a slavey in a girls' school? Today you're a movie star and a great lady. What do we care if you once were tagged with a reputation that wasn't the most spotless in town? Today you have a reputation for charity, for loyalty, for courage, that nobody can question. What do we care if you once loved not wisely, when today your love story is a beautiful and true and tender one?"

That's what I wanted to say—and I believe it's true.

Every word of this story is true.

THEY called Joan Crawford, "Billie," when she was a little girl, because that's the kind of a little girl she was. Freckled, curly-headed, with a square little chin and eyes that were too big for her face.

Billie Cassin. Not so fine a name for electric lights as Joan Crawford. Not so spectacular and stagey as Lucille LeSueur—which name appeared upon programs at the Winter Garden. Not so world-famous as Mrs. (Continued on page 69)



Today, poised, radiant, wealthy, beautiful, here is Joan with Robert Young and Franchot Tone in her latest picture, "The Bride Wore Red." What was the secret this exciting star learned as a child which helped her to win single-handed against odds that defeated girls with greater natural gifts?

With her brother, the plain little 5-year-old who was to grow up to be a glamour girl





Sonja knows how to avoid bulges in legs



PHOTOPLAY'S

own

Beauty Shop



CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



Betty Furness has a lose-suntan method



Like MacDonald you too can become always more beautiful

*In this new feature PHOTOPLAY'S Beauty Editor will bring
you the newest tricks of the glamorous women from the
town where ugly ducklings are changed into lovely swans*

READERS, this is a brand-new department and I might as well admit to you frankly that it's an experiment. You have been hearing about Hollywood influence until you are probably almost as bored with it as I am because so much exaggeration comes into it all the time.

But just the same, I'm going to add one more word and that is to say that there is no possible exaggeration of the Hollywood influence on personality and beauty.

Whenever you talk of Hollywood fashions you have to concede the influence of Paris. When you talk of acting and writing you have to allow for New York and foreign in-

fluence. But there are no two ways about beauty. Every beauty trick that amounts to anything at all is started out here in this one town. There isn't a week that goes by in Hollywood but what some new girl is introduced to the movies, hired almost entirely for her personality, since usually there is something the matter with her face or her figure or both.

I've seen girls come in here with crooked teeth, overweight figures, drab hair, too-small eyes and everything else that can possibly be the matter with them, and then seen them a month later and they were genuine beauties. How did this happen? It happened because of the skill of the Hollywood make-up men and beauty experts.

So this is what I am going to do for you. I am going to go around every month and get their newest tricks and let you know about them. Some of the things they do will be things that you will have to have done to you at your own beauty parlor, some of them will be things you can do at home, but none of them will be silly or too expensive.

I DO hope you will write me after you read this and tell me what you think of the whole department. It's a new venture and I'm anxious for your criticism.

Remember, all these things are going to come to you straight from the stars themselves. They are not things tried on make-believe girls but they will have been tried on the stars whom you can see and then judge for yourself. So here goes for the first month. If these hints don't answer your personal problems, maybe next month's will.



You can have hair as glossy as Katie's



Virginia has a trick for a lovelier skin

BLEACH AWAY THE BEACH! — After lying about the beaches all summer, trying most assiduously to acquire a deep, glowing tan, I'm just waking up to the fact that it's time for me to set about reversing the procedure and try just as desperately to get rid of that tan. I know that most of you are beginning to feel that the process of getting a tan and then later bleaching it out is just a vicious circle, so I went scouting around Hollywood to find the best and the quickest way to get our normal fairness of skin back again.

I compared notes on this with pretty Betty Furness, who tells me that she goes about the bleaching process by going into a steam cabinet and steaming it out. Betty says that each treatment lightens the tan about two shades.

REVERSE ENGLISH — Remember how earnestly we rubbed on olive oil to induce a luscious tan? Well, now we just as earnestly rub on olive oil mixed with lemon juice to take it off. If your skin is not too sensitive, use this combination in equal proportions; otherwise use a proportion of three-quarters olive oil and one-quarter lemon. Smooth it into your skin before you go to bed and leave it on all night. If you have any extra time while you're at home, pat it on then, too. The nice part about this mixture is that the olive oil refines your skin at the same time that the lemon bleaches it.

TECHNICOLOR TRICKS — Paul Stanhope, Technicolor expert, has been telling me about the make-up he's been using on Carole Lombard in "Nothing Sacred." He won't let Carole use indelible lipstick because all of it won't rub off for the Technicolor make-up. And Carole is in a position to laugh at the rest of us who are trying frantically to bleach out our tan, because Mr. Stanhope forbade her to acquire a tan during the summer as it is almost impossible to cover it up before the color cameras.

Carole has a splendid beauty trick that she is letting me pass along to you girls who have strongly defined jaw lines. She powders along her cheek and jaw with a powder that is three or four shades darker than the shade she uses on the rest of her face. If your chin is seeing double, use a darker powder also on the spare one, to divert attention from it. You'll be very pleased with yourself when you see how the rest of your face is highlighted, and the jaw line softened.

I asked Carole how she made up her eyes, and this is what she told me. She uses a blue-gray shadow to accent the blue of her eyes, and she extends the crease of her upper lid about a quarter of an inch with a brown pencil and then draws a line from her lower lid out to meet it, thereby forming a triangle at the outside corner of her eye.

She doesn't fill in this triangle or blend it in any way, but the very faint shadows formed by the delicate lines serve to highlight the ends of her eyes and make them appear longer.

I rushed home and tried this trick on myself and learned that it has to be done very carefully and the lines must be very faint, but it's worth all the trouble when you see the result. The tricky part is to be sure that

(Continued on page 103)

THE STAR WHOM MONEY DOESN'T TEMPT

In the story of Jessie Matthews lies one of the most important secrets of happiness

BY MARIAN RHEA

IT has always seemed strange to me that Jessie Matthews, Britain's famous dancing film star, beloved also by thousands of American fans, has never come to Hollywood. I knew certain studios had offered her far more than her salary at Gaumont British as inducement to appear in American pictures. I knew she must have been sorely tempted by these opportunities to claim the fame and fortune which only Hollywood can offer.

That is, I thought I knew. Now, I realize I was wrong.

I am writing this in London. I have spent the past couple of days with frank-spoken, friendly Jessie. I have watched her work; have heard from her own lips reminiscences of the past and dreams of the future. I have had my preconceived ideas of her philosophy of happiness knocked into a cocked hat. I know now that, strange as it may seem to us who live in Hollywood and are saturated with its glamour, its excitement, its golden promise, to Jessie Matthews, the little h-dropping cockney girl who lifted herself high above her own class with the same blithe perseverance with which she mastered the king's English, wealth will never mean so much as love, nor fame be so precious as peace.

I found Jessie at lunch in the dining room at Pinewood Studios where Gaumont British is now housed. She was laughing at Nat Pendleton who had been brought from Hollywood to add an authentic touch to the rôle of an American gangster in Jessie's new picture, "Gangway."

"He has had a mammoth steak, three glasses of milk, apple pie and now he is eating a treacle pudding," she told me. "You Americans are funny, all right."

Jessie was wearing slacks, much as American stars do when they rush off the set at mealtime. Her heart-shaped face was clear-skinned and unlined under its make-up. Yes, those British complexions *are* beautiful! She looked about sixteen.

She introduced me to her husband,
(Continued on page 88)

She's Britain's favorite and America's most popular English star. On screen she is dazzling and giddy. But off screen she offers an example that might be profitably followed by glamour girls of Hollywood — or elsewhere





Errol Flynn

A love scene like this from "I Met My Love Again" doesn't mean a thing. That dreamy gleam in the eyes of Miss Bennett and Mr. Fonda is mere thought of home, according to our sage hero-writer. Do you believe it?

HOLLYWOOD MORALS, IF ANY!

BY ERROL FLYNN

Third in a series by our Young Man About Hollywood showing Hollywood is neither East nor West but always itself

FROM what I hear, this must have been quite a town in the days before the Law of Publicity was brought west of Pasadena.

In those days men could pick fights and their women were glad to pick them up afterwards. Not only that, but I understand that they even had sex out here in the old days—great gobs of it—and, in their own naïve way, they thought it was all pretty swell—grand climate, buxom wenches, two-fisted men and an easy living.

If a man wanted to get wall-eyed, by golly, he got wall-eyed and the citizenry lined Hollywood Boulevard in cheering thousands as he rolled home in a colorful if not pious manner.

The ladies (bless 'em!) seemed to feel that the salubrious subtropics of Southern California offered a perfect setup for Beatrice Grimshaw's settings of South Sea love.

But I wouldn't know anything about that. It was all long before my day in Hollywood and I resent it just a little. By the time I had arrived, full of the legends of high jinks

in Movieland, the Missionaries had moved in and told Hollywood it was all wrong. Mr. Hays called the girls in and begged them to—please, for heaven's sake—to forget about this sex business for a while.

Well, the first thing people knew, the Sweetness-and-Light Era had hit Hollywood with a bang. On top of that, they found out that they couldn't stay on the screen and earn their living unless their moral and home life was at least a cut better than Caesar's wife. After all, she was above suspicion, which was a lot more than you could say for the lads and lassies who first populated the studios. Maybe they *were* wrong—at least, the papers seemed to think so.

While all that was going on out here, I was rambling blissfully through the Islands among a race of people who hadn't been taught that it was more blessed to be able to read and write than it was to enjoy life. The climate was warm and the girls *really* believed in getting a thorough suntan and a reasonable collection of husbands. The average price for a wife ran about three pigs per

mate and everybody was thoroughly content with the whole setup.

But, before I left the Islands, I had seen the workings of civilization and tourist boats on these innocent people. I had seen cotton dresses with long sleeves slip over the astonished bronze bodies and I had seen the creation of jails to take care of the boys who liked a fight before breakfast—and all this to make the Islands safe for the easily shocked eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Tourist.

MUCH the same sort of thing hit Hollywood. It wasn't missionaries equipped with Mother Hubbards so much as it was a sensational press that sent its circulation up by printing things that were only partially true and using salacious composographs to prove it, so that everybody started thinking that Hollywood must be worse, if anything, than they said.

Pretty soon the Hays Office stepped up waving a bunch of pictures of young ladies clad in scanties, panties, and smiles. Quite lovely, too, I may add. But it seems as though that was very bad for the young of the nation. Anyway, the Hays Office said, this will never do—why, it's practically the same as sex and we've just found out how bad *that* is!

(Continued on page 92)

HOLLYWOOD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND

SEX!

Passion, yes; love, ditto; but sex . . . well, read these witty words

BY GILBERT SELDES

ABOUT three years ago a landmark in Hollywood's treatment of sex appeared. It came at the very end of "The Thin Man." Even before the end, the enchanted spectators were aware of something new in the movie world. They were seeing William Powell being rough and smart and openly affectionate toward Myrna Loy, and in that picture Powell and Loy were legitimately married.

Accustomed to the morals of the movies, the observer wondered what on earth Nick, the detective, hoped to gain by making love to his own wife; and what his wife was after, wasting her time being in love with her own husband. Yet the picture was pleasing. The mystery around which the plot was built wasn't so much; but the atmosphere of lively and friendly back talk between man and wife, so obviously in love with one another, was fresh and delightful. (Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, who wrote the script, told me that when they started it, W. S. Van Dyke, the director, said to them, "I don't

care what else you do, but give me eight scenes between the man and his wife." Mr. Van Dyke is a fine director.)

At the very end, when the case has been solved, Nick and his wife, and Asta, the dog, get on a sleeper to go somewhere (into the sequel, so to speak) and Asta, the dog, gets into the lower berth with Mrs. Nick, and Nick sweeps the dog up with one hand and deposits her in the upper berth. That's all, but it is enough. It said the one thing about love which the movies had hesitated to say for twenty years.

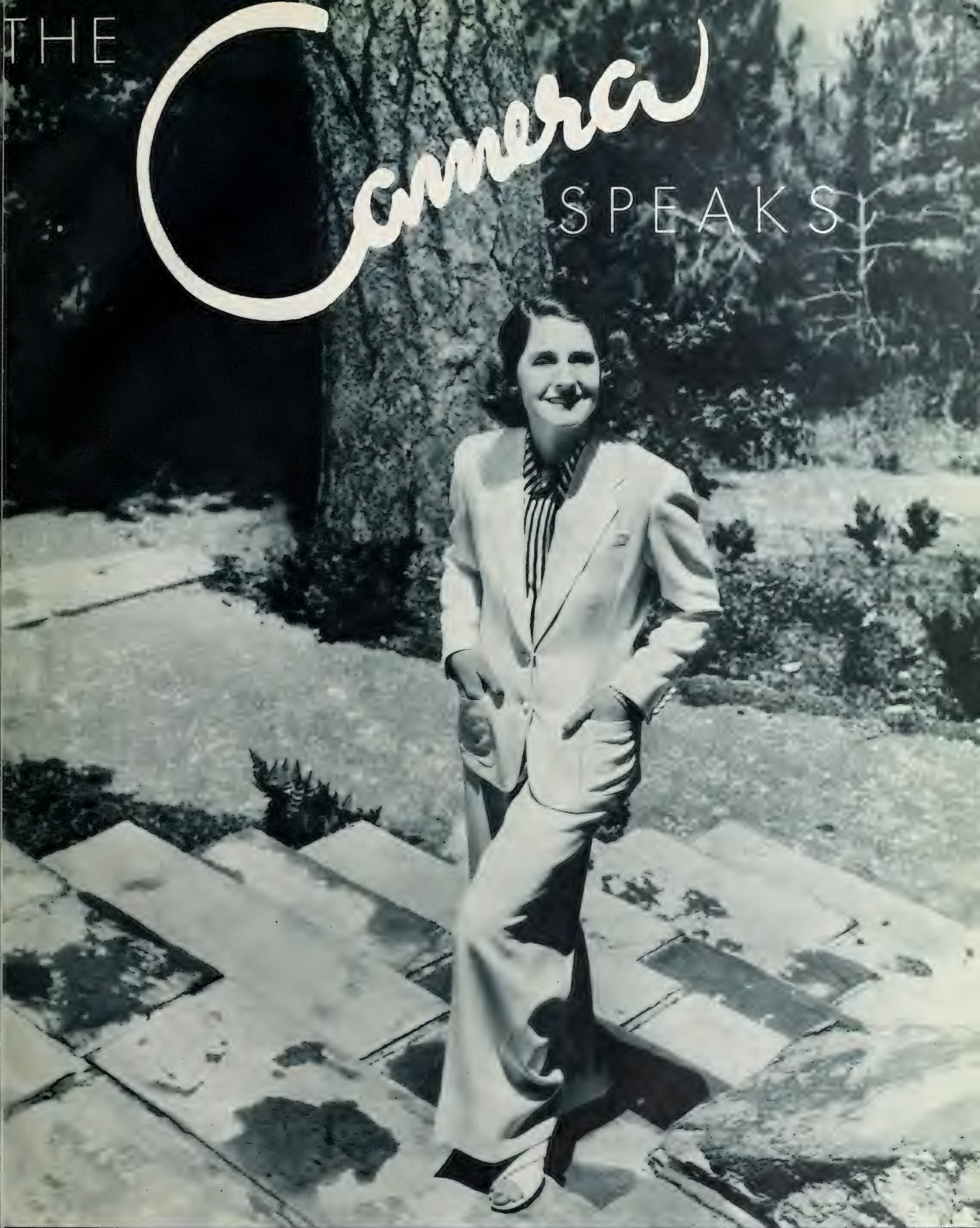
In most of the "boycott" excitement of that year, "The Thin Man" was listed as "objectionable in spots." I always thought I knew one of the spots—the best spot in the picture.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Nick cracked at each

other during most of their encounters, but their cracking was their way of making love. In most pictures, wit is used as a substitute for passion, and it is becoming a terrible nuisance. Your hero and heroine have hardly sprawled on the grassy bank of the river and observed the swans, when one of them lets loose a flight of fancy, and when they ought to be embracing as if their young lives depended on it (which is the case), they are making believe they are shipwrecked mariners who remember, incorrectly, some of Dorothy Parker's moments of interest. Or they employ the new technique of love-making which consists of mutual insults. (You find it in songs, too: the songs in which you're ugly and freckled and bad-tempered but I love you.) Or they get whimsical, and each tells the other the ten things most important in the world, including good coffee and the smell of burning autumn leaves and a dog. You may not recall it, but way up there in the Yukon, in
(Continued on page 76)

Banter in the snow in "Call of the Wild" sent love flying; the Powell-Loy "Thin Man" team tried a new technique and saved the day for sex





THE

Cinema

SPEAKS

Welcome to beautiful Norma Shearer who bravely returns to her screen career again

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



ANITA LOUISE

The beauty of youth indelibly marks the fragile, Dresden China loveliness of Anita Louise. She might have stepped from the golden canvas of a Watteau, bearing her French heritage regally. But her amazing vitality belies the ethereal quality of her slender oval face. Her beauty secrets—p. 10

MARLENE DIETRICH

Hers is the beauty of allure, the undefinable, the mysterious. There are other more classic faces—but none more fascinating. It changes with her moods. One moment it's the face of Mona Lisa, the next that of a mischievous child. It's an enchantment that forces men to kneel at her shrine

HOLLYWOOD'S



DOLORES DEL RIO

The exotic Latin, reminiscent of a Velasquez portrait, is typified in the mellowed ivory beauty of this convent-bred Mexican, with her finely chiseled nose and seductive lips. Restful, passive, gentle she is, but behind her glowing black eyes lies the restless spirit of her Spanish ancestry

MADELEINE CARROLL

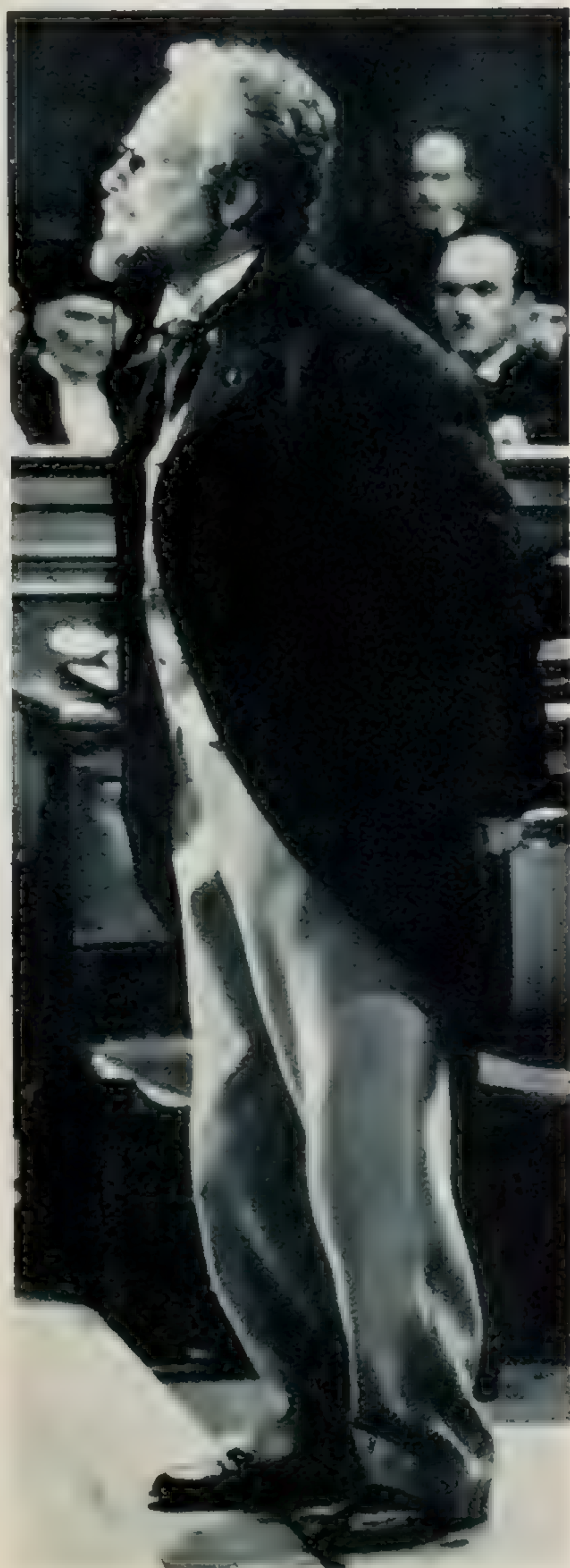
Irish bogs, Scotch heather, boxwood hedges, the crisp freshness of an English garden — Madeleine Carroll — whose golden beauty artist James Montgomery Flagg likens to a Romney portrait, perhaps because of the serene charm of her personality that is mirrored in the iris-blue eyes



FOUR MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



JUNI MAN OF THE MONTH



Paul Muni, winner of this year's Academy Award, steps out and tops his "Louis Pasteur" performance with "The Life of Emile Zola." Born Muni Weisenfreud in Lemberg, Austria, forty years ago; educated in U. S. A., regards himself 100% American; stage debuted at 11, became Ghetto idol at Yiddish Art Theater where he met and married Bella Finkel 16 years ago; speaks seven languages; is interested in politics—American and European; is a fine violinist and adroit boxer; likes prize fights, hates parties; has unsuspected sense of humor; collects dictionaries of all sizes; lives simply in a Spanish farmhouse in San Fernando Valley—a swimming pool is the only Hollywood touch; threatens to retire in two years



Ginger's new home, with its swimming pool and tennis courts high atop Beverly Crest, was warmed when Hollywood's younger set turned out to help the hostess celebrate her 25th birthday. Top row: Andy and Mrs. Devine, Mary Brian, Ralph Forbes and Ginger's Mother standing behind Paula Stone. That's Lucille Ball, in her new autumn bonnet and gown, next to Ginger.

All photographs taken exclusively for PHOTOPLAY by Hyman Fink



Field stone, shingles and stucco carry out the idea of an early day farmhouse

GINGER



Johnny Green

Betty Furness

Ralph Forbes

Lee Tracy

There's no bar in Ginger's house—instead an honest to goodness soda fountain



Benny Rubin

Mary Brian

Lee Tracy



Mrs. Jack Oakie

Anne Shirley

Jack Oakie

Phyllis Fraser

WARMES HER HOUSE

SIREN



THEDA BARA 1915

Evil Woman, first chapter: the Vamp, who lured our hero to sin with "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair"



POLA NEGRI 1923

Came the little clerk from Berlin to do her bit for sin—with gestures. And Heil!—today, in far-off lands, she marches on



CLARA BOW 1927

She twinkled instead of leered, drank gin instead of brandy, wiggled instead of writhed—and so the Flapper was born



GRETA GARBO 1928

The gilded drawing-room era: Sweden sent this spiritual siren from across the seas to raise seduction to the rank of soulful art

FROM BARA TO BARER

MARLENE DIETRICH 1932

But it was realism that counted, so the Blue Angel came down to earth minus her overskirt—and scored



MAE WEST 1934

Who proved that clothes don't make a lady; she done the hero more wrong than all her undraped predecessors.



DOROTHY LAMOUR 1937

Modern version is Youth, husky-voiced blues singer, product of night clubs. The Cause is ever with us!



FREDRIC MARCH

He changed his name from Bickel because it rhymed with pickle. He was in so many costume pictures he thought he'd have to go back to banking to wear a business suit again, until "A Star Is Born" came along. His performance in that was a film masterpiece. Now in "Nothing Sacred," Freddie plays his gayest rôle since the stage play which brought him fame. He's been blissfully married to Florence Eldridge for ten years. Wears a ring, third finger left hand, inscribed "No more beyond thine eyes"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

The eight-year-old conqueror of all lands from Scotland to Japan was snapped off the set in her "Heidi" costume, looked so entrancing that the result emerged as an officially posed portrait. The top box-office star, with a \$2,000,000 insurance policy, an engaging feminine habit of winking at her directors, and an enviable liking for spinach, she knows her film technique thoroughly. Neither prodigy nor protégée, she makes a disquieting amount of money by using her dimples and her head





THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A LONDON LADY

Although she made her success in America, London will always be "home" to Merle Oberon. Her little three-storied house in Regent's Park, the most charming section of old London, reflects graciousness in every room—the tiny drawing room, with ever-burning coals in an open grate, containing her piano and picture of Norma Shearer, her best friend; the cocktail corner (the only American touch) in her bright dining room; and her lovely bedroom overlooking the park. Flowers are massed everywhere. You'll note that Merlie puts on a special fashion parade to show you through her home—a frilly negligee for her boudoir, an evening gown for the drawing room and a print for afternoon tea



MR. HOWARD

GOES TO TOWN



blithe and debonair English-

turns his back on Broadway

emote in a Hollywood farce



Forgetting for the moment the ghost of Hamlet of N. Y.'s winter stage, Leslie Howard is at present starring in Warners' mad comedy, "It's Love I'm After." Cast as a matinee idol, he is in love with his leading lady, Bette Davis; pursued by an infatuated debutante, Olivia de Havilland. This rôle of a Shakespearean actor who dramatizes every off-stage situation in which he finds himself allows the Howard sense of the drama to have full play. With fine technique, Mr. Howard is coldly impersonal, suavely self-possessed and dramatically frenzied at the proper times, never forgetting which profile to turn toward the camera. He even manages to point with poise. With Spring Byington, Eric Blore and Patric Knowles in the supporting cast, Warners are sure Howard will emerge a successful comedian. As security that he will, Mr. Howard himself offers these facts of his background: he likes detective stories, bouillon and beer, and what's more has played Shakespeare in London and N. Y.





CROSBY

SWINGING IT

Rancher Bing turned impresario to racing steeds this summer when he opened his track at Del Mar. They call him lazy—but when Crooner Crosby swings into action it takes strong men to keep pace. Besides his screen, radio and horse-breeding activities, he plays a daily round of golf; owns several oil wells; has holdings in a fish packing concern; is interested in a music publishing firm; owns half interest in a couple of prize fighters



The typical plight of a Hollywood girl—surrounded by men, Margot Grahame becomes mere audience while Reginald Gardiner, Chester Morris and Louis Lewyn talk over their golf scores

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

POWERHOUSE

IT'S a little hard to tell in such a short time, and with the young man keeping his educated mouth so firmly closed, but it's our prediction that Tyrone Power's old setup with Loretta Young will resume, now that Sonja Henie is abroad.

At this writing Sonja has been absent only a couple of weeks (Mr. Power spurred her on her way with a party at the Derby, where there is no dancing) and so far he has shown Loretta the Hollywood sights she knows so well three times, three moonlight-washed times.

INTERVIEW

ON the *Chief*, westbound to Los Angeles, we dined and sipped recently with the highly engaging Walter Winchell, who is now a movie star and legitimate meat for this column.

You will not be surprised to know, nor were we, that his personal contracts with newspapers make him one of the most powerful men in the realm of journalism. It all began, he said, when he was working at \$200 a week for an editor who made \$250. Shortly afterward, W.W.'s option was taken up at \$300.

The disgruntled editor thereupon went a

little high-pressure. Next option time, Mr. Winchell asked for a new contract clause. No one in the organization, it said, would be allowed to make the Great Gossip unhappy—with Winchell as judge as to what (and who) constituted his unhappiness.

Now that editor, along with several others, is looking for a job. "I'm in no hurry about vengeance," said Mr. W. to me, "but I bide my time. Sooner or later the opportunity affords itself, and then. . . ." He cited other instances.

He told us, too, that Broadway is dead—which isn't exactly news. That Hollywood is the new entertainment center of things, which is hardly news either. That he fools his national editors (several hundred of them, if we remember) by printing columns about New York while he is in Movieland, and about Hollywood when he is East.

What interested us more than anything else was that the most confirmed New Yorker of them all had gone so completely Culver City—not emotionally, in the beret sense, but physically. He paid \$100,000 for

The low-down on the doings out there on the Coast where life is real but not too earnest

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

his new Beverly Hills house and knows it was too much but doesn't care.

SHIRLEY AS WIT

THE Temple child's mental dimples are as refreshing as the ones at the corner of her mouth, even when her very adult humor is a sly poking of fun. We told you about the time she touched uniform-loving Vic McLaglen's chest and asked him if he had stuffed it with a pillow. Now comes another Parthian shot from the mouth that eats the breakfast cereal.

Hurrell, the photographer, it seems, was posing her for half a dozen pictures. The background was a vase of chrysanthemums so large an adolescent elephant could easily have hidden behind them. Hurrell fixed Shirley in this posture and that, time and again, and still was unsatisfied. He stood at last, exhausted, scratching his head.

Suddenly the voice of a weary, invisible Shirley came from behind the vase. "Don't

you think this one would be best? Then you wouldn't have hardly any trouble at all."

REPLY TO RUMOR

DULY we have reported the Robert Montgomery-Rosalind Russell feud, because the story of their mutual indifference to each other's fine qualities was a true story. Nevertheless, intelligent Mr. Montgomery, annoyed at the reports, has found the perfect method of rebuttal.

Thus we stood on a Metro set the other day, watching Rosalind Russell in intimate conversation with a lady of the press. Bob sidled over, stuck his head between theirs: "Bzz, bzz, bzz," he bzzed, "bzz, bzz, bzz. It's a lie! We adore each other."

Then pranced off, whistling Lohengrin.

HEAP PRETTY PAPOOSE, THOUGH

SOAPBOX orators whose forte is the subject of racial distinction should be having a kind of grateful orgy by this time about the outcome of the William Boyds' plan to adopt a half-breed Navajo baby. The newlyweds (she was Grace Bradley) discovered the pretty little Indian child on a reservation, thought it was cute, and decided to bring it home. They got the Big Chief's consent, applied for Washington's official approval, and telephoned Mrs. Boyd's mother of their idea.

Mrs. Bradley thereupon put down her foot. While not a snob, she felt apparently that there are limits—"and," she added as an afterthought, "it wouldn't be fair to the child."

After this crypticism the young couple decided she was right, returned crestfallen and alone to civilization. The baby, to the best of our knowledge, is still cooing indignantly in its tepee.

GOSSIP BARGAIN SALE

A LONG time ago, when the Jazz Age was new and there were such things as flappers and people were just learning about speak-easies, a girl named Jean Acker accomplished the thing every American woman wanted to do: she married Rudolph Valentino. As his leading woman, and later, after his death, she made a great deal of money—almost half a million dollars. The 1929 debacle took that away from her. Last week we spoke to her at the Selznick studios, where she had worked before under a long-term contract as a star. Now she's a dress extra; and the thing that got us was that she had no tale of woe . . . Dorothy Peterson reports a new kind of burglar. This one drove up to her front door (followed by a caravan of cars laden with gay, shouting people), jimmied a window, and threw a wild party that lasted all night. They ate her food but considerately brought their own liquor; however, Dorothy had to wash the dishes and empty the ash trays. Her night watchman saw the windows ablaze, heard the racket, but says he thought Miss Peterson had come home from the beach and was throwing the bender herself. Tactful person . . . Grace Moore, we see by the papers, has won a major battle which has been going on for



You heard those old tired rumors about divorce for Joan and Frank? Nonsense! They get fun out of everything—even stray kittens

weeks between her and Columbia Studios. She will not, she announces triumphantly, sing "The St. Louis Blues" in her next picture.

DOWN IN FRONT

SUNDRY tennis addicts have lately come storming to us, via telephone and letter and in person, to complain about Marlene Dietrich and Constance Bennett who—complain the complainers—have no respect for the Prince of Games.

Did not Miss Dietrich attend the Frank Shields tournament recently and obstruct the view of persons behind by standing and shouting at her bodyguards? Did she not stumble across the hitched-aside knees of indignant watchers during the most exciting period of play, in order to fetch for daughter Maria an ice-cream cone? Did she not stand again, and search amongst spectators for familiar faces? Apparent motivations: 1: Fear. 2: Mother love. 3: Curiosity.

Also, at another game, did not Miss Bennett take her pet dog for a stroll across the courts while the entire gallery was wondering who would take what set, with what technique, from what opponent? Motivation: Kindness to animals.

We don't know, because we weren't there to see. Our only thought is that if these things are true, perhaps Miss Dietrich and Miss Bennett were wearing new dresses. And after all.

OF FONTAINE AND ASTAIRE

IT looks as if that young vice-consul in Seattle has said his farewell to happiness. When his best girl, Joan Fontaine, came to him and

said very frankly that she couldn't decide between a career and marriage, he told her to try the career first—hoping that somehow love would win.

He gambled and lost. Joan won't be going back.

We were standing idly in a corner of the set when this new and very charming starlet reported for her first dance rehearsal—with Fred Astaire, by the way. Fred saw her nervousness and walked over, smiling. "Joan, I hope you'll be patient with me," he said. "I can tap but when it comes to ballroom dancing I'm probably the world's worst." Which was so palpable a misstatement that Joan started to laugh, and thereafter lost her neuroses.

For this kind of conduct we must cheer Mr. Astaire heartily, but for another thing he did in Kansas City we have only the wagging finger and the amused eyebrow. Between trains he discovered a three-for-a-quarter picture machine and, on an elfin impulse, slid inside, dropped coin in a slot, smiled at camera, pulled at lever.

Out rolled three of those weird reproductions. You've seen the kind of thing. We know he got his money's worth, because a week ago, pausing at the same machine on our way to the Coast, we saw the pictures, enlarged and pasted against the wall. A sign read, "HAVE YOUR PORTRAIT TAKEN HERE. FRED ASTAIRE DID."

Surely all these Hollywood years must have taught him that photographs have to come from negatives.

* * *

A friend named Scholfield, who at present is vegetating quietly at Elkhorn Lodge in Colorado's Estes Park, wrote us in New York. "The village," writes Mr. Scholfield, "was comfortably excited recently about the

(Continued on page 80)



See how chic that smart Shearer girl is even when just attending a casual preview with the Charles Boyers



Hollywood husband and wife stuff. Bob waits while Mrs. Montgomery fixes her dress, and pretty bored, too

One-punch Taylor on the night he socked the cop for mauling Barbara Stanwyck at the pre-view of "Stella Dallas." Barbara's still holding her wrist which was twisted in the melee



A star can't even buy shoes without Hymie popping at her. Glenda Farrell tried but Hymie saw her first



WE COVER

An experiment has been successful—

a new day dawns—here's the

good news by our Hollywood herald

TO be in color, or not to be in color? That is the question, this early Autumn of 1937. And the answer is increasingly "Yes." Hollywood's next revolution is on the way.

It's getting so that you can't talk to any star without hearing a sales talk for color. It's even getting so that a producer can't plan a picture that *he* likes, without fearing that *you* might like it better in color. That's why,

HOLLYWO

SHIVER our timbers! Yowsah—right in the middle of all the heat and the humidity and everything, we have to report a definite chill rattling the knees of Radio Row in Hollywood. It may be all over by the time you read this—just a bad dream—but for a while,—well, Hollywood Hotel and the Lux Radio Theater and all the big airevues depending on guest movie stars had that funny feeling you get when you eat green apples.

What happened was this: M-G-M dallied with a big soap peddler to stage a weekly program with its stars. If the deal went through it meant that all the happy family of big-name stars in Culver City couldn't wiggle, warble, wisecrack or wail into any other mike. In short, it meant curtains for promiscuous guest-starring by Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, and so on down the long, large list.

Such excitement! You can imagine the headaches. Especially when Bill Bacher, who used to produce Hollywood Hotel, turned up with a seven-year contract at Metro. "The studios are taking over radio in Hollywood!" was the cry. But it turned out there were some lumps in the deal and our private undercover agent reports that Louis B. Mayer stamped a decisive "Nix" on the whole idea, just before he sailed on the *S.S. Rex* for Europe. So you can relax. But it's still a case of heavy, heavy hangs over thy head in this neighborhood. Whereupon we move the question: is it the handwriting on the well-known wall? Will the big studios combine with commercial interests for their own radio shows? Time will tell, we hope.

With Louella Parsons in Europe, daughter Harriet held the hoops for Bob Taylor,



In "Ebb Tide" Frances Farmer proved a point but gave Ray Milland the jitters doing it

THE STUDIOS BY JAMES REID

this month, for the first time in Hollywood history, three big pictures are being filmed simultaneously by color cameras. A new day is definitely dawning in Hollywood. And the dawn is in Technicolor.

Paramount, latest studio to be converted, is the bravest of them all. Sea pictures are notoriously difficult to make. But Paramount goes to sea with color cameras. And we go along, to check up on the experiment.

The principal participants in the experiment are Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer, Ray Milland, Lloyd Nolan and Barry Fitzgerald. You may never have heard of Homolka. But you will. He may be new to Hollywood (this is his first picture here), but he is one of Europe's great actors. He looks like competition for Paul Muni.

The occasion for the experiment is "Ebb Tide," a film adapted from the Robert Louis Stevenson story. It is no idyllic South Seas romance. It is melodramatic adventure. In

the Stevenson version of the story, there is no girl. But Homolka knew that Hollywood would get sex into it somewhere, and he was a bit worried about results. He insisted on seeing the final shooting script before signing his contract. He wanted to know what the girl would be doing. It must be that the addition of a feminine character doesn't damage the story, for here is Homolka staking a Hollywood future on a color debut in "Ebb Tide."

The outdoor scenes are being filmed at Santa Catalina Island, notorious for its fogs, which have grayed many a directorial head.

Director James Hogan has grayish hair to begin with, which gives him a head start on the fog. Besides this, he has Irish luck. For three weeks before the company arrives, a camera crew tries to photograph sea vistas and is foiled by fog. Hogan appears, and the fog vanishes until he finishes.

By a lonely, tortuous dirt road, which

winds around mountains, sometimes on precipices hundreds of feet above the Pacific, we reach Little Harbor on the sea side of the island. Here are two locations.

Little Harbor is a double cove. One arm of the cove is Tehua in the South Seas—a gray sand beach with long white rollers pounding down on it. The other arm is the small harbor of a small uncharted island in mid-Pacific—calm, clear green water choked with brown seaweed. Outside, sailless, silhouetted against bright blue sky, rides an old three-masted schooner—the principal setting of the picture.

With no difficulty whatsoever, we get South Sea fever. And with no difficulty whatsoever, Hogan seems to be getting what he wants. He has the Technicolor camera moved all over the place, despite its six hundred pounds.

We see the scene that gives Hogan his
(Continued on page 70)

ON THE AIR BY JIM NEWTON

**Bombs shattered the midsummer
lethargy of West Coast "airaiders"
—but no casualties reported**

Eleanor Powell, Judy Garland, George Murphy and Sophie Tucker to hop through the night of the Hollywood Hotel preview of "Broadway Melody of 1938." (Imagine Sophie hopping through a hoop! Something's wrong there!) Harriet had to hire an extra cop for all the talent. They usually get by with two harness bulls at the CBS Hotel airush, but Boy Taylor still pulls like a porous plaster. That guy's been hustled around from mike to mike so much lately he almost yawns when they give him the cue. Very nonchalant he was, but potent, which goes for the whole show, although Eleanor Powell told us she enjoyed the "Born to Dance" airing a lot more. Seems her arches have been troubling her and she has to wear low heels. Well—you know how much fun it is to step out formally in ground-grippers. The gal who seemed to enjoy herself most that night was Sophie Tucker. And who do you suppose hauled down the most ovation thunder? Beautiful Bob? Nossir. Shoutin' Sophie!

Hollywood Hotel, all in all, enjoyed a brisk business this past moon, starting with the return of Dapper Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine." The original curly-headed boy of the Hotel, Dickie almost plunged the poor harried script scribblers into a state of nerves, but Dick put on a good show and was darned nice to Jerry Cooper, the gent who's currently filling his former boots thereabouts. Professional jealousies give us the yawns, anyway. Everybody gets his—so what?—say we.

F'rinstance, when Franchot Tone played the ham in that dramatic sandwich, "Between Two Women" (purely a figure of

speech, Franchot—put down that gun) Joan, the Crawford, might conceivably have stewed into a jealous jelly. You know, with Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan playing the wimmin and Franchot the "Between." Instead, just a short spell before the zero hour a messenger boy hopped up on the stage and handed Maureen and Beauteous Bruce a couple of gardenia corsages and Philanderin' Franchot a nice red carnation. "Oh, oh," said F. Tone, "here comes a present from my gal." Right he was; it was Joan doing her good deed for the day. Nice?

SPEAKING of marital felicity, good deeds, loving mates and stuff, we'll just have to report on the progress of the Make-Elaine Bar-
(Continued on page 97)



Caliban said his Ariel had talent—the great test came when she aired "The Tempest." So now other big plans are afoot for the Barrymores. Alice Faye, right, made her bow on the Chesterfield hour, with band leader, Hal Kemp





★ STELLA DALLAS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

SELDOM, during Hollywood's recent fad for re-making the successful stories of silent days, has it produced a new version which could justify the repetition—until Sam Goldwyn took Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles and Anne Shirley and made, once again, the memorable and heartbreaking history of "Stella Dallas." With Director King Vidor playing restraint against shopworn dramatics for magnificent effect, the film rolls from the cameras as almost perfect cinema, telling with direct and brutal simplicity the unhappy story of a cheap little mill-town girl who married into impoverished gentry.

Background is established in leisurely fashion but after that the action is swift, impartially cut for time and the necessary brisk quality. Miss Stanwyck is superbly suited for her rôle, in which enormous vitality must justify crude vulgarity and leave the character sympathetic. As a girl who wants to achieve "class" she manages to marry conventional John Boles; but she can't make the adjustment and at last has to relinquish her child, Anne Shirley, to the quieter influences of her husband's genteel family. Anne's work, in view of her past minor performances, shows surprising ability; and both Boles and Alan Hale—who plays a race track tout friend of Barbara's—are exceptional. Barbara O'Neil brings grace and dignity as the urbane second wife, and Tim Holt, actor Jack Holt's son, is a lad to watch. A major screen achievement.



GANGWAY—GB

DEFINITELY Jessie Matthews' best musical to date. This gay and highly amusing crook comedy will have the luscious little English star's American fans clamoring louder for her appearance in an American picture. The songs and lyrics are appealingly synopated, and Miss Matthews' dances are graceful.

The story involves the efforts of a Scotland Yard man (Barry Mackay) to trail a woman who steals expensive diamonds from the economic royalists. Jessie is a newspaper film critic with extraordinary, but perhaps English, impressions of gangsters, gats and gyps. Before she gets through with her assignment, her ideas remain colored for life. Mistaken for the thief, she is followed to New York by her romantic detective. Love follows for them both.



★ THE FIREFLY—M-G-M

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S first venture into musical comedy without the aid of Nelson Eddy proves a point: M-G-M can, after all, use another romantic male lead for its operettas. In this case it is handsome, tenor-voiced Allan Jones. "The Firefly" is an expensively mounted, well-photographed, spectacular production in which Miss MacDonald somehow manages to be more beautiful than ever. The story has cohesion and unity.

There are faults which at times overshadow the brilliance of the picture. Pace is slow and uneven and dialogue is often saccharine. These things, however, merely accentuate the picture's many valid beauties of sight and sound.

Studio writers realized that the story's factual content might be made sharply significant at this time when dictators are assuming Napoleonic rôles in the current Spanish chaos, and drastically altered the original musical play. Jeanette MacDonald is seen in the rôle of a Madrid café singer who becomes a secret agent for Spain at the time of Napoleon's invasion. Jones, as a French officer who is Jeanette's rival in espionage, falls deeply in love with the singer and follows her to France. The lovers quarrel and separate. They meet again when Spain throws off Napoleon's yoke.

The entire picture is sentimental fantasy and as such is refreshingly without a moral message. It doesn't give you Something to Think About—but at any rate, it's genuinely good entertainment.



VOGUES OF 1938—Walter Wanger-United Artists

THE most important thing about Mr. Wanger's newest spectacle is the color in which it is filmed. True, the picture is an enormous pageant, a great fashion parade of future styles; but without the value of sheer beauty in hue it would have to be set aside as merely a lush orgy of expensive production.

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screen-worthy. Mechanically perfect, the prism lens project shade and tone so masterfully blended that you don't care whether or not there is a story. For those who insist on unity, there is a basting thread of a plot which offers Warner Baxter as a dress-maker, Helen Vinson as his wife; he backs her in a show, which flops, and to recoup he plunges again into the gown business with debutante Joan Bennett to help.

Mischa Auer mouths his way through the entire film, and besides famous models there are Alma Kruger and Jerome Cowan, for your amusement.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

HAVING found his formula for the box-office return perfect, Darryl Zanuck apparently has set his great plant in motion to turn out as many gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedies as the world market will absorb each month. "You Can't Have Everything" is a good example of this. Enormously 1937 in flavor, it presents a truly sure-fire plot in a frivolous what-the-hell kind of dress; its good song numbers are well sung, well played; its gags are funny; it has Don Ameche and Alice Faye for love and sex content, and Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee before her marriage to Cinema) for just sex.

There is little need to describe the story in detail, since you know it well and obviously are a pushover for it; certainly this reviewer is. As ever was, you will feel sorry for poor little gorgeous Alice, who brings her dismal first playwriting effort to New York and you will weep for her hardships and applaud swank Don Ameche for helping her out, and you will hiss exotic Miss Hovick for trying to seduce everybody.

Those Ritz Brothers, the zanies, gallop throughout every reel and are hysterically amusing. Charles Winninger does nice work; Miss Faye is lovely and in good voice; but the big surprise is fully clothed Louise Hovick. Not only is she a good actress but she has created a new character; a sympathetic, rather funny, female heavy.

Best melody: "Please Pardon Us, We're in Love."

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Artists and Models **The Firefly**
Souls at Sea
Stella Dallas **That Certain Woman**
You Can't Have Everything
Vogues of 1938 **Varsity Show**
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air
The Sheik Steps Out **It's Love I'm After**
Gangway

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jack Benny in "Artists and Models"
 Barbara Stanwyck in "Stella Dallas"
 Gary Cooper in "Souls at Sea"
 George Raft in "Souls at Sea"
 Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly"
 Allan Jones in "The Firefly"
 Bette Davis in "It's Love I'm After"
 Leslie Howard in "It's Love I'm After"
 Jessie Matthews in "Gangway"



★ SOULS AT SEA—Paramount

FROM any standpoint, you will find this exciting, deeply moving entertainment. However, with the exception of a few extraordinary scenes and the highly satisfactory photography, it is not the superlative epic of men and sea and emotion Paramount has promised these many months. After such boastful build-up, it's a little disappointing to find that "Souls at Sea" is just another good picture.

Gary Cooper and George Raft are an excellent team, each playing with reticence and a kind of grim humor the rôle assigned: Cooper is a seaman who is drawn into the slave trade, which he hates and secretly works against; Raft is his simple but fiercely loyal friend. The British government discovers Cooper's attitude, commissions him to strike the fatal blow against slaving. On his way to America, with a shipload of people who individually are worked into the story, the boat blows up; Cooper realizes that only a few can be saved in the one remaining tender and ruthlessly kills the rest. His subsequent trial for murder is the suspense motif of the film.

Performances throughout by almost every cast member are superlative. Frances Dee, as the girl Cooper loves, is appealing and Olympe Bradna, romance item in Raft's life, laughs through her tears with effect. Nevertheless you will find misrepresentation and inconsistency in production, many interwoven subplots unfinished at the abrupt ending, and a confusion of attitude in the court trial.



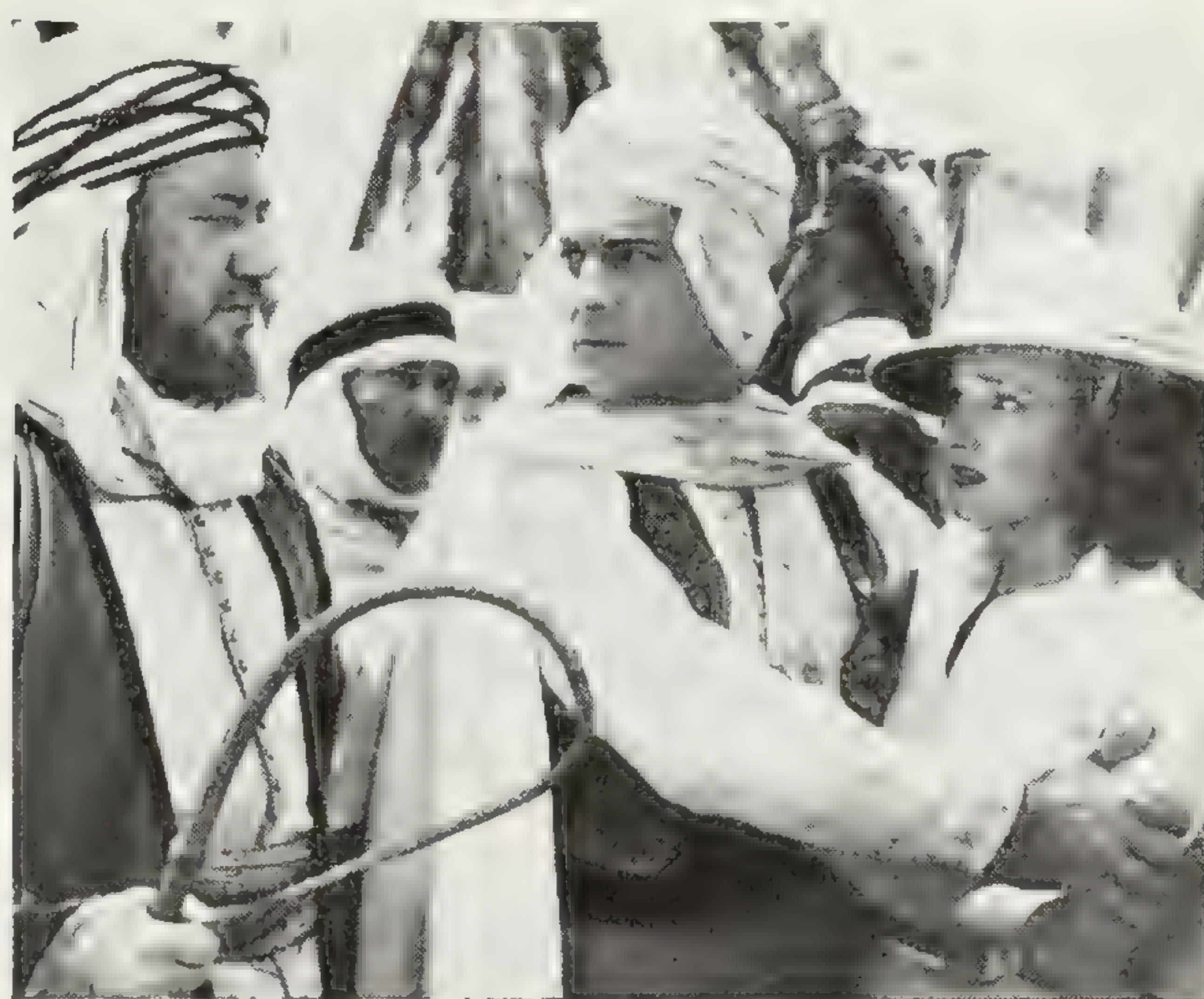
★ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN—Warners

WHEN this was produced as "The Trespasser" nine years ago, with Gloria Swanson as the certain woman, it sent American audiences into hysterical tears and made a fortune. Now, in a cleaner version, with Bette Davis exerting every ounce of her undeniable ability to turn sheer melodrama into legitimate emotion, the picture still is pointed at womankind who want a workout for the tear ducts.

Miss Davis is the widow of a slain gangster, who gets a job as secretary to Ian Hunter, and falls in love with charming but unpurposeful Henry Fonda. The young lovers elope and get an hour or so together before Fonda's stern and snobbish father appears on the scene. Thence the story is one of unhappiness for Bette and of regeneration for Henry.

No one ever had so much tough luck as the heroine of this picture. Her married boss falls in love with her and has the brass to die in her apartment; she has a baby; Henry gets married to another woman who thereupon is crippled in an accident; and Miss Davis relinquishes her child. As a matter of fact the last three reels are anticlimactic because you keep expecting Bette to commit suicide. Nor could you blame her.

This is a case of many superior performances almost lost in a welter of story. Little Dwan Day is caught in an unconscious action which creates almost the only laugh in the entire humorless piece.



THE SHEIK STEPS OUT—Republic

SOME of you, who three years ago knew Ramon Novarro as one of the most romantic leading men of the screen, may find it a little pathetic to see him climbing the comeback path. Nevertheless his charm is as effective as ever, and so is his accent.

This particular little number presents Novarro as a desert sheik who, in the business of taming rich, spoiled Lola Lane, falls in love with her. There is the old gag of mistaken identity, a chase; he interrupts her wedding to an English lord in Paris and carries her off to the desert.

Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Burke and Stanley Fields all do their best to help. See this as Novarro's first American screen effort in a long time, for the several nice songs you will hear, and for a good laugh or two.



MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Warners

ASIDE from its worth as an amusing comedy, this is interesting for two major reasons: it introduces charming Kenny Baker, of ether fame, to the screen as a star; and it is a remake of C. B. Kel-land's "The Great Crooner," which reached the screen three or four years ago. Many of you will remember the first version, and feel that such haste was unseemly.

Baker is cast as the strawberry festival singer who hits the big time, and falls in love. The girl is Jane Wyman. Among other activities she saves his radio patents, disappears while he makes up his mind about marriage, and reappears in his home town after he returns disillusioned.

With his excellent voice, Baker is a "find."



★ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount

AFTER terrific fanfare and one of the best advance publicity campaigns of the year, Paramount's "Artists and Models," directed with gusto by Raoul Walsh, emerges from the cutting room as a better than usual musical, its revues presented with originality and its story mercifully glossed with song and Jack Benny's urbane comedy. Each reel is crowded with personalities that almost obscure each other attempting to be seen and heard.

Benny is presented as the engaging but screwball owner of an advertising agency with more bills than business. His task is to find a queen of the Artists' Ball and at the same time please Richard Arlen, millionaire table-silver magnate. Both Ida Lupino, professional model, and Gail Patrick, socialite, want the honor, and the story of their fight to get it wanders vaguely through the hash of songs and numbers. The four-sided romance is too involved to untangle here.

Miss Lupino, Arlen, the very smooth Miss Patrick, and Judy Canova, a kind of hillbilly combination of Patsy Kelly and Martha Raye, all do exceptional work. Martha herself has a specialty song, "Public Melody Number One," with Louis Armstrong's hot trumpet accompanying her. Other headliners include: Andre Kostelanetz and Connie Boswell, Ben Blue, The Yacht Club Boys and their madhouse songs, a bevy of famous artists and models. The dance routines, especially the water waltz, are knockouts. Best song: "Whispers in the Dark."

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY



VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO-Radio



IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia



CONFESSION—Warners

POPULAR literature and Helen Hayes' stage performance have made this story over-familiar, but the none-too-new material has been made into a beautiful and moving record of a beloved queen and her empire. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are more than excellent as Victoria and Albert. The supporting cast is splendid, particularly H. B. Warner as Lord Melbourne. Honest and inspiring.

THIS consists mostly of charm by Francis Lederer, beauty by Madeleine Carroll, and nonsense by Mischa Auer. There is much to-do about the plight of a playboy left penniless when his uncle leaves millions to his secretary, but true love comes out of a triangle romance. At times it's pretty funny, but despite generally high standards of production the piece is not by any means superior.

EVEN Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this little number. It's a heavy, moody melodrama based on the *Madame X* theme, in which Miss Francis plays a fallen woman who commits murder to save daughter Jane Bryan from falling too. Basil Rathbone is the dog responsible for everything; Ian Hunter struggles along as the husband. Dorothy Peterson is competent support.



HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount



EXCLUSIVE—Paramount



LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox

AS a combination of epic, musical, and thundering melodrama, this cinema experiment is a clutter of good and bad entertainment. At times it curdles badly; but Irene Dunne, in fine voice, is alone worth the admission price. She is presented as a carnival girl who marries farmer Randolph Scott. He discovers oil, sets up a battle for land rights, tries to make his wife happy. Jerome Kern's score is good.

YELLOW journalism comes in for a good lambasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Ruggles are reporters for a clean sheet while Lloyd Nolan and Frances Farmer, daughter of Ruggles, represent the yellow sheet. The battle between the papers, with Frances reaping plenty of grief with her sensational scoops, provides exciting melodrama. It's lusty, gusty fare.

AS a new production in the current cycle of Spanish War pictures, "Love Under Fire" was fired at and missed. There is a certain amount of fast action and plenty of romance; but the antique story of a Scotland Yard man chasing a lovely woman thief through shot and shell does not make for entertainment. Don Ameche and Loretta Young try very hard. (Continued on page 96)



LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M

HERE is another murder mystery with the usual formula. There is the familiar reporter sleuth who solves a series of murders. This time the killer masks his identity behind an umbrella, but unfortunately for the suspense, most of the audience will guess who he is before George Murphy, the reporter, does. Montagu Love is a wealthy barrister. Rita Johnson, as his daughter, provides the love interest.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

Deeply décolleté is Carole Lombard's gown of heavy

brilliant black satin designed by Travis Banton. Tiny

shoulder straps give a new look of simplicity and

lightness to the formal elegance of the material





SUPREMA

BEAUTY

In "It's All Yours," Madeleine Carroll wears this superb evening gown, designed by Kalloch. Striped silver lamé flows suavely from neck to hem, silhouetted against the gun-metal lining of the lamé cape. White fox frames the cape softly. A new coiffure shows curls high on Madeleine's beautiful head and low on her neck, and a diamond ornament crowns them. Diamond and sapphire bracelet and pin add drama to the gown

SWING GOWN

Divinely tall is Barbara Stanwyck in a gown of heavy white crepe roma made for her by Edward Stevenson, RKO designer, to wear in "A Love Like That." Her rhythmic overskirt is of white fringe which falls from the shoulder yoke. A double clip of diamonds and sapphires blazes at her throat. Her sandals are of crepe





Ginger Rogers looks demure as a dryad in her Muriel King creations for "Stage Door." Water-green marquisette (above) is draped over an underdress of bright green, and under both is a light-blue satin slip. Two cellophane flowers catch the iridescence of the gown coloring. A tailored ermine cape with shoulder peaks is Ginger's choice as wrap. From the same picture is a turquoise-blue faille (right). Delft-blue and dark-brown faille band the hemline of the skirt and form double epaulets. The brown band is continued to form a girdle. The bodice has the fitted look so good this season



SUGAR

AND SPICE



Also, in "Stage Door," Ginger wears a cinnamon-brown crepe roma, left, by the same designer. The skirt is slashed at all four seams and the short bolero is lined with lemon yellow, its facing turned back to form cuffs and revers. The girdle is of lemon-yellow velvet, burnt orange and brown. Piping of the same shades edges the jacket. A fingertip cape (below) of red fox is a perfect wrap for Ginger's spice gown



FIRST LADY

AND ACCESSORIES

In "First Lady" Kay Francis wears an Orry Kelly designed evening dress and cape of dove-gray satin with a crepe back. The low swinging cowl starts from the shoulders and falls to the floor. The crushed satin girdle is buckled in mother-of-pearl. The cape is made with the crepe surface showing and the cowl in the back falls to the knees, emphasizing the narrow swirl round the feet

The clever sets below are Kay's choices in accessories: first, a huge black antelope bag, antelope shoes designed by Aprile and hand-stitched white gloves; a blonde alligator skin bag with slide fastener closing under its cutout handle matches simple pumps of the same skin; Orry Kelly designed a wide belt to be worn with her Aprile designed pumps. The matching bag by John-Frederics



Photographs by Scotty Welbourne





In "Artists and Models" Ida Lupino, left, wears a pale coral nightgown of soft satin with a yoke of real lace. Over this is a short negligee of deeper coral velvet, weighted with white fox and tied at the throat with coral satin ribbon. Below, Myrna Loy plays the rôle of a dressmaker in "Double Wedding." Adrian has dressed her in a perfect suit of navy woolen and white piqué. She is inspecting Florence Rice who wears an Adrian wedding gown of gray-blue satin embroidered in bugles. The Sphinx-like drapery of the headdress matches the gown and from it streams the long gray-blue tulle veil in misty bridal folds

FOR THE OCTOBER BRIDE



PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION CLUB

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 104



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL
PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

Wool jersey in olive or dark green, royal blue or natural makes a delightful dress for Betty Grable, above left, playing in "This Way, Please." The bodice is surplice and buttons in the back. The skirt radiates sunburst pin tucks. A brown suède belt has a charming buckle of squares piped in gold kid

Velveteen is a "must," so Betty chooses one from a range of three shades, soft dull raspberry red, blue and green. It is in one piece with a high-fitted bodice, crossed into a V neckline. Short sleeves are shirred into open circles. Self-belt, red and blue flowers with green leaves trim the dress

Clever cutting characterizes the bodice of this heavy satin-back crepe frock, right, which comes in pine green, black or bronze. Folds are pulled up to the throat and turned under. From them casual folds circle the neck. Deep fringe sways at the hemline. The crepe belt has four diamond hearts





With bright plaid reversible lining, this ulster is made in heavy, soft woolen coating. It comes in brown, gray or black, all with hairy overlay. There are slash side pockets and widish shoulders. There is a self-scarf which may be worn as an ascot or tucked in. It is semilined in silk

To be had in black, deep blue or richly glowing red velvet, this frock has the new longer waistline, achieved by close fitting. It is beltless, of course. Short sleeves show thick shirring above the elbow. Rhinestone buttons and lingerie collar lend chic to this smartest of velvet dresses



PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS



Pat Paterson, playing in "52nd Street," wears this smart sideswiped hat, top, with its crown hand-stitched in cream silk. A grosgrain ribbon crosses the top and fringed ribbon runs through the slit brim. An off-the-face is a brimmed felt with a natural quill darting through two slits (above left). Grosgrain ribbon is folded round the crown and ends in a flat bow, with tabs, in the back. Right, is a new edition of the ever-popular beret. Grosgrain ribbon comes through two slits in the stitched crown and falls in six loops, held in the center with a twist of several shades. To be worn pulled well forward. Colors: black, brown, navy, zinnia rust, Mayfair gray, ruby wine, hunting green, porto red

MOLLY,

The story thus far:

THERE seemed to be nothing hopeful in Molly Drexel's future after she and her other actress friends, Lily, Musette and Julia, lost their positions as servants on the Long Island estate of John Graham. Once the best-loved actress on Broadway, Molly, realizing what her lack of rôles meant, had, in desperation, taken the job as housekeeper for the millionaire. Under the name of "Mrs. Bunch" she had gained the confidence of the widower and his son Jimmy, had managed to brighten up their rather dreary household.

She had not forgotten her other old-time stage friends, however. One by one, she had secured staff positions for Lily, Musette, Julia and Ronnie Burgess, a former playwright also out of work. But when, in trying to shield Jimmy from his father's wrath after a particularly risky escapade, she had been forced to misrepresent herself to Mr. Graham, she and the rest of the staff, except Peabody, the butler, had lost their jobs. Together they had returned to New York, where Peabody later sent them word that Mr. Graham and Jimmy had departed for Europe.

Watching Molly through a long siege of illness had made Ronnie determined to try something that would, perhaps, lessen her suffering, and give them all another chance at success. So he wrote his play, "Higher Than High," incorporating into the plot all the events of the life on Long Island, and drawing all the characters true to life, even to Daisy, the Saint Bernard pup who was so dear to Molly's heart.

When the troupe started out gallantly to try their luck in the small New England towns before their Broadway opening, Peabody, who as Harry Phipps had known them all many years before, agreed to throw up his job as Graham's butler and play a rôle too.

The small-town audiences, remembering the Molly Drexel of long ago, applauded her enthusiastically when the play opened. As far as the tryouts went, it promised to be a huge success. But it was the anxiously awaited Broadway opening night that actually would decide their fate. Would Broadway damn this play or like it, laugh with its heroine or at her? Molly, honestly, did not know.

Now continue Molly's story:

A FEW of the critics did damn the play as being too sentimental, but the audiences figuratively held out their arms to Molly, and almost overnight she was the most talked-of personality in New York. Advertising firms sought her endorsements on well-known products; she was offered fantastic sums to balloon, over the radio, the virtues of face creams or soaps or automobiles, and she had received at least three imposing offers from Hollywood.

"Now don't think this is going to swell me up any," she said one night, as her friends gathered in her dressing room. "It only makes me realize how precarious anyone's success is. We've got our feet on the ladder again, but it's always greased and any moment we're apt to skid off."

One evening, as Molly sat perusing the late afternoon papers, she read that John Graham and his son had returned from England and were spending a few weeks at one of the fashionable Long Island Yacht Clubs.

"Oh, my stars!" Molly exclaimed, in distress. "Suppose he happens to hear about

BY
FRANCES MARION

*Concluding the great
novel which Marie
Dressler inspired*

Illustrated by
R. F. SCHABELITZ



John Graham clasped her hand; a lump rose in her throat as she knew what he was asking—and her answer was

the play? Do you think he'll come to it?"

"What if he does?" Lily answered, sharply. "Then he'd get a good squint at himself. Might do him some good, the old grouch!"

Molly said nothing more about it, but deep in her heart she felt that Ronnie had not been quite fair to John Graham in drawing his character. She wondered if she ought to write to Graham and explain about the play. She started a letter, found that she could not put her feeling into words, then gave up the idea entirely and hoped that he would never see the play.

For weeks Molly felt strangely uneasy. Often, through the peephole in the curtain she would scan the audience, half afraid that he might be there.

"Our friend, Mr. Graham, is back," Julia remarked, loftily, as she drifted into Molly's dressing room at the theater during a matinee. "How I'd love to have him come to my tea today! He'd adore it!"

"I'm sure he'd be nuts about it," Lily cut in, caustically. "He's just the social type."

Molly said nothing, but her mind still was troubled. "I suppose, Julia, you've got a swank crowd coming to the tea?" she inquired, eager to change the subject.

"My dear, the list reads like a page from the Blue Book," Julia replied, with a large expansive gesture in the direction of Lily. "Of course I'd be delighted to have you, if you'll come, Lily," she declared. "I haven't said much about it, knowing your aversion to social functions."

"Don't worry, I won't be there!" Lily snapped.

A sigh of relief escaped from Julia as she swept majestically from the dressing room.

"How that dame loves to put on the dog!"

Lily remarked, savagely, to Molly. "Yesterday when she showed up with a bird of paradise on her hat and two silver foxes hanging down her back like the old coon's tail, I told her she looked like a trapper's bride. And did you see her new eyelashes? They make her eyes look as if they were hiding behind palm trees."

"Aw, Julia's all right."

"She's a pain where I sit down if you ask me. I bust out in a rash every time she goes English on us. Lord, won't I be glad when she gets out of the show!"



BLESS HER

Molly looked at Lily reprovingly. "That would be our bad luck, Lil. Who under the sun could really fill her place? The grander Julia gets, the funnier she is without knowing it. I only hope she continues to give her all to art. She was brought up in the days when it was considered elegant for an actress to chew up the scenery, and she can't get over it. She's a riot, and the laughs she gets is the answer to it."

"Nuff said," Lily agreed. "I get your point now."

She put her arm affectionately around Molly. "I'll keep my trap shut! You're such a wise old bird, hon, you always know all the answers."

MOLLY knew that Julia would want her to look her best at the tea, and she took unusual care while selecting a gown and hat from her wardrobe. As she glanced into the mirror she smiled at herself. Quite a contrast to the Mrs. Bunch of the Graham era, she thought. Her hair now was beautifully dressed and she wore just enough make-up to enhance the natural beauty of her eyes. Her gown was a chic Carnegie and her hat the latest Nicole model, while two well-matched Russian sables and a smart bag completed the costume.

"Julia won't be able to call this outfit 'dowdy,'" she remarked to Ronnie, who stopped her on her way out of the theater.

"Holy mackerel! Molly, you look like a fashion plate! Why—why, you're positively stunning!"

Though she appeared to scorn his praise, Molly hummed all the way to the Plaza Hotel, and thought how grand life was, after all. She stepped out of her new car and said, "Hello, boys!" to the liveried doormen. As she walked through the lobby, people turned and, recognizing her, smiled and bowed. Molly flashed a beaming smile at them. Then, when the young girl in the newsstand called, eagerly, "Oh, Miss Drexel, would you mind autographing my album?" she answered, pleasantly, "Love to!"

(Continued on page 90)

THE WOMAN WHO WILL PLAY MOLLY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

FRANCES MARION had finished writing "Molly, Bless Her," the story she conceived as a tribute to the memory of her friend, Marie Dressler.

She sat at luncheon one day in the Metro commissary, with Gloria Swanson and Ida Koverman, sometimes called Louis Mayer's secretary, but more often his right hand. A woman entered, blonde, generously built, smiling. She was hailed right and left, her progress interrupted by cries of: "Hi, Soph!" "How goes it, Tucker?" She stopped for a word here, a quip there, a friendly salute to a distant corner. As she neared the table,

Mrs. Koverman called to her: "Come sit with us, Soph. Do you know Sophie Tucker, girls?"

Her meal was hit-or-miss. Beside her plate lay a batch of tickets for some charity entertainment. Her eyes roved the lunchroom. "Excuse me—there's a guy over there I've got to tackle." Her tomato juice turned warm and her coffee cold while she parleyed.

After the tenth interruption, Mrs. Koverman remonstrated. "Can't you eat in peace and sell your tickets later?"

"The food's got more patience than the customers," Sophie chuckled.

All this time, Miss Marion had been watching Sophie intently, saying little but noting the warm deep voice with its undercurrent of laughter, the blue eyes you would trust on sight, the effortless vitality, the smile—what somebody has called "Sophie's all-over smile; it starts from the heart and spreads out till it covers the face"—above all, the good will she sheds as naturally as the sun sheds light.

Frances Marion came out of her trance. "There's *Molly*," she said, eyes on Miss Tucker.

"Sophie," Miss Tucker corrected her absent-mindedly.

But the writer had turned to Ida Koverman. "Tell Mr. Mayer there's *Molly*, and nobody else can play her."

"Who's Molly, what's Molly?" demanded the bewildered actress.

"I'll send you a book about her," Miss Marion promised.

The book came. It was inscribed: "To the one woman Marie Dressler would be happy to have play the part of *Molly*." Reading it, Sophie Tucker discovered who and what *Molly* was. She didn't sleep much that night and her heart kept jumping up and down during the days that followed. An entertainer of proven brilliance, working for Metro in "Broadway Melody of 1938," she hadn't the nerve to put inquiries afoot.

"You're a greenhorn in this business," she told herself. "The part's probably too good for you. Anyway, don't pester them. If they want you, they'll send for you."

Sam Katz, studio executive, sent for her. "He had the same cute little smile on his face," Sophie says, "as when I used to work for him in the ten-cent theaters in Chicago."

"If you were an ingénue," he began, "I'd be afraid to tell you. But you're sensible, Sophie, so—we've just bought 'Molly, Bless Her' for you."

Sensible Sophie dropped into the nearest chair and burst into tears.

Sophie Tucker's life touched Marie Dressler's at one point only. They knew of each other, as do all top liners in the amusement world, but they'd never met. Yet when Marie needed such help as an experienced café singer could give her, it was to Sophie she turned.

At a time when funds were desperately low, a café engagement turned up. Sophie was playing in vaudeville. Before the performance one evening she answered a knock at her dressing-room door, and there stood Marie.

Greetings over, the story came pouring out. "What am I going to do? I've never been on the floor in my life," said Marie.

(Continued on page 94)

SOPHIE TUCKER

Only one who had met life with a ready smile and the unfailing courage that was Marie Dressler's could play Molly. And Frances Marion found her in the woman who once helped Marie through a crucial test





Deanna Durbin, star of "100 Men and a Girl," sets out for school in a soft wool, single-breasted swagger coat (far left) and an off-the-face hat. Or in a "teens" suit with a wool jacket of dark green-and-brown plaid. Her skirt is beige flannel, her shoes and bunch bag brown suède, her socks green. Below, her wash dress is navy printed in red and white. White rickrack outlines pocket tabs and a scarlet zipper ends with two red pompons. Lower left, she goes Scotch in a dark-red velvet jacket and scarlet pleated skirt. The cap is red velvet banded in plaid

SCHOOL GIRL STAR



Joan Crawford—the Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 26)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., nor so dignified and dear to her as Mrs. Franchot Tone. But she was Billie Cassin for a good many years. When she was a small girl, standing spellbound in the wings of her stepfather's vaudeville and movie heaters, down in Oklahoma; when she washed dishes and made beds in a private school; when she worked as a shopgirl for \$15 a week and waited on table to get a year of college.

Joan Crawford hasn't had an easy life. I am almost sure that she has never known contentment. Some restlessness has animated her, some fire burned within her. She has known the heights—there were heights, for instance, when she was married to young Doug and the world knew Doug and Joan as they had known Doug and Mary as great lovers—and she has known depths, and many of them came in the first sixteen years of her life.

She was four, I think, when her mother and her stepfather moved from Kansas City, where she was born, to Lawton, Oklahoma. For a few years after that, she lived in a fairy world of make-believe and the fever of it got into her blood. It was then, actually, that she became a dancing daughter, that she learned to dance. She didn't guess, at that point, that she was to dance her way to world fame.

But right there is another amazing fact about Joan Crawford. When the time came, she stopped dancing. With some uncanny instinct, she has always seemed to know just when to change, just how to bridge gulfs. She moved with a sure step from being a dancing daughter—and she was America's dancing daughter—to being a serious actress in dramatic rôles. Few women have ever been able to do it. In the same way, when the talkies came, she survived, when her then greatest rival, Clara Bow, was swept into oblivion by the new medium. In the same way, she changed from the hoyden, the bad girl, to the dramatic parts that were to make her more and more famous.

Her stepfather, as I have said, owned a chain of small vaudeville and movie heaters—you remember when they used to have vaudeville acts and then a movie? Now, we call them stage shows and—if you'll pardon me—I liked the old vaudeville better. In those heaters, Billie was a pet. She ran away and crept through the stage door and watched this make-believe world with eyes as big as saucers. This was better than any play games. This was better than any playmates.

She wanted to become something in that magic world she watched.

But her mother decided that it wasn't exactly the place for a small girl, so Billie was sent away to a school.

Now, here is what I mean by the drama of Joan Crawford's real story, the things you'd hardly dare invent if you were making it up.

This child, who had had free run of the theater for years, now found herself in a strict school. She was a favorite pupil there. She had everything. She had the same clothes, the same privileges that all the other girls had. Because she was—this girl who would one day be Joan Crawford—a personality, because she knew so many delightful tales of the theater, she was one of the leaders.

Then—one Sunday—her mother came, as usual, to take her out. But she came alone. And she had been crying. All children, I suppose, have seen their mothers' tears, and sometimes they



Although three-year-old Joan LeSueur sets up a howl when she sees her famous aunt on the screen, she's playing a scene with big Joan in "The Bride Wore Red"

hurt more bitterly than the tears we mothers must see our children shed. Little Billie sat in her mother's lap and tried passionately to console her. And at last she discovered the cause of those tears.

Billie's mother had left her husband. Now they were quite alone in the world. She had to make a living for herself and her little girl.

Billie's mother made that living by becoming an agent for a laundry. That is, she opened a store where she collected and returned washings to customers, having in the interim sent those washes to a huge central laundry plant for the actual cleaning.

But what to do with her small daughter—that was the problem. What was to become of Billie when she was at work all day? How could she be sure she was protected and cared for? The one small room she could afford—she couldn't bring Billie up there.

So Joan Crawford became a worker. She stayed on at the school, but now she was no longer a favored pupil; she wasn't on equal terms with the other little girls. She washed dishes in the kitchen. She helped peel the vegetables. She scrubbed floors. So she was allowed to remain, and given her board and room and her education.

Remember, she was only ten years old. Perhaps there is something more sensitive than the heart of a ten-year-old. I haven't encountered it. It was pretty tough for this ten-year-old. The work was hard. The humiliation was bitter. But right there began the real education of Joan Crawford, right there came into being the courage and the determination that made her sure that she could succeed, made her rise from the ranks—the one in a million who gets clear to the top.

For the hardest thing this courageous little youngster had to face was that she couldn't—she mustn't—let her mother know what all this humiliation meant to her. When Sunday came, she went out that school door with her heart

bursting, her little throat aching, longing to put her head down on her mother's breast and weep it all out, as children do. But when she saw her mother's tired face, the eager joy that came at sight of her, she knew she couldn't—she mustn't. No matter what, she had to make her mother happy on those Sundays.

Today, Joan Crawford's beautiful home in Brentwood Heights is what's called a "show place." Servants—well-trained and expert—wait upon her slightest wish. At the studio, Miss Crawford—while she's democratic enough herself—is a great star, and naturally surrounded by service and attention. In her home, she has entertained every great name in Hollywood.

In those days back in Kansas City, she got up very early in the morning and washed and dressed the younger children. She helped with dinner, and with the cleaning of the rooms, and then, at night, she put the children to bed again. Always, she kept up with her lessons.

It was at this time that she once more began to dance. For there were vacations and week ends and the slim, big-eyed girl, with the freckles on her nose and the enormous eyes, was beginning to attract the attention of the boys she met. Not a beauty, by any means. No clothes, to speak of. No background or social position of any kind. But she was, even then, Joan Crawford in the making, and the boys she met realized it. So, she went dancing, and somewhere about that time, she won her first dancing contest, at a place called the Jack O' Lantern Cafe, in Kansas City.

Can't you see it? The Jack O' Lantern Cafe? A big brown room, with jack-o'-lanterns hung about the walls, an orange light, small tables about the dance floor, an orchestra playing jazz tunes. A cup—for the best couple. No famous dancers, no experts, just the young people, young working people, who came out to dance and laugh and

have what fun they could take. One couple—a boy, and a slim girl with bronze-red hair, in a cheap frock, but with a startling, provocative face. See her dancing? See her suddenly stand out from the rest of the dancers, while the others stand back and applaud? And then, when she and the boy she was with had won, how she stood there, young and awkward and very embarrassed?

I don't know whether the young man with whom Joan won her first dancing contest was Ray Sterling or not, but certainly, Ray Sterling was the first "man in her life," the first man who claimed any real part of her heart and imagination. They were boy and girl sweethearts in those early days, but they must have been great friends, too. And it is typical of Joan that from him she gained a great deal, for here was a boy of fine education, much culture, definitely her superior in everything intellectual. The things she had been learning, the things that to her were dreams and visions, were everyday and matter-of-course to him and so he opened a new world to Joan.

But it is also typical of Joan that when, not long ago, she gave out a list of her "best friends"—now, today, when she is a great star, the name of Ray Sterling is still upon that list. It happens to be my opinion that there is no greater accolade of character possible for a woman than that over the years she retains the friendship of men who have loved her. The boy and girl who were sweethearts in their young days back in Kansas City are now Joan Crawford, movie star, and Ray Sterling, writer. He hasn't married—he still comes to see her—they keep up a pretty regular correspondence. I like that.

I don't know whether he danced with her that night, but he was the first man who helped her toward her ultimate goal, by his easy acceptance of those things about which she had been a little shy, by his faith in her, by his friendship and companionship. Perhaps, for the first time, she began to believe that Billie Cassin might some day be Joan Crawford, not only a great dancer, a movie star, but also a woman of charm and culture.

SEVERAL years later, I saw Joan Crawford dance the Charleston in many cafés, under very different circumstances. Saw her dance in elegant ballrooms with the handsome boy, young Doug Fairbanks, with Clark Gable at the Cocoanut Grove.

But I seem to have just as clear a picture of her as she was that night in the Jack O' Lantern Cafe when she won her first dancing contest.

It did something to her. Dancing had come back to her feet, and had made its way—as dancing sometimes does—into her hot and determined young head. But she wasn't ready and, as she always seems to know, she knew it.

A year in a department store. A year at college, when she worked her way by carrying trays for the other students.

The girl who was to become Joan Crawford had then one of the things that has carried her to heights and kept her there—and believe me, for I have seen a great deal of Hollywood, it's easier to get there than it is to stay there. That's what makes Joan Crawford so important today. She's proved herself. You have to hand it to her. She's stayed the course.

Basically, the thing she had was a

real love of learning. Her whole life proved that. No matter how hard she worked, she went on learning and getting good marks. She went on to school, when a job not nearly so hard would have given her more money and freedom. She went to college, when there wasn't a thing on earth to send her but her own wish to learn—and always she had fine marks, better marks than girls whose families paid their ways.

As she climbed that steep ladder to stardom, she kept on learning. Reading. Studying. Improving her own taste for literature and for music. Finding out things. You'll see, as this story unfolds further, that from every one she knew, every situation she met, Joan learned things and added them to her-

self. They became a real part of her because instead of putting them on from the outside, as so many people do, she took them inside herself. That, I like to think, was because she had a real hunger for finer things, more beautiful things, and didn't just want them to show off or to be more important, or gain a better place in the world. When you learn things that way, sometimes they hang on the outside like jewels on a woman who doesn't know how to wear them. Joan made them a part of herself. It must be true, because of the reality with which she has held her great place.

So, after a year at college, she was ready to go dancing. She set off for Chicago—with two dollars in her pock-

et. Actually, just two dollars, and not a friend in that great, roaring, threatening city.

That's true. The only thing she had was the name of a woman she'd met in Kansas City who told her to look her up if she ever came to Chicago and she'd get her a job. Joan's money dwindled while she looked for the woman. Panic descended upon the girl. She was very young. She'd never been out of Kansas City. She had no money, no friends, no job.

That was Joan Crawford.

Can't you see what I mean when I say every situation happened to her, everything you could think of? I've been broke and hungry; I know what it means. But never quite like that.

And when she got to the woman's address, she was away on the road and wouldn't be back for two months.

Can you see why I wanted to write the real story of Joan Crawford?

Next month—follow Joan through these dramatic episodes:

Her dancing days in Hollywood—

Her dates with Mike Cudahy—

Her meeting with young Doug, the terrific romance and marriage—

Joan's relationship with Mary Pickford—

The truth about the gossip that linked her name with Gable's—

As told so graphically by ADEL ROGERS ST. JOHNS in November PHOTOPLAY.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 53)

worst moment. Frances Farmer is supposed to swim ashore from the ship—a distance of a good quarter-mile. Hogan has a stunt swimmer on hand to double for her. Frances balks at the idea. It seems that she likes to swim. Not only that. She insists that she is a stunt swimmer herself; she grew up near Puget Sound. She says she can swim in her 1890 dress—with a bathing suit under it. She talks Hogan into letting her try it. He and the worried Ray Milland talk her into having a dory load of Kanaka divers following her, out of camera range—just in case.

Nothing happens, except that Frances proves that a bathing girl can still become a movie star. And vice versa.

CHECKING our South Sea fever at Catalina for future use, we come back to the mainland to look up the other two color pictures of this practically epic month. Selznick International is producing both of them. The first one that you will see is the first one that we see—"Nothing Sacred."

This is a modern comedy about a country girl who hoaxes a star New York reporter. Carole Lombard is the Vermont Venus. Fredric March is the reporter. And William ("A Star Is Born") Wellman is the director who is insulting them.

We mean this literally. It's the Wellman technique.

Carole and Freddie are sitting in the rear of a small sailing yacht. The yacht is in the studio tank, which is filled with water.

Wellman is on the sidelines, spooning ice cream out of a cup. He says to Carole and Freddie, "Now that you've seen yourselves in color, I suppose you think you're something. Personally, I prefer vanilla. . . Come on, let's get my misery over with." That's the Wellman way of saying, "Let's get to work, and let's make it good." The scene begins.

Carole says to Freddie, who is steering, "Would it interfere with your handling of the fleet if I asked you something personal?" Freddie says, "That's what we're here for—to get personal." As they continue talking, Carole has to trot forward on the sloping boat deck to fasten a rope, then trot back again.

There is only one flaw in the "take." A thin margin of pink shows below Carole's brief brown shorts. "The undies will have to go higher," Wellman tells her. Very, very pained, Carole complies. But, being Carole, she says, "You have no idea how high they are already."

From there, to see the second Selznick color picture of the month, we have to go on another location trip. "The

Adventures of Tom Sawyer" is at work in the foothills near Malibu Lake, on the Paramount ranch.

There, among countless other outdoor sets (the ranch covers 2,700 acres), stands a quaint old Middle West village. Paramount is renting it out to Selznick.

On this set, a new star is being born. His full name is Thomas Francis Xavier Kelly, but his movie name will be Tommy. He was born in New York's Bronx twelve years ago. His father's name is Michael Aloysius Kelly, and, until a day last April, his father's only job for two years had been on WPA. On that fateful day, scanning 750 boys in St. Raymond's School, a movie scout picked Tommy for a test for the title rôle of *Tom Sawyer*.

He had never acted in his life. He was only one of hundreds of boys being tested, in hundreds of schools. But when David O. Selznick saw Tommy Kelly's test, he said, "That's the one. He's natural, even if he does have a Bronx accent." It only took ten weeks to get rid of the accent. And here's Tommy Kelly becoming a movie star and getting ideas about earning enough money to go to college when he grows up, so that he can be discovered as a first baseman by the New York Giants.

GOING on to M-G-M, we see an actress take a fall, and this tumble isn't in the script. It happens on the set of "Double Wedding," costarring Hollywood's most popular costarrers—William Powell and Myrna Loy. The other two quarters of the title are John Beal and Florence Rice.

Bill is not working. He has been trying to work, but has been near a breakdown, and his doctor has ordered a complete and indefinite rest. Bill has taken Jean Harlow's death very hard.

While he is obeying his doctor's orders, the rest of the company is "shooting around" him. Myrna, at the moment, is making a scene with Jessie Ralph. Myrna is standing; Jessie is sitting in a small armless chair. As in all such shots, the chair has six-inch blocks under its four legs. This brings Jessie and Myrna closer together in the film "frame"; one won't be at the top of the film and the other at the bottom, with an awkward gap between.

Suddenly, in the middle of the "take," one of the chair legs slips off its block. The chair tilts crazily. Myrna makes a frantic attempt to grasp Jessie, but too late. No one else can do anything, except watch, with frozen fascination, an accident happening. The fall is eerie. It is almost slow-motion.

Everyone rushes forward. Jessie is helped to her feet. The grand old lady says: "Shucks! Not one bone broken!"

Myrna, it develops, is the one who is hurt. In her frantic clutch at Jessie's clothes, she encountered a pin and has a deep gash in one finger. She is the one who has to have first aid.

FROM seeing comedy, we turn to romance by heading for RKO, and the set of "Fight for Your Lady," occupied by John Boles, Ida Lupino, Jack Oakie and Margot Grahame.

John is a lovelorn young American who goes to Europe to commit suicide, and, with that in mind, makes love to the fiancée of a professional duelist. You guessed it. She falls in love with him; he falls in love with her. We see the scene in which they catch up with your guess.

It is a tête-à-tête on a balcony. Ida, who has temporarily traded in her British accent for a Hungarian one, tells John she has persuaded her fiancé not to fight him. John is aggrieved at first, then relieved, then astounded by a sudden thought. He acts upon it. He takes her in his arms. They kiss. Very convincingly, too.

Then we see what takes place after a screen kiss, even the convincing kind. Ida walks over to her portable dressing room to patch her make-up. John sits down with a good book. As soon as the lights are rearranged, the show will go on.

We go on down the studio street, to see "Don't Forget to Remember," costarring Ann Sothern and—surprise!—Burgess ("Winterset") Meredith. Another surprise: he tells us, "This is one of the new-trend pictures. You know—everybody a little haywire." Still another surprise: "No, I'm not objecting. I'll play anything they give me. Where did people get this idea I'm high-brow, anyway? On Broadway, I once appeared in a play entitled ' Battleship Gertie!'"

A big sign outside the set of "The Awful Truth" says: "All Visitors Keep Out." But we can't miss this Irene Dunne-Cary Grant comedy. There are rumors that it is a mad farce. We have to investigate. (P. S. We can confirm the rumors.)

We come upon a rehearsal for a scene in the middle of the picture. The setting is a courtroom. Irene is on the witness stand, where she has just dizzily asked for a divorce from Cary. He stands a few feet away, looking cynical. Halfway between them stands a wire-haired terrier.

The divorce will be Irene's, when a custody question is settled. Which of them is to have the dog? The dog is being given his choice.

In private life, the canine answers to the name of *Skippy*. In "After the Thin

Man," he answered to Asta. Now he is supposed to respond to Mr. Smith. From opposite sides, Irene and Cary are now calling him that.

Mr. Smith pays no heed to either of them. He doesn't budge. He doesn't so much as turn his head. He just stares into the camera. This goes on for five minutes, ten minutes, until finally Director Leo McCarey suggests a halt, a consultation, and a rest for man, woman and beast.

Irene tells us, in explanation, "Do you know what I think? I think that dog's gone high-hat after playing with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy!"

WE edge our way toward near-by Warners-First National. Here one of the most-awaited pictures of the year is in the making, costarring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, directed by Anatole Litvak. Last month it was called "Tovarich" (Russian for "Comrade"). It is now "Tonight's Our Night." Tomorrow it will probably be "Tovarich" again. But it still is a delightful comedy about a royal Russian couple who become the best butler and maid in all Paris.

Monsieur Litvak is a great believer in repetition of a scene. After all, stage actors perfect their performances by repeating them. Why shouldn't screen actors do likewise? Monsieur Litvak takes a scene over and over and over in quest of perfection. Sometimes he gets it. Other times he gets—exhaustion.

We see the Litvak technique operate first on Claudette, then on Charles Claudette in a blonde hairdress, and very becoming, too. In a brief amusing scene she crawls on hands and knees across a plank over an areaway to their Paris garret. She plays the scene until she has to wear kneepads.

Boyer is in the tumble-down garret bed, practically smothered with blankets. There is a knock on the door. He tosses from his left side to his right. Another knock. He sits up, reacts. Litvak isn't quite satisfied. By the time he is satisfied, Boyer is perspiring.

FOR our own last "take" of the month, we take in "Something to Sing About" at Grand National. It doesn't sound like a Cagney picture, but it is. It doesn't sound like a comedy about Hollywood, but it is. And that isn't all. In it, Jimmy is more handy with his feet than with his fists. He steps out for the first time as a dancer.

If Jimmy lives up to this picture's possibilities, he may live down his past. He may even forget, himself, that he once had to push a grapefruit into a heroine's face.

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FASHION LETTER



The only photograph ever made of Carole Lombard, Travis Banton and Claudette Colbert in a dress huddle! Favorite fitter Mary O'Brien is pinning Claudette into the striped organdy dress which she wears in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

PARIS has not spoken as to the new silhouette, as I write this, and Paris is important. But Hollywood cannot wait for Paris. Hollywood dreams its own dreams and realizes its own realities and its audience is the far-flung world, so that seems to make it pretty important. Rumors may get about as to a new low waistline, but Hollywood does it and photographs it, making it a concrete fact. More than that, it parades it before you on a famous beauty so that you may see it in action and decide as to whether you like it or not before you go shopping.

This change in silhouette has brought a new jolt to the girl who has been annoyed about that roll, small or definite, above her girdle top, but has been too lazy or something to do anything about it. Now she has to, for if she does not the new silhouette is not for her. She must buy her undergarments with the lowered waistline, and that long, sleek line, unbroken from armpit to hip in mind. Even where the waistline remains at normal there is a nipped-in look at the belt, which must not be a sudden nip, with bulges above and below, but a graduated tapering, feminine and attractive. Of course, the bustline must be high, otherwise the effect is spoiled. So put new undergarments at the top of your list when you plan your fall wardrobe and sally forth with authority and the thrill of being prepared for refreshing, up-to-the-minute clothes.

Furs beggar description this year, in their magnificence. Silver foxes are used not only for evening splendor but as casually belted coats, worn as the good old opossum used to be displayed. What is there about even one silver fox that makes its wearer so definitely smart? Is it its becomingness to every type, its silky fur, or its acceptance over so many years as the badge of the well-dressed woman? Whatever it is, silver fox is a joy and a good investment. If a silver fox cape, such as the stars wear, is beyond your budget, then you may gasp your envy and pass on to the more practical furs which are so abundant. For an all-weather coat sealskin in safari or logwood is to be highly recommended. It comes in youthful reefers, swaggers and princess models now, and wears like iron, or better. Kay Francis wears a Chesterfield of black galyak in "First Lady." Sleek and slim and shiny, it is tailored like cloth. Swaggers in any practical fur have dash and swing, especially now that they have gotten away from that aged "shawl" collar, which used to be part of every fur coat.

Outstanding, almost a uniform, this fall, is the little woolen frock with the short fur

jacket. They are grand investments, as they may be worn over dresses or suits, and even well into the spring, later in the season. Get one as trig, straight and tailored as possible.

Speaking of "First Lady," months ago Orry Kelly showed me the clothes he had made for Kay Francis to wear in it, and I was struck with the number of times he had used the lowered waistline. It is peculiarly becoming to the long-legged grace that is Kay's, and gives the corseletted effect which new clothes must have.

One divine evening gown was in gold lamé, the bodice draped across the front making a corselet of folds. Over the shoulders were two widish bands of supple material and the wide shirred skirt swung from the hipline to the floor. Kelly has paid a lot of attention to belts and has designed them with width achieved in many ways, using novel materials for them, and, while subordinating them to the frock, making them a focal point of interest in the silhouette. You will see one on page 62.

Shorter skirts, higher hats. That is the law. But not the comic supplement height we had a few seasons ago. Up-a-little and out-a-little go the hats of today, whether they are the so-called profile hats with brims, or the turban type. Try on a whole flock of hats this year, before you decide which ones to buy; try them on *standing up*, so as to see

(Continued on page 103)

Complexions with **GLAMOUR** need
this Special care

"I use
Lux Toilet Soap
to guard against
Cosmetic Skin"

JANET GAYNOR

This
girl
knows
Hollywood's
Beauty
Secret
too!



Star of the
SELZNICK-
INTERNATIONAL
PRODUCTION
"A Star is Born"



MANY a happy girl is following lovely Janet Gaynor's advice! "I use cosmetics," she tells you. "But I remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap. I never take chances with Cosmetic Skin!"

Foolish to risk this danger—dull-

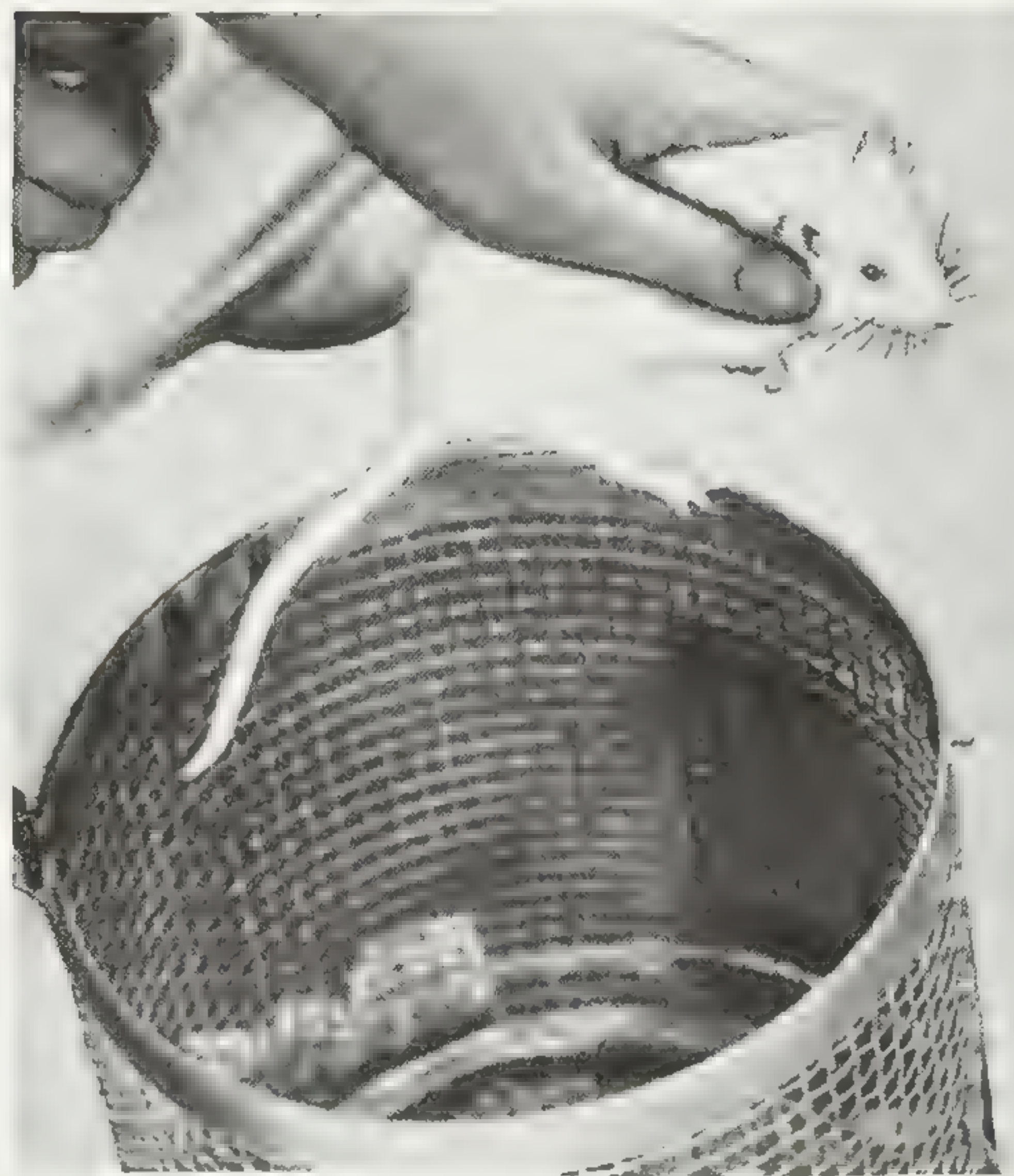
ness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather removes the dust, dirt, stale cosmetics that might otherwise remain to *choke the pores*. Before you renew make-up, **ALWAYS** before you go to bed—use this gentle care.

REMEMBER, 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE THIS SOAP

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TESTED
IT IN
BEAUTY
CREAMS**



LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years . . .

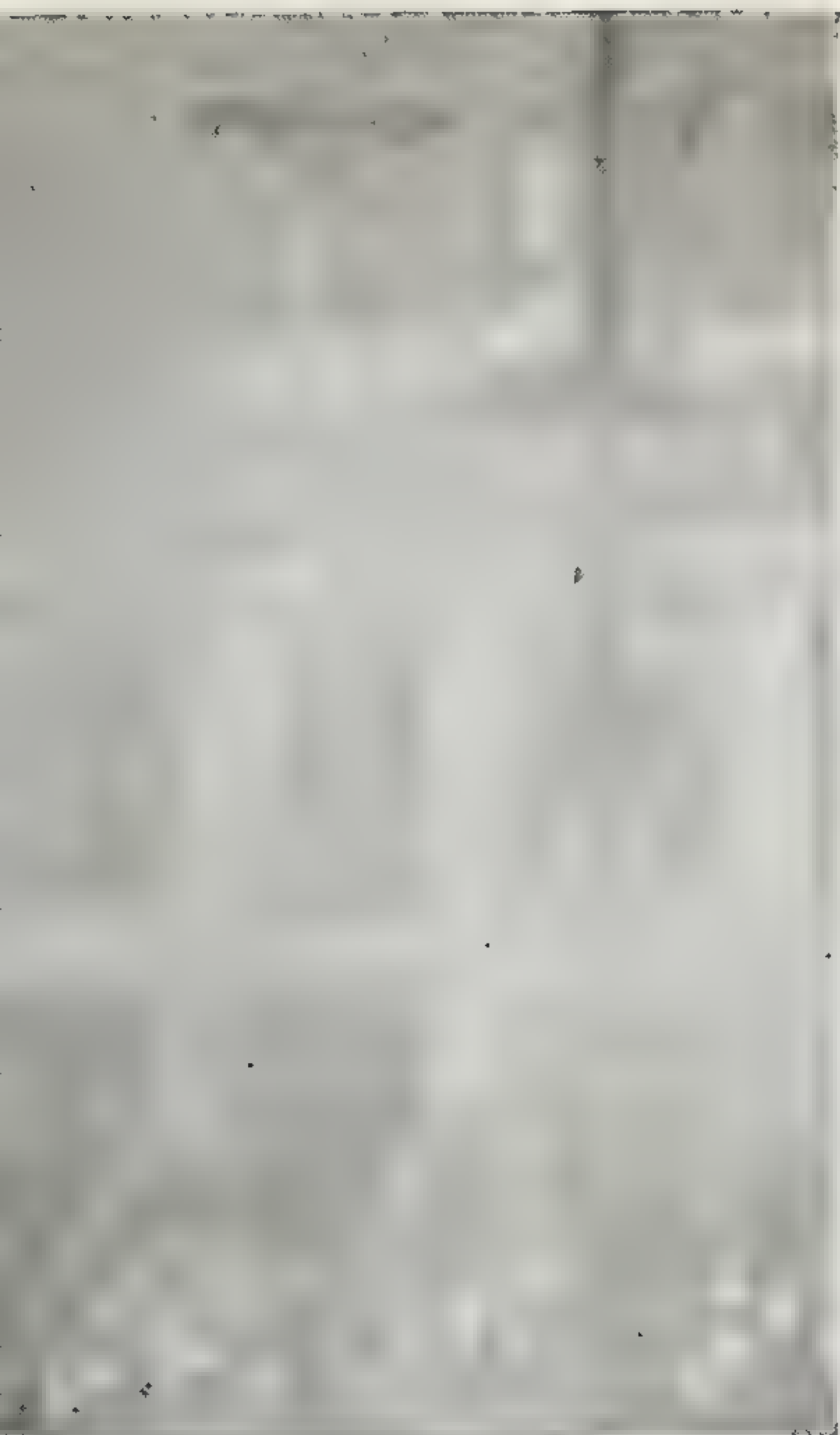


1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.



2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

*Now—this new Cream
brings to Women the active*
"Skin-Vitamin"



Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The red-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin diet.

This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

great importance to women—

There was something that might be of great importance to women.

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the

FINALLY... we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them came back asking for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a

livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying this necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams—and came back asking for more!

Today—we offer you Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams—

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. In the same jars, with the same labels, same price. Use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient, the active "skin-vitamin," gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

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POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughness; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*



NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"

(Continued from page 32)

"Call of the Wild," Clark Gable and Loretta Young got befuddled in just this way; their teeth should have been chattering with the cold, but they went on being bravely whimsical, and love flew back to the Aurora Borealis.

The simple fact which every experienced man or woman knows, is that wit is the enemy of passion. It is, as again every experienced man or woman knows, one of the best little helpers in a flirtation; for one thing, you can say wittily what it might be impossible to say seriously. Mr. Noel Coward's phrase about an unpremeditated roll in the hay can be repeated a hundred times, while the technical name for the same thing simply cannot. Wit lubricates social wheels; it eases all sorts of strains; it is a short cut to intimacy. But the girl who will squirm out of your embrace to utter an epigram is still taking an awful chance, because by that time, the opportunity for wit has passed. It has done its work.

ONE of the most familiar forms of anti-sexual wit is the line of belittling love. Not as done by an elderly cynic, played by Roland Young, in the background of the picture, but as done by the young lovers themselves. Of course, it's just technique and you are meant to discern the passion behind it; but the fact is that the passion has been sacrificed to the wisecrack. Among other things, sexual love is a tension between two people; and among other things, wit is the release of tensions. You can't have them both at once.

I have mentioned Mrs. Parker and may use a picture on which she worked as an example of the right way to use wit and passion. In "A Star is Born," love is not the prime element; the prime element is the Cinderella story of the little girl who makes good in Hollywood and, although she suffers from the tragedy of the young man who goes bad in Hollywood, sticks to her career.

Taken as a whole, the picture is another one of those attempts to substitute glamour and success for love. But in its comparatively few love scenes, Janet Gaynor and Fredric March are light and amusing in their approaches, when they hardly know they have fallen in love; when the real thing happens, they let wit slide. The sequence in which you feel most poignantly that the woman really loves the man is the one in which she realizes that he is a failure, and prepares to forsake her career in order to save his pride. In that sequence there is not a particle of comedy. The place in which comedy and tragedy join is when the slipping actor meets the press agent who hates him; and that is correct. Whenever Shakespeare wanted to heighten the emotion of a tragic scene by comedy, he inserted minor characters to be funny. He never made the mistake, in his great love scenes, of making his lovers witty.

BUT don't let the movies try Shakespeare until they have learned Shakespeare's lesson. For the next great enemy of love on the screen is history. In the past few years, Hollywood has gone crazy about history. Either because the producers are afraid to tackle the tremendously dramatic problems of today, or because they want to be safe from the sex-snoopers, they have turned to the past. They make pictures not only of historic episodes, like "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but chronicles of "Lloyds of London;" they are going to do the history of a trans-

atlantic steamship company; they have done Pasteur and Parnell and, given them time, they'll do Charles Darwin and the petrified man from Barnum's circus.

I haven't anything against these pictures when they are well made and interesting to watch; but as a substitute for a story of passion, they aren't so hot. And no effort to *rechauffer* them seems to work. After all, the central episode of Parnell's life was his relation with Kitty O'Shea; it was not only love, it was a sinful love. And it had political consequences. What more could a movie ask? Yet when Miss Loy cried "This is madness," about their love, it seemed alone in her opinion. History had drowned out passion. Either it was too important in itself, or had scared the producers; in any case, "Parnell" was a film of history, not of passion.

Long before "The Informer" was made, I saw the trailer of another film whose scenes were laid in Ireland, during the time of the Rebellion; and the trailer said that the love of these two people (its principals) was more exciting than the Rebellion itself. But you cannot hold the producers to the language of their trailers, it seems. I wish you could. In this case the trailer said what the producer obviously wanted to believe. And it is simply unbelievable. The thousand adventures, sacrifices, and heroic exploits (to say nothing of the tragedies) of any Rebellion flood over the private lives of any two individuals. We all fall in love; but we are far more excited by escaping from sudden death. And dumb as we are, we know that great historical events are often of supreme importance to ourselves.

When the movies show us "a love that toppled an Empire" they have to show us the Empire toppling—and toppling a better subject for movie treatment. It is spectacular, whereas passion is private. That is the dilemma of the picture-makers, and that is why, no matter how they push Loretta Young into the foreground, your memory of "The Crusades" remains a memory of armies in action.

ANOTHER type of picture, much favored nowadays, is the musical, and the musical is another enemy of love on the screen. (To be frank, I consider the musical show the enemy of the movie altogether, and when grand opera, the enemy of music, comes in, I won't know where to spend my evenings.) Most current musicals are meant to be fun, so the original quarrel between fun and passion starts all over again. And, of course, the worst defect of musicals is that they all carry a lot of songs. You and I have both seen the efforts of sopranos and tenors to look enamored while they are taking their high notes; the men look like cows in agonies of embarrassment; what the women look like, I will not put down. I am aware of the fact that Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald and dozens of others have followers in this world; but it isn't for the way they look while they are singing songs of love and devotion. If your intentions toward one of the opposites are serious (whether honorable or dishonorable) the formula is to keep your mouth shut; as few words as possible and action! No romance of a musical show can be taken seriously.

Further among the enemies of sex on the screen are two things we all wish we possessed: wealth and beauty. About money, the movies are peculiar anyhow.

(Continued on page 7)



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Two feet from happiness
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Joan Bennett

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"WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938"

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CHEWING GUM

PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

Except for derelicts who have to be saved by some brave woman's love, no one is really ever poor. Not the way you and I have been poor. A stenographer out of a job for six months still lives in an apartment three times the size you and I ever had in boom times. There may be shabby spots in the rug, but there's always a rug. And when love flies in at the window, money always comes with it; of the two people necessary to a love affair, one is always well-heeled. This gives the impression that love is a commodity reserved to the rich; and as in our experience we know this to be false, the whole thing takes on an artificial air.

One of the great services of the movies to humanity has been the presentation of beautiful women. Out of several hundred first-class beauties who have graced the screen in the past twenty years, several have had talent as actresses and perhaps a half-dozen have had an almost universal appeal to men, in the sense that almost every man would have taken the trouble to walk around the corner to meet them—object matrimony or any decent substitute. But the movies have been led into the common error saying that beauty and sex appeal go together, and the whole history of romance is against them. They have also concentrated on youth, not daring to give the age of any principal in a love affair as over twenty-three for women, a bit more for men. Again the history of romance and passion is against them.

The greatest of all French courtesans, Ninon de l'Enclos, always surprised those who knew her reputation because she was only a little this side of being downright ugly; and although she began her profession in the freshness of her youth, she became more famous in her forties. Her last affair, according to herself, was when she approached her eighties.

Cleopatra died young and was certainly an exotic-looking character to the Romans whom she captivated; but historians have grave doubts about her beauty. And Homer never says a word about Helen's beauty, as such. He merely notes that the old men turned to look at her when she passed by.

You do not need to go into history to refute the idea that youthful beauty is the inspiration of high and passionate love. Consider the faces of women who appear in crimes of passion: they are the grim, rather hard points of the triangle which is broken when one man kills another for the love of a woman. Once in twenty times such a woman is beautiful; once in fifty times is she young. Men may commit suicide because a pretty young thing turns them down; but before they kill someone else, they want a woman who has good features, but is not beautiful, and who has lived a considerable span beyond adolescence.

In the movies no actress is allowed to grow old. Anyone may become old by a sudden jump, playing ingénues one day and character parts the next; but the slow and relentless process of aging is out. So our players have to devote most of their effort to projecting their youth and their beauty; they can't have any time and energy left to projecting those passions which, in fact, ravage both age and beauty. So nine tenths of our players give you the feeling that they are enchanted immortals, destined to everlasting youth. They

(Continued from page 76)

want to look dewy and with the air of innocence; in their minds, seventeen is the perfect age. Seventeen is the age for the first encounter of romance and sentimentality—it is not the great age for inspiring passionate love (except in the breasts of boys of sixteen and of men who want to adopt the pretty little things).

When an actress gets over this stage she aspires to gentility. Only a few of the entire lot are willing to play the rôle of a nice tramp. I look back "among my souvenirs" and while I can remember many instances of women taking drinks I can remember not one instance of a woman wanting, taking, and actually liking a drink. (Bette Davis drank a fish in one picture, but she wasn't allowed to enjoy it; she was being graded.) They are almost equally reticent about food. And as for sex, what do you mean? They may love themselves sufficiently to let a man kiss their lips, but all that sort of thing is well really! Miss West projected the opposite character, and as I remember before, it was a pleasure.

I look at an old number of PHOTOPLAY and check the six best pictures of the month: "A Star is Born," "Galahad," "They Gave Him a Gun," "Cafe Metropole," "Night Must Fall," and "Woman Chases Man." Four of six do not even bother to follow the boy-meets-girl formula. The total time devoted to the sexual emotions in six pictures put together would amount about seventeen minutes, or on a more generous scale, say five minutes per picture. And the six on the following page include a mystery story (another enemy of sex), a picture about two people, one about Jane Withers, one about a one-legged man (Cappy Ricks), and one wisecracking picture about a man who didn't believe in marriage but married his secretary because he was NOT in love with her. So you see—of sex, a pinch. No more.

The next page: a shocker melodrama, a picture with Karloff, the Jones family again, "The Good Old Soak," a far-moving story about a doctor who wanted to better sanitary conditions in the slums and one love story—bringing up the Great War. At best, sex: 15 percent assay.

Why go on? Any month's releases are about the same. The Class B pictures are even more sexless. The Sil Symphonies are positively reeking with sex in comparison.

Now the answer to the problem: How Can Hollywood Rediscover Sex? I would advise the rediscovery not to be made public until a year from now because the time for being sensible about sex in the movies is always when your enemies, the censors, least expect it. In the meantime, Hollywood needs to make only two or three notes on the desk pads of its executives:

1. Sex has never been handled correctly so far.
2. Passion occurs between human beings, not between wax models.
3. The connection between sex and immorality has been grossly overrated. Total: if any attempt will be made to say something true and simple about sex, in relation to characters who are real and interesting, Hollywood will have another chance at the greatest gold mine in the world.

If not, Hollywood will keep on making big stuffy pictures and you and I will take vanilla.

MR. AND MRS. IS THE NAME

Their courtship was a crazy bit of business but the Jack Bennys took the count on marriage.

Read this amusing story by Ida Zeitlin in November PHOTOPLAY

BARBARA STANWYCK in "STELLA DALLAS"
A SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

"How
Beautiful
She Looks"
they say of
BARBARA
STANWYCK

POWDER... Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Face Powder blends in color harmony with Barbara Stanwyck's titian coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.



ROUGE... Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder... Max Factor's Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks... smooth, like finest skin texture, it always blends evenly.



LIPSTICK... Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.



Wouldn't You Like to Have This
Said About You?

WHAT A PLEASURE to know that the attraction of your beauty calls forth admiration. How interesting, how thrilling life becomes.

You can share this joy if you learn how to emphasize the charm of your own natural beauty with the magic of a new kind of make-up, originated for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

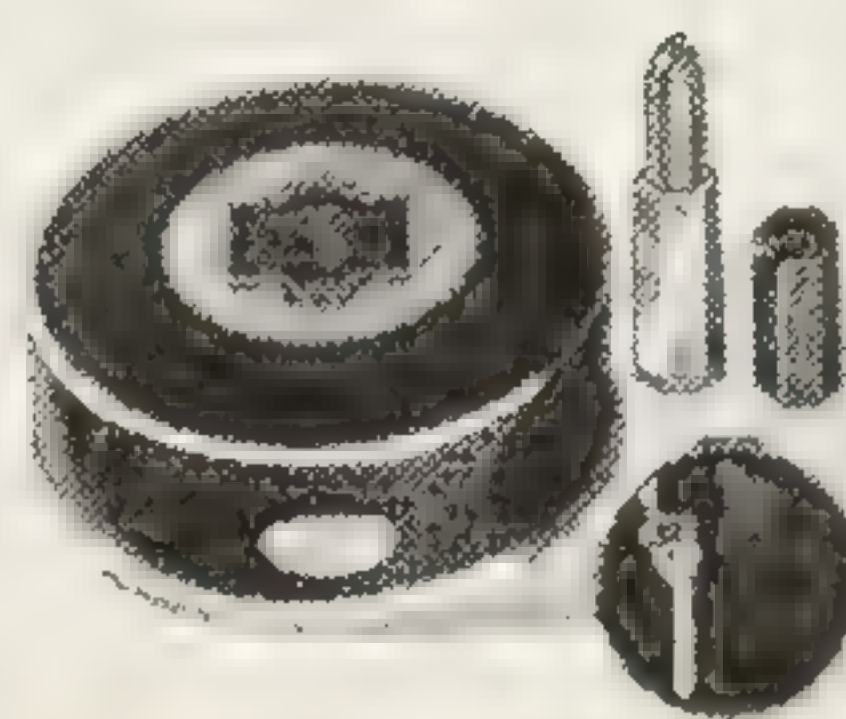
It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in new, original, harmonized color tones. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure they will glorify the color appeal of your beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

Instantly, the very first time you make up, you will note an amazing difference. You will see how the face powder actually gives to your skin a satin-smooth loveliness... you will marvel how the rouge, like finest skin-texture, imparts a soft, natural color... you will see your lips become more alluring with a perfect color accent... and hours later you will wonder how make-up can remain so lastingly beautiful.

So today can bring your most wonderful adventure in beauty. Share the secret of all Hollywood's stars... for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up is now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

For personal make-up advice... and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick... MAIL THIS COUPON.



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".....FREE 1-10-36

NAME _____
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COMPLEXIONS		EYES		HAIR	
Very Light	☐	Blue	☐	BLONDE	☐
Fair	☐	Gray	☐	Light	☐
Creamy	☐	Green	☐	Dark	☐
Medium	☐	Hazel	☐	BROWNETTE	☐
Ruddy	☐	Brown	☐	Light	☐
Sallow	☐	Black	☐	Dark	☐
Freckled	☐	LASHES (Color)	☐	BRUNETTE	☐
Olive	☐	Light	☐	Light	☐
	☐	Dark	☐	Dark	☐
SKIN	☐	AGE	☐	REDHEAD	☐
Dry	☐		☐	Light	☐
Only	☐		☐	Dark	☐

If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

The plain and simple truth

about a new help
for women's trying days

KURB* TABLETS

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex*
Sanitary Napkins



● Here is a new help for women, a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. It is a tablet called KURB, designed especially to aid women through trying, painful days. . . . We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply and truthfully why we believe you will want to use Kurb Tablets.

What will Kurb do?

We cannot honestly claim that Kurb Tablets will benefit every woman in the world—that is asking too much of any "pain tablet." But after making hundreds of tests, we are satisfied that Kurb will meet the requirements of most women who seek to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pains. Voluntary letters of praise have confirmed our confidence in what these new tablets will do.

No secret ingredients

The Kurb formula is no secret; its ingredients are well known to qualified physicians. And the formula is plainly printed on the box, so that if you have any doubts whatsoever, you may readily check it with your own doctor.

So we urge you to try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at drug counters everywhere.

If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE! This offer is limited one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard if you prefer, to Kurb, Room 1498, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Do it today.

KURB* TABLETS

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex*
Sanitary Napkins

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office

(Every statement in this advertisement has been approved for accuracy by a recognized medical authority)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 50)

visit of Wallace Beery, who, I believe, finally had to lock himself in his room. One person shoved his girl friend across the dance floor and persisted until the weary Wally danced with her."

On the day we got this highly descriptive note we rode up in the San Moritz elevator with Mr. Beery. In that hotel, and in all of New York, he was as anonymous as a confession story. He'd gone to Elkhorn Lodge for a rest; he'd come to the Metropolis on business.

Brain Versus Bruin

THE girl with the most remarkable memory west of the Rockies is easily found. You go to Warner Brothers, and try to get in, and she's the one who keeps you out—unless she knows you, and your name, and your business, which she does after the first time you visit her.

Named Grant Donley, surprisingly, she has sat from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. each weekday for nine years in her little reception room, answering telephones and pressing the electric door button for a chosen few of the six hundred-odd daily comers. Out of that number, an average of one hundred have been there before. She recognizes these usually undistinguished people on sight, says their names, admits them if they have legitimate business.

"It looks easy, but it's not," she told us. "Turning hopeful actors and actresses away is the hardest." Her memory, she admits, is just a gift, like writing or jumping on a Pogo stick. Don't let the time reference above date her, however, for she's a young and quite beautiful blonde, unmarried withal. In free hours she has dates, goes to the movies five times a week because she seldom sees a star (they come via the motor entrance).

The most hectic thing that happens to her, she complains, is that people think Warner Brothers is the United Airport and come rushing breathlessly in, tossing bags over her counter and shouting at her to hold the plane. And once a man walked in leading a seven-foot bear on a leash.

"What did you do?" we asked curiously.

"I went away from there. What," parried Miss Donley with a certain bitterness, "would you have done?"

And there she had us.

The Lady Is a Cissy

YOUNG Freddie Bartholomew tells us he is mad about airplanes now (this modern youth; once it was Robin Hood) and that so is "Cissy," his aunt—mad to keep both herself and her protégé out of the darn things. Until a few weeks ago she had succeeded, and then Freddie met Colonel Neblett, lawyer, who owns a plane. Anyway the Colonel invited Cissy and Freddie to drive to the airport one day last week and inspect his new ship.

"We can get in and sit for a moment, at least," suggested Freddie.

"See," said the Colonel, "these are the little gadgets that make it go."

And it went.

"We're moving, we're moving!" shrieked Cissy.

"So we are," admitted philosopher Bartholomew. "Well, we may as well make the best of it." And after the trip to San Pedro and back, during which Freddie took the controls and Cissy fainted twice, the boy remarked to us: "She's promised me a car on my twenty-

first birthday. She'll be startled to know she's giving me a plane instead."

Meanwhile Master Bartholomew is kept in the news by the airsick Cissy, who threatens that he will leave the screen unless he is given a raise in salary. When Garbo, one remembers, first attempted this kind of thing the studio put her in the rôle of a maid as punishment. That, of course, was before she became the Great Legend.

To everyone's surprise the stoic Swede appeared cheerfully for fittings and remarked huskily that she was delighted with the part. Our difficulty is that we somehow can't see Aunt Cissy Bartholomew playing a maid in any Metro production.

* * *

There is something purely fascinating and a little mysterious about the fact that Constance Worth, who sailed over from Australia to capture woman-hater George Brent, is contesting his suit for annulment of their marriage.

The fact that she is contesting the action is indicative of something, first. Warner publicity would call it heartbreak. Then, too, Brent asserts that their Mexican wedding ceremony doesn't count because they didn't comply with the laws of the Southern nation. We checked and it would seem that, aside from smuggling Tequilla across the border to sell to the Indians, there's practically nothing you can do to offend, so long as you spend plenty of money and don't take pictures of the fort. But, of course, we don't know.

Did You Know This About Bing Crosby?

HE loathes having stills made, and so the studio photographers have worked out a system whereby he signs promissory notes that he will pose on a certain date. And those photographers have had to make use of every note he has ever signed.

Recently he walked into a swank Hollywood tailor's audience room and ordered a dinner jacket, to be ready within five days because he wanted to wear it at a banquet in Del Mar. He pestered the tailor's assistants daily during the period, even by long-distance telephone, and received the suit in time—then wore an old, unpressed number he'd dug out of a trunk. Can't imagine why, unless the new one didn't fit, or unless Bing thought it would make a good story to tell people who write columns.

In Hollywood This Month

NELSON EDDY listened without pleasure to a Metro dance instructor who informed him he would have to do a dance routine in his next picture. Then each day for two weeks, Mr. Eddy solemnly practiced steps and turns under the direction of the smiling instructor, until at last he was quite adept, whereupon the instructor told Mr. Eddy to relax: it was all a gag. Mayhem was narrowly averted.

Luise Rainer, incensed at persistent gossip that she and her husband were on the verge of divorce, finished "Big City" and as fast as a plane could carry her dashed off to New York and Clifford Odets. She will probably proceed to Europe where she must (1) see her mother after two years of separation; (2) untangle her mother's business affairs and (3) recover sundry lares and penates from an apartment in Vienna so she can put them in the new house

she will buy in Hollywood.

Sylvia Sidney dismantled her house in Hollywood, packed her belongings, carted them to New York, and set up housekeeping there. This, according to her agents, can imply anything you want it to.

Simone Simon came breezily in from France, smiled when queried about the famous French gentleman who is supposed to be the reason for her trips abroad. So far as Hollywood and Hollywood men are concerned she announced her romance situation stands at nil. Whereupon Twentieth Century-Fox publicity assumed an injured expression and got busy.

Myrna Loy is in her garden; Ronald Colman on his yacht; Jean Arthur is in hiding from the studio at Del Monte; Janet Gaynor at the beach; Miriam Hopkins is busy fixing her house and seeing Anatole Litvak; Garbo will make another picture instead of a trip to Sweden.

Odd Ends

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD actor Tommy Bupps thinks Claudette Colbert is the nicest person in Hollywood. When Bupps got the hiccups on the Colbert set everyone laughed, except the star; she poured water into his mouth while he held his ears, and the hiccups went away. . . .

William Powell's vacation was reluctantly extended by the studio, we understand, not only because his continued unhappiness took the sparkle from his work, but because he had lost so much weight since Jean Harlow's death. Too much Thin Man is bad for camera angles; Powell is on a strict building-up diet. . . . Famous socialite Mrs. Jock Whitney, who long has been interested in the movies, visited the "Nothing Sacred" set last week and brought along her pet squirrel. Carole Lombard liked the squirrel, persuaded director Eill Wellman to use it in a scene, and got Mrs. Whitney ten dollars in payment. . . .

What Gary Cooper intends to name the child he at present anticipates is a subject of mild curiosity to us, because in earlier days Mr. Cooper made a solemn pact with Bing Crosby: each would call one offspring after his friend. There is already a Gary Crosby. Now then—is it to be Bing Cooper (or Bingsey, should the sex call for compromise) or is Gary going to put euphony above friendship? . . .

Spencer Tracy drove Mickey Rooney's new racing car to a garage the other day and had the cutout taken off the exhaust pipe. Just nerves. . . . Mary Astor and her new Mexican husband have taken a little Colonial house on California's Riviera, but she's been too busy to move in. This, Mary tells us, has been her dream for many years. Don't be surprised if she heads East in the fall for stage work. . . .

From Honolulu, where the Buddy Rogers and the Gene Raymonds honeymooned simultaneously, comes the news that Buddy and Mary Pickford mingled with the beach crowds while Gene and Jeanette MacDonald took their bliss aloof. With a bodyguard in attendance, too. Critical Islanders voted Buddy and frau most popular couple in Hawaii. . . . We're told that Jean Harlow's estate, what with inheritance taxes and all, wasn't so big as Mrs. Bello, her mother, thought it would be. At any rate, they say M-G-M's offer of \$100,000 for Jean's book has been accepted. . . .

TEN MILLION WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG!

THEY DEMAND GENUINE KOTEX*, THE WONDERSOFT NAPKIN

FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY
ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK
 A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX*"



THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!



*Trade Marks Reg.,
 U. S. Patent Office

Kotex Sanitary Napkins stay Wondersoft . . . Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show!

And only Kotex has 3 types. Because one-size napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women's personal needs are different on different days.

Only by trying "All 3"—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—can you meet each day's exact needs!

*** WONDERSOFT KOTEX** **SANITARY NAPKINS**
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

KOTEX* SANITARY BELTS are designed to wear with Kotex Sanitary Napkins. These narrow-type belts adjust to fit the figure. Dainty, secure clasps prevent slipping. Three types: "De Luxe", "Wonderform", and "Featherweight" . . . priced to suit any purse.



*"Darling of
the regiment"*

That's what you'd think to see lovely
Helen Vinson in this classic Bradley
sports frock, knit of French worsted.
The trimming is gay regimental braid
—three braid shoulder straps at the
Vionnet neckline, and belt of braid.
Breast pockets like bow knots.
Sleeves and skirt in simple silhouette
lines. I'm buying it in dark red, but
it comes in other warm fall colors.

Fashioned by **BRADLEY** Delavan
Wisconsin

The Love Story Jean Harlow Asked Me to Write

(Continued from page 21)

ing, as he raised his tired eyes to hers. "Yes. It was my wedding dress. I had it made over. I wore it to a party last night and I spilled—"

She remembered why she had spilled the cocktail. Bill. Coming across the crowded room with that silent cat's tread of his, his brown hair disheveled, and his eyes dangerously bright. And how she had sighed with pride and relief, seeing him come. The fat man, urgently beside her, too close, half drunk, didn't matter. She could handle him. But there was Bill—that lift of the heart, that quickening of the senses when he neared her. . .

"Is he bothering you, Linda?"

"After a fashion."

The fat man gurgled in protest and removed his hand from her knee. He said belligerently, "Don't horn in on this date, young feller. Just because you're bigger'n me. I pick me out a swell little number, see . . . and . . ."

But Bill had lifted him by the collar and stood him on his feet. "Run away, fat boy," Bill had said gently. "I admire your taste, but you see, this swell little number's my wife."

And Linda had laughed so hard at the fat man's expression that she had spilled the cocktail.

The telephone rang. She picked it up with a hand grown ice-cold. The operator said, "Mr. Chester is registered at the St. Francis, Mrs. Chester. But his room does not answer. We were told to try the University Club and find he is expected there a little later. We will ring you again."

"Thank you," she said, slowly.

She put down the telephone, turned the pages of the book again . . .

BELLOWS, ELSIE.

It was through Elsie Bellows that Linda Alcott and Bill Chester had met. In Connecticut. A Christmas house party. Young people, lots of them. Skating and skiing and dancing to the radio in the evenings. And a big young man lounging over the divan where she sat, looking down at her. "I'm Bill Chester," he had said, and his blue eyes had laughed at her. "Remember me?"

She had asked coolly, "How could I? I never saw you before in all my life!"

He'd said, "But you will. You'll see me a lot. All the rest of your life. Do you know you are the prettiest girl I ever laid eyes on?"

Frank Bellows had gone to school with Bill Chester. "He can vouch for me," Bill had added lazily, "in all the things that don't matter. I am comparatively sober, industrious—when necessary, and very willing—when it suits me. I dance well, play better tennis. I like to sleep late mornings, and I like ham and eggs, crêpes suzette, lobster thermidor, and New England boiled dinners. I'm a pushover for asparagus with hollandaise. But I warn you I never eat clams. And loathe champagne. I like Burns and Allen, books about the sea, poetry—if it's by Millay—and biographies of Napoleon. I also like tall girls with blonde hair and dark eyes and a cleft chin. I like the movies, Lombardo's orchestra, and Jack Benny's wisecracks. Now it's your turn."

Elsie Bellows had been her matron of honor less than three months later. She turned the pages again . . .

CASETTI.

That was the grocer, Joe Casetti. Linda had liked Joe. He had had the blackest eyes in the world, the gentlest voice, and a quick flashing smile. "The

strawberries are very good today, Mr. Chester . . ." and he had admired her. She had known that. She had liked too. It was fun to be admired by a grocer. Such a nice grocer. He had known she couldn't afford things out of season, so at Christmas he had brought her a big box of assorted nuts and a bottle of wine . . . and now and then sent her, as a gift, a basket of ripe figs.

Eighteen. She had been eighteen when she and Bill had married. Bill had been twenty-four. Just a couple of years out of college, doing very well in Wall Street. But that had been 1929. He'd said, "I'm glad I gave you the Kohinoor before things smashed up. It may be a couple of years before we can match it."

The Kohinoor was her engagement ring. He always called it that. He had brought it to her in the little leather box. "Mademoiselle, the Kohinoor. I had considered the Hope diamond, but they tell me it's unlucky. Darling, love you so much."

It hadn't been so bad, in 1929. They had had enough to eat. They'd had a roof over their heads—though it had not been the roof which they'd planned on at first. "It was lucky," said Bill grinning, "that we domiciled ourselves at a swell hotel after we came back from Banff while we looked around to see what gorgeous dump we'd pick on Park or Fifth—otherwise, we'd have been saddled with a lease when this turned up. Come on, honey, let's see what the slums have to offer."

Not slums, of course, but a funny little apartment off Minetta Street. Noisy, there, and hot in summers, but they had loved it and each other.

The hotel had taken most of what cash was left. Bill had still had his job but he didn't have the money his father had left him—not any more. And her people hadn't been able to help much. They'd never had a great deal anyway, just been moderately well-off. A rather old-fashioned family physician doesn't make a fortune, especially if he was like Doctor Alcott who let his bills run. And after '29, for a time anyway, people were poorer pay than ever.

DEAKIN, SARAH, R.N.

That was the nurse. Linda shut her eyes and shivered. She remembered calling her one early, early morning. "Miss Deakin, this is Linda Chester. I'm on my way to the hospital now." She hadn't been frightened, just enormously interested and excited and so happy—the waiting had been very long and uncomfortable. It had been Bill who was frightened. He'd been white as his shirt and his hands had shook. "Linda—oh my God, Linda . . ." he'd said. "I didn't realize . . ."

She turned the page quickly. She was trying not to recall Bill's very gentle voice forty-eight hours after, saying, "As long as I have you—as long as we have each other . . ." Or her mother's eyes, swollen with weeping, or her father, clearing his throat and telling her, "You must be brave . . ."

She had been brave, she thought. But Bill, Jr., had been such a dear little baby. She had seen him only once. Love at first sight . . . and last.

Perhaps being brave had had something to do with what had followed. Perhaps she had tried too hard. A year later things had been somewhat better for Bill, after his uncle had died and left him the legacy. They'd moved. She'd had new clothes. There had been the crazy haircut she'd tried, and the

(Continued on page 84)



*"Watch your step,
young lady"*

WOBBLY ANKLES

are noticed by everyone but you

AUNT AGATHA is not lecturing on decorum. She is giving sound advice on walking grace. So many women unconsciously are guilty of wobbly ankles! Avoid this awkward fault with *Styl-EEZ* shoes. Their clever and exclusive *FLARE-FIT* innersole gently guides your feet... helps make each step trim and true. Their styling is equally flattering. And their price puts no strain on your budget. **\$6⁹⁵** and up



Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE



THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO
In Canada, Selby Shoes Ltd., Montreal • In England, Sexton Son & Everard, Norwich • In Australia, Selby Shoes Ltd., Sydney • For Men, Wall-Streeter Shoe Company, North Adams, Massachusetts

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 82)



The whole year round finds her facing life with youthful zest.

Her household work is never a drudgery. It is a service she gladly renders as a token of affection to her family.

And her family, in turn, adore her. For she is never a three-quarter wife, never a three-quarter mother!

Her friends are countless.

"Possessions" did not make her happy. It was when she learned to go "smiling through"! When she first discovered that the ordeals of womanhood need not mean pain, discomfort, weariness.

We know her!

We know her because she is the composite of more than a million women who have written us. Be-

cause for more than 61 years they have been saying, "At last we have found happiness."

We truly believe that Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may aid you also to go "smiling through."

That it may help bring you even more complete happiness.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

new shade of lipstick; and nail enamel. And they'd gone out a lot. But still she hadn't seemed able to forget . . .

EVANS, ROBERT, M.D.

That was the doctor she'd gone to, that other time. And he'd said, "Of course there's no reason why you shouldn't have other children . . ."

But there had been no others.

Yes, they'd gone out a lot. "You mustn't brood," her mother had warned worriedly. "You'll make Bill unhappy."

She'd tried not to make Bill unhappy. Parties and people and, a couple of years later, the cabin at the Lake. She'd thought, we'll be alone here, we'll come close together again. But they hadn't been alone; there had always been people, and somehow, she'd welcomed them, as a shield between her and Bill.

She turned the pages, skipped one, sat staring at the name . . .

GREGORY, KATHERINE.

How had it begun? She wasn't prettier than Linda, wasn't any younger—older, in fact. Smart and sleek, with hair like a black-velvet cap. She'd been divorced. Bill had met her first. "You'll like Kit," he said. "She's had a tough deal."

Because Kit had, was it in the cards that Linda must have a tough deal too? She hadn't been well that last year, just dragging herself around, jumpy, listless. Nervous exhaustion, her father and Doctor Evans had called it. Kit had been sympathetic, running in with flowers, a book, a fragile bottle of eau de cologne . . . "Does your head ache again, darling? I'm so sorry. . . Do you mind if I drag Bill out for the evening . . . you don't want a man around, smoking, turning on the radio, chattering. . . I'll take him off your hands."

Then the day when Kit had come in quietly, unheralded. Bill had gone off to work and Linda, looking up, had been astonished to see Kit. She was usually at her office from nine to five. She worked hard, made money.

"Linda . . . ?"

She had perched on the end of the bed, had looked at Linda calmly, but with pity. "I'm so sorry, my dear. But I must be honest with you." Smug, she was, complacent, so proud of her damned honesty. "I love Bill, and he loves me. You must give him up—"

Linda had whispered, "What have I done?"

"It isn't what you've done. But can't you see, you're not the woman for him? Only kids when you were married . . . eighteen and twenty-four . . . it's absurd. That was nearly eight years ago, wasn't it? He's grown up, Linda. You haven't." She had added, carelessly, "You're still playing with dolls . . ."

Linda hadn't meant to make that sound of stifled anguish.

"I don't mean to be cruel," Kit had said softly. "Bill loved you once, I know, he's told me so. But after your baby died. . . Can't you see what you did to him—excluding him, sitting grieving . . . ?"

"I didn't! I didn't! I went out, I met people, I was gay . . . gay!"

"He knew you weren't. He was sorry for you. Being sorry for a woman gets on a man's nerves, sometimes."

Linda had cried, "Does he want a divorce? If he does, why isn't he man enough to tell me so?"

"Don't talk like a bad play, darling. Of course he wants it. Now that he's to head the San Francisco branch there will be more money. You will be taken care of, Linda." She had looked at her, lighted a cigarette, then added, placidly, "You aren't his type. . . I am."

"Get out," Linda had cried savagely. "Get out . . . I never want to see you again!"

"I thought," Kit had replied, "that you were civilized. But it appears that I'm wrong. I thought, too, that you were—fairly modern. But you're positively Mid-Victorian!"

Before Bill came home that evening Linda had gone. She would not see him again, would not speak to him. Nothing her father and mother could do had altered her decision. Bill had written her, and she had sent the letters back unanswered. He hadn't come to her like a man, to tell her wherein she had failed him, to confess he had failed her. He had wanted Kit. Kit was his type. Let him have her.

HOWARD, R. G.

That was the lawyer . . . she remembered sitting in his office and looking at him bleakly. She remembered saying, "I'd rather go to Reno."

"But if you have grounds . . . ?"

"No. It doesn't matter. I don't know," she had said weakly.

KIRK, PETER.

She hadn't seen Peter Kirk in years. He'd been a little in love with her during the time she had been engaged to Bill. He'd been Bill's best friend. After she and Bill had married Peter had gone off to some pineapple plantation or other in Hawaii. She hadn't seen him until last night. But they'd heard from him often, funny letters, with pen-and-ink drawings scribbled on the margin.

He'd come to her father's house and they'd talked together, last night after supper.

"I saw old Bill in San Francisco."

She had said nothing . . .

"Linda, what have you done to him, why are you so hard?"

"Have I been?" she had asked quietly. "I gave him what he wanted. I gave him Kit."

"But he didn't want her. He hasn't married her. Surely you knew they weren't married?"

"Yes; I knew." She'd seen Kit's name here and there, in the gossip columns . . . "It looks as if Kit Gregory, the business-girl wonder, has changed her mind. What happened to Bill Chester whose pretty wife Renovated him not so long ago? It's hands across the tables with Alan Harkness for Kit now."

She'd said.

"It seems that Kit changed her mind."

Peter had been angry with her. He had said, rising and standing there, in front of her, "I came back here to ask you to marry me and return with me to Hawaii—I've always been in love with you, dammit. But I saw Bill. I didn't expect to—he found my name on the passenger list and looked me up. Why wouldn't you hear his side, Linda?"

"Kit's side was his."

"It wasn't, you benighted little fool. He—oh, he played around with her—who wouldn't? She was gay and provocative, and she flattered him—of course she did. Any man's going to be flattered if a pretty girl like Kit—not that I've ever laid eyes on the woman, but I know her sort—makes it plain that she's fallen for him in a big way. Divorce was never discussed between them. He'd had his little flutter. He was ashamed of it. He didn't feel responsible toward her, Linda. She knew all the answers. But he was ashamed of himself, because of you. She tried to force his hand, that's all, by coming up and telling you what she did. She thought she could go back to him and

(Continued on page 86)

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Captivate your own "audience." You'll do it when you step out in shoes having the unmistakable flair of smart Hollywood. There, where clever shoe styles are born, Jolene—fashion observer—sketches the expensive models that movie stars select for their own ensembles. Her sketches form the inspiration for Jolene shoes—styled in Hollywood but brought right to your town. You'll thrill at the new fall models and marvel at their amazingly low prices (\$3 to \$5).

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MRS. LEONA W CHALMERS
invents "invisible protection"—so
comfortable you'll never feel it—
so secure you'll always be at ease!



"LIKE most healthy, active women, I seldom have been disturbed by the natural periodic function. It was the dread of odor, the feeling of uncleanness, and, above all, the bulky devices I used that made the monthly occurrence a nightmare to me. . . . It robbed me of my self-confidence when I needed it most. Time and again it interfered with my social life, took the joy out of sports.

"I felt sure there was some remedy, and determined to find it! Several gynecologists agreed to help me. Under their guidance, after a number of years study and experimentation, I developed the Tass-ette.

"Now, for the first time, every mature woman can have scientifically sanitary 'invisible protection.' The Tass-ette, a pliant, little, rubber cup, ends the feeling of uncleanness, the danger of odor, the worry about disposal. It means, at last, peace of mind, care-free daintiness . . . wherever you go, whatever you do."

The Tass-ette is scientifically designed and has been accepted for advertising by the American Medical Association. Your own doctor can tell you why it is healthier and safer to use than other types of sanitary devices. You yourself will find the Tass-ette so comfortable you will forget you are using it; so safe and secure you need not give it a thought.

Buy a Tass-ette. You'll never again be without it!

And you save money, too. A single Tass-ette gives service for months and months and costs only \$1.00.

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say, 'Well, it's all settled, darling. Linda'll give you up.' But, you see, he didn't want to be given up. He wrote you, he tried to see you. You'd have nothing to do with him. You were all washed up. So he thought he was."

She'd said, "I didn't know."

"You didn't try to know. What got into you, Linda? Pride? Hurt? Or—didn't you care?"

She'd answered, "What difference does it make now?"

"All the difference in the world. If you didn't care—well, that's a break for me," he'd said doggedly. "I'll stick around; I've two months leave. Perhaps, at the end of that time. . . But if it's just been pride and stubbornness on your part, why, then you loved Bill all along. But not enough—"

"Too much to hold him when I thought he wanted to go!"

"Oh, so that was it, was it?" He'd looked down at her, angrily, "And you let Kit convince you!"

"She was very convincing."

"As light as a good omelette," he'd answered harshly, "and as transparent as cellophane. My good girl, you've been an idiot. What did you get out of it?"

She had said, "A divorce. Emptiness And the knowledge that my mother and father are sorry for me."

"They wouldn't see him either."

"No, I begged them not to, Peter."

"I see. He told me you wouldn't take his money."

"I've been doing secretarial work for my father, to help a little," she'd said. "His secretary married while I was—West. Later I'll look for a job."

"If you have any sense," he'd said, "you'll look for it at the end of a long-distance telephone call. And you'll fly to San Francisco—tomorrow. Don't you know he loves you? And is lonely?"

* * *

It was still tomorrow on the Coast.

The telephone rang. The operator was saying, "We have Mr. Chester for you now, Mrs. Chester. Ready with Mr. William Chester."

"Hello," he said, across the miles. "Hello—Linda?"

She was crying so that it would be difficult for him to understand. But he would understand. She knew he would understand. He must.

"Darling," she said, across the singing wires. "Darling, may I come back to you?"

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 12)

THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

ONE MAN'S POISON . . .

I am intensely annoyed with Robert Montgomery for his experiment in horror, "Night Must Fall." Here we have a first-rate illustration of a good light comedy actor gone wrong. At a period in the world's history when horror of one sort or another is our daily dish, it seemed so unnecessary for Mr. Montgomery to inflict this spine-chilling opus upon his public.

Furthermore, it is going to be hard to forgive and forget. Bob might take the title of the film to heart, and reflect that he must fall too, inevitably, if he continues to flout his fans in this fashion. My peeve isn't lessened by the fact that he made a fine job of his rôle of murderer. But the good light comedy field is by no means overcrowded, and when he is such a wow as a "Piccadilly Jim" why in tunket should he try imitations of Peter Lorre? One might as well look for P. G. Wodehouse to turn out a novel on the lines of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

G. BAGNE,
Vancouver, Canada.

\$1.00 PRIZE

THE CANDID SIDE OF LIFE—AND PICTURES

Can you take it? I am getting fed up watching you hit the stars below the belt with those candid shots. At first it was not so bad, and though I saw pictures of some glamour girls minus make-up, I had enough intelligence to realize that no girl is so beautiful as she is painted.

Now I am learning the most intimate details of the stars' physical attributes, or rather their lack of them. Recently, I read that one well-known star wears a toupee. Frankly, I shall never enjoy this young man as much as I once did. To me he has become a bald-headed man wearing a toupee, and I cannot shake the thought from my mind when I see him on the screen in a love scene.

HELEN VEIT,
Columbus, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I've just seen Fred MacMurray in "Champagne Waltz" and "Swing High, Swing Low," and I think it is a shame the way they make him act. In both of these he plays the part of a famous music maker who, when he is disappointed in love, falls in the gutter.

The screen is our only remaining illusion of perfect romance, and certainly Fred MacMurray is a romantic figure. But how can we feel that way about him when he, a big husky fellow, wabbles all over the place on the sturdy arm of his loved one (who looks like a midget beside him), caving in at the slightest obstacle? It is positively sickening. If the screen must have men in clinging-vine rôles, for Romance's sake don't put Fred MacMurray in them!

CLARICE URSITTI,
Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE

NEW DEALS IN OLD FILMS

With reference to the prize-winning letter published in the August PHOTOPLAY, I have a few complaints to make. In the letter, the author said that constant rehashes of old movies were literally "a pain in the neck" to her.

I, as a representative of the new generation, like to see the old rehashes because I have not had the opportunity to see them when they were filmed before. When "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Seventh Heaven" and "Personal Property" were filmed I and others of my age were too young to see them.

And another thing, it is nice, even if you have seen and remembered the old films to see the many changes in styles, modes of living, speech, music, in people and even in the film itself. Take Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and some of the other "old-timers." You would hardly recognize them by their pictures taken seven or eight years ago. It sort of gives a person pleasure to see how we improve in everything as time marches on. So, Hurrah for Rehashes!

LILLIAN KUBOTA,
Metaline Falls, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FREDDIE IS GREAT BUT . . .

I'll grant you that Freddie Bartholomew is a very brilliant little actor, but I don't think he's so brilliant that a studio is warranted in subordinating Mickey Rooney to him. And that's just what happened in "Captains Courageous." There was Freddie with all the choice lines, and there was Mickey holding the sack. Sure Freddie is a star; but so is Mickey. They didn't give that tough little guy half a chance. They were afraid he would steal the picture.

Frankly, I'd rather have had someone else in Mickey's rôle than to see such a stellar little performer humbled so unfairly. Freddie Bartholomew may be great, but not so great that he can snub Mickey Rooney.

THELMA LOUISE SMITH,
Memphis, Tenn.

Kipling's "Captains Courageous" was the story of a spoiled little boy and the effect on his spiritual outlook when he came into contact with rugged Portuguese fishermen. Naturally Freddie Bartholomew, cast as the brat, had the choice lines. But reader Smith will be glad to know that Mickey Rooney is starred by himself in the current "The Hoosier Schoolboy" and a fine job he did of it too.

\$1.00 PRIZE

CAPTAIN SPENCER TRACY COURAGEOUS

A man of strength and courage, a man of purpose and determination, a man of talent and ability . . . that's Spencer Tracy. Picture after picture he has turned out, all masterpieces of performance, and now comes recognition. To those of us who were aware of this wrinkle-browed young fellow's great gifts, this at long last recognition comes as a distinct and almost personal pleasure. Spencer Tracy has come into his own.

From what I have read of this brilliant actor I gather that his early struggle for fame and fortune in New York was very fame-less and very fortune-less. So he came to Hollywood where he heard a fellow could get a break. And Spencer Tracy got his break—he became a star! But still recognition was not his. Then came "Fury" and then "San Francisco" and "Captains Courageous." And now look at him! Right on top of the heap, just where he belongs.

J. TIMOTHY PAPPAS,
Memphis, Tenn.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHERE IS MY WANDERING GABLE?

Clark Gable, where have you gone? You were such a debonair young man, and we loved you for it. But when I saw you in "Parnell" you were so strained. You were repressed. I was conscious that you were acting, and not living the part. You were like a puppet. This is not like you at all. Come back and act in rôles that let you be your cheerful dashing self. Let the sober people play the stiff, sober parts. We want the Clark of "It Happened One Night" and "San Francisco." Don't go wooden on us. Life needs the gay, unpoiled Clark Gable!

HELEN T. MOORE,
Asheville, N. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A SURPRISE PACKAGE—HE PACKS A VALLOP

Step aside Messrs. Taylor, Gable, Power, Flynn et al.—a new star is born! I've just seen "Kid Galahad" and haven't topped raving over Wayne Morris.

Holding your own with such troupers as Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart is no easy task, but Wayne did it, and came close to stealing the picture besides. Although he's not exactly handsome (that is, not in the Robert Taylor way), he possesses the same boyish appeal that once was the personal property of Wallace Reid. Take a bow, Warner Brothers, for bringing us this sensational new star, and please don't make us wait too long for his next picture.

HILDA CHERKOFF,
South Fallsburg, N. Y.

Bert De Wayne Morris was born Feb. 17, 1914, graduated from the Los Angeles Junior College, waited on tables on a trip to Australia, joined the Government Forest Rangers for a year, won a scholarship to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, was seen by a talent scout, won a screen contract without a screen test, played bits in "The King of Hockey," "China Clipper" and "Law of the Range," never had on a boxing glove in his life before he went into training for "Kid Galahad." Experts insist he would really have a chance at the heavyweight championship if he went in for ring work. Do you want him as a star or a professional boxer?

\$1.00 PRIZE

KISSLESS CONTROVERSY —

Take Sides Please!

If I ever have to sit through another Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire picture in which they're so in love with one another that they can't indulge in a little love-making with a small kiss or two thrown in, I'll scream—and if it's true that Mrs. Astaire has a clause inserted in Fred's contract reading that he cannot kiss his leading ladies, then I say she ought to go back and stay with the rest of the blue-blooded Four Hundred or Six Hundred, or whatever they are.

GWENDOLYN NELSON,
Shreveport, La.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Although I have seen a lot of pictures of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, I have never seen them kiss. I don't think it is half so romantic without a kiss. They are supposed to love each other, but it certainly doesn't look like it. Once when they were about to kiss, they went behind the door where we couldn't see them. Goodness, that got me mad. Am I different from most people?

BEVERLY CAMPBELL,
Montclair, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE

COMEDY IS ON THE SKIDS

It seems that the recent production, "I Met Him in Paris," sounded—if you'll pardon my cliché—the death knell for this type of movie.

After seeing such excellent shows as "It Happened One Night," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "The Thin Man," and I'll even include "She Married Her Boss," I've decided that this kind of ultramodern comedy is definitely on the decline. This, mind you, is no indication that the ability of the actors involved is decreasing, but merely that Hollywood is riding on the laurels of its earlier productions of this kind and expecting the public to grasp at anything that falls into this same category. Hollywood better take heed; it wanted its audiences to become critical; now the producer is falling down on his job.

JOSEPH P. ANDRIOLA,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Lady in danger..

OF LOSING HER MAN!



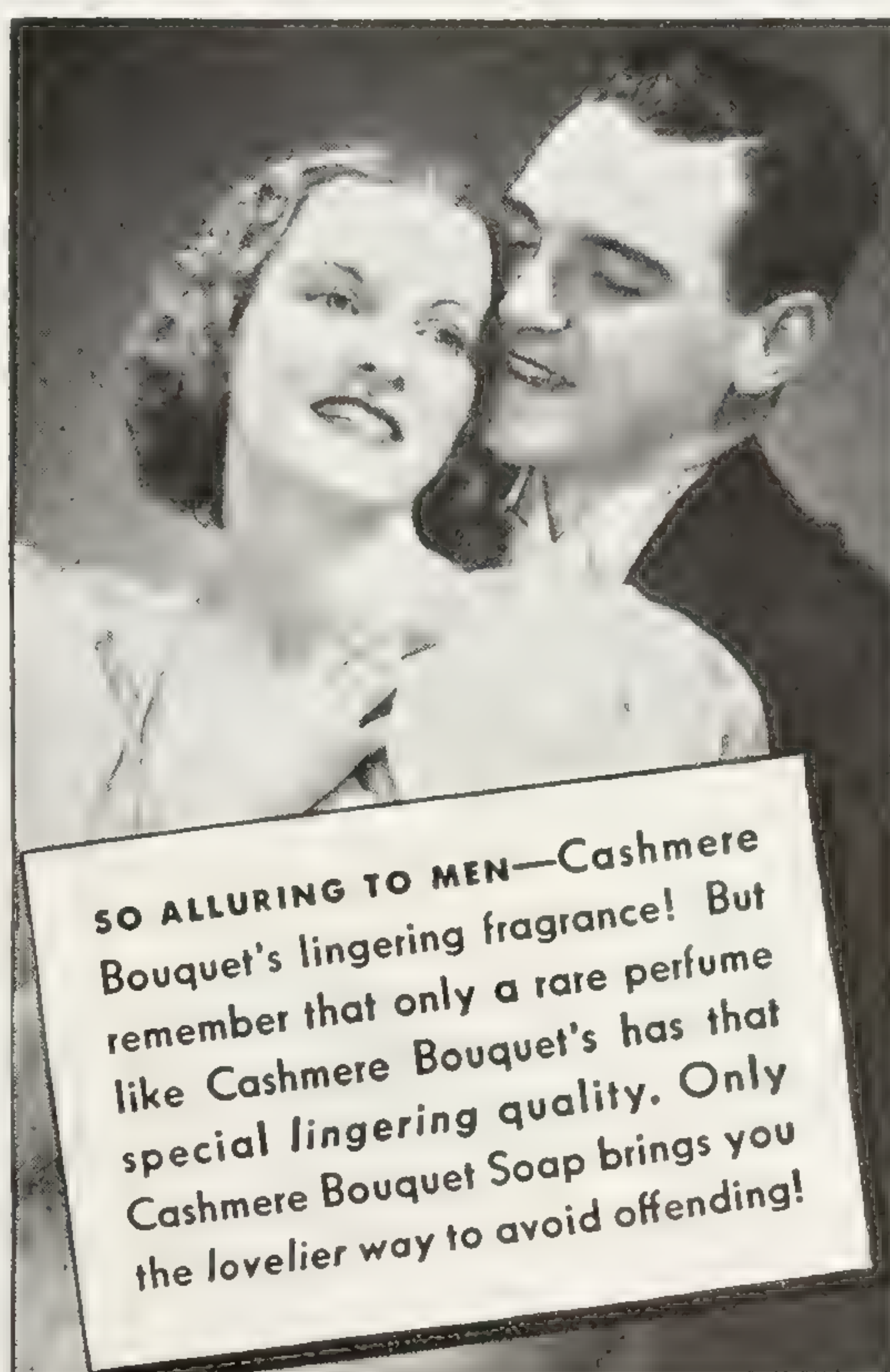
Isn't it a shame she doesn't know
this lovelier way to avoid offending?



BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.



YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!



SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special lingering quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the lovelier way to avoid offending!



MARVELOUS FOR
COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

(Continued from page 30)



WHAT AN AMAZING *Improvement*
Maybelline DOES MAKE!

*B*OTH the same person—you'd hardly believe it, would you? A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the beauty-world. Pale, scanty, unattractive lashes—or the long, dark, luxuriant fringe that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascaras, when you can so easily have the *natural* appearance of beautiful dark lashes with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-form or famous Solid-form lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter. Try Maybelline—and see why 11,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer it.

Try Maybelline's exquisite, creamy Eye Shadow. Blend a delicate harmonizing shade on your lids—to accent the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Form your brows into swift curving lines of beauty with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of the world's largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness—insist on Maybelline!



Sonnie Hale, who once costarred with her in big-time musical comedy and is now her director. Immediately, then, her conversation ignored the pronoun "I," in favor of "we." And immediately I began to understand why Jessie Matthews, to whom Hollywood has beckoned, has remained so gaily, indifferently aloof. The thing is very simple. She likes it where she is.

Still, I asked her: "Why haven't you come to see us? I know there have been offers . . ."

"Yes, there have been offers—of long-term contracts, too," she said. "But—well, why should I? I have everything I want here. I have friends. The British people seem to like me. Sonnie and I make enough money to live as we like. To go to America for any length of time would mean to disrupt my home, disrupt my life. True, I may go to Hollywood to make one picture, perhaps before this year is over. I think I should like that. But to stay for any length of time—" She broke off and smiled at homely, engaging Sonnie Hale. "We know how preposterous such an idea is," that smile said.

*Y*ES, I learned a lot about Jessie Matthews in those days I spent with her—little things and big things which painted for me the portrait of an unforgettable personality. She taught me a lesson, too—a lesson in living. There is something about her I've never found before in a famous person. Something different.

I don't mean to compare her with our American stars to the latter's disadvantage. I know many of them. I like and respect them. But I know they live artificial lives compared to Jessie Matthews'. Perhaps they must because we Americans expect them to live swiftly, glamorously, even unnaturally, so that we may talk about them and envy them. I don't know. All I know is that Jessie Matthews doesn't live that way and that I envy her most of all.

*J*ESSIE, one of eleven children, was born on Berwick street in Soho, which is one of London's poorer districts. She herself told me the address, so I got into a taxi one morning and rode over there to see it for myself.

The house in which she once lived has now been torn down, but Berwick street is the same as always, a tiny market place a block or two long, dark and dingy and crowded with stalls of fruit, vegetables, fish and meat. The displays are meager. The vendors plead shrilly with you to buy their wares. Cats and dogs scamper disconcertingly underfoot. Children, hundreds of them it seems, throng the place, noisy at their games.

Jessie was one of those children—a little undernourished, shabbily dressed waif with enormous eyes, a milk-white skin and twinkling feet that could never stay still when an organ-grinder came around.

It was like her to give me the exact address of her old home. I don't suppose it ever occurred to her to conceal her beginnings. Her father was a fruit vender—and still is. Her brother George has a fruit stand in Berwick street, too. She and Sonnie go back there every once in a while and when they do, it is always: "ello, Jess, how's th' girl?" And: "'owdy, Jess, ol' thing." Yes, they're friends still, Jessie Matthews, the great screen star, and the inhabitants of Berwick (you call it "Berrick") street.

It was a sister, Rosie, who, Jessie will tell you, was really responsible for her

success. Rosie made her learn to "recite" as well as dance, "so you can be getting behind the footlights, one day." Rosie was a hard taskmistress. She never gave up her coaching and her prodding, even when, at times, Jessie by her own admission seemed hopeless.

"I remember Rosie once made me take part in an elocution contest," she told me. "I won second place but she scolded me roundly, anyway. You see, in one line when it came to using the word 'light,' I slipped back into my natural cockney which she had tried so hard to drill out of me, and pronounced it 'loight.'"

Jessie speaks beautiful English now. She finally mastered it during her first visit to America. She has been to America twice but she winces, a little, when she tells you about those visits. I have a feeling that the unhappiness and unpleasantness associated with them are more than a little responsible for her reluctance to come back.

Her first trip was made as a chorus girl in a Charlot Revue (there is still such a revue in London) in 1924. She was a scared, badly dressed little kid, barely fourteen, wearing short socks and carrying a "bonzo" bear.

"Beside the clothes I had on, I was the proud possessor of two pathetic 'evening dresses' Rosie had made for those glamorous occasions when I should 'go out' in New York," she said. "But the other more sophisticated chorus girls laughed at me, and despite my rosy anticipations, I never 'went out' at all.

"In fact, my dreams of the fine time I should have in America began to fade the day we docked. All of the others had someone to meet them, and in the excitement everyone forgot about me. They went away amid exclamations and gay plans, leaving me at the customs. Lonely and panic-stricken, I sat on my funny-looking trunk crying heart-brokenly for two hours. Finally, a uniformed man (I know now he was a New York policeman) called a taxi and sent me to the Martha Washington Hotel where, still weeping, I went to bed in my cotton flannel nightgown clutching my bonzo bear for dear life, terrified at being fourteen stories up in the air."

*J*ESSIE was a success in New York, though. She was singled out from the chorus to be Gertrude Lawrence's understudy and later, when Miss Lawrence was taken ill, she became star of the show.

"But," she told me, "I shall never forget how I felt that day at the customs. I remember I had a cold and my nose was bleeding. I never think of America that I don't think, also, of my plight."

Her second American visit was about four years later in another and more pretentious Charlot Revue starring herself and Herbert Mundin. This show had been a great success in London but flopped in New York.

"We had joined forces with Earl Carroll," she explained, "and half of the production as presented in New York was a typical Carroll show while the other half consisted of our far more sedate brand of English comedy.

"The American audiences didn't care much for us. My pretty little English songs were completely overshadowed by their background of Carroll's famous unclad beauties. There was a gang-plank jutting out into the auditorium and I had to sing on that. Sometimes the young bloods pinched my legs and sometimes they whistled and hooted.

The show went even worse on the road. In Detroit the audiences threw pennies at us as though we were music hall entertainers.

"All of this was, I suppose, fine experience for a young star who might otherwise have gotten a swelled head, but for the second time I felt that America was no place for me."

Back in her own country, however, Jessie grew in theatrical popularity until she became the toast of London theatergoers. I could tell you of triumphs in such shows as "One Dam' Thing After Another," "This Year of Grace," "Wake Up and Dream" and a dozen others. I could tell you of the inevitable moving-picture successes that followed.

But if I did, I shouldn't be telling about the real Jessie Matthews. The real Jessie Matthews is just an attractive, friendly girl with an attractive, friendly husband who, although she is famous and important, manages to live and enjoy normal, wholesome, everyday life, even as you and I.

In the first place, the business of picture making in England isn't as feverish and exacting as it is in Hollywood, which helps Jessie to be less Miss Matthews, the star, and more Mrs. Hale, the wife. True, the cameras are the same; the same apparatus for lighting and sound clutter the floor of every set; they have a script girl. But that seems to be as far as it goes.

Pinewood Studios, for instance, is not a motion-picture lot in the ordinary sense of the word. It is the onetime ancestral estate of an illustrious line of English earls. Its beautiful, rambling main building is surrounded by broad lawns, gardens and centuries-old trees. Even the sound stages are ivy-covered.

Moreover, and strange as it may seem, the institution is a sort of country club to which the county aristocracy belongs, along with studio executives and players. Several families, including the Clive Brooks, actually live at the studios in luxurious apartments. Lady Charles Cavendish, whom you will remember as Adele Astaire, sister of Fred, was lunching there with a titled friend the first day I visited Jessie. In fact, "a title or two is always on the menu," as Sonnie Hale puts it with characteristic breeziness.

In this gracious atmosphere, Jessie Matthews makes her pictures. Even on the set everything seems strangely tranquil. The workmen don't rush around coatless, perspiring, as they do between scenes in Hollywood. No one shouts. No one gets excited. Nor does Jessie remain aloof from the rest, ensconced in a chair labeled "Miss Matthews." She sits around just anywhere, knitting. She always knits she told me. While I was there she was at work on a pink sweater for her adopted baby daughter. When they are ready to shoot, Sonnie simply says: "Come along, darling," and they make the scene, usually with no more than two or three rehearsals.

She and Sonnie live most of the time in Hampton, not far from the historic palace, Hampton Court. But it is a certain cottage of theirs in Cornwall—a little hidden place to which they steal away whenever they can—that gives, I think, the true index to their philosophy of living.

It is on an estuary, fifteen miles from a town called Truro, which is a primitive place in itself. But Truro is ultra-modern compared to Jessie's and Sonnie's "hide-out." There, there is no gas, no electricity, no running water. Everything in it has had to be carried more than half a mile across a field because no road comes nearer.

Can you imagine Joan Crawford,

Carole Lombard, Kay Francis spending weeks at a time amid such primitive conditions? Yet Jessie Matthews loves it.

"Sonnie," she told me, "is housekeeper and general manager of the establishment. He gets up in the morning before I do and makes tea, shivering around in the cold English dawn while I luxuriate under warm blankets. Then, having set the kettle to boiling on the oilstove, he lights a lovely fire on the hearth. Then I sit up in bed and have my morning tea.

"The daytime we spend gardening, picnicking in the woods or just lazing around. Then, a swim at sundown, and dinner—pork and beans, perhaps a fish Sonnie has caught, bread and jam and Cornwall cream which, allow me to say, is just as thick and luscious as the famous Devonshire product."

Incidentally, the Hales have a cow which they board out when away, but which Sonnie milks, himself, when they are at the cottage. Jessie recalled with glee the first time he tried this exciting chore.

"He worked at it half an hour but with no luck, until the cow finally turned around and looked at him reproachfully, as if to say: 'Well, why don't you do something about this business?' At last, he got some results, but the milk all squirted up his sleeve. The finale came when the cow kicked over the pail. However, he is an expert, now . . ."

She stopped and smiled apologetically. "Perhaps all this sounds pretty primitive to you, but we love it," she finished.

Even their establishment at Hampton is small and unpretentious—a picturesque old English house (staffed by a housekeeper and a nurse for the baby) and a small garden which Jessie and Sonnie tend themselves.

"WE haven't a lot of money, you know," Jessie told me.

Yes, I knew. Sonnie Hale uses his not-to-be-compared-with-an-American-director's salary for their own expenses. As for Jessie's—she won't tell you, but everyone knows that most of her money goes toward helping her own huge family—education for the younger brothers and sisters, backing in small business ventures for the elder brothers, gifts for mother and sisters, huge insurance for herself because she knows that if anything should happen to her they might face the old poverty again. It all takes a lot of money, and although she is a star, she isn't fabulously paid, like most American stars.

Still, she is satisfied. I am sure of it. There is something about her, a beautiful serenity, which tells you that all is right with her world. She is in love with her husband, content with the present, confident of the future.

What does she want from life, having so much? I asked her that and she told me: "A baby of my own."

She had one once, but it lived only a few hours. She doesn't speak of that now. Those who know her say she still grieves over this loss. But she hasn't given up hope of another child.

Meanwhile, she is under contract to Gaumont British for at least another year. She may accept a rather spectacular radio offer and come to America to broadcast in the fall. She may make a picture or two in Hollywood. But she will always go back to her fragrant, green English countryside, there to find contentment, while many another of the world's famous is breaking a heart on the altar of personal ambition.

Because that is Jessie Matthews—simple, human, close to the earth.

"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"



"THAT girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

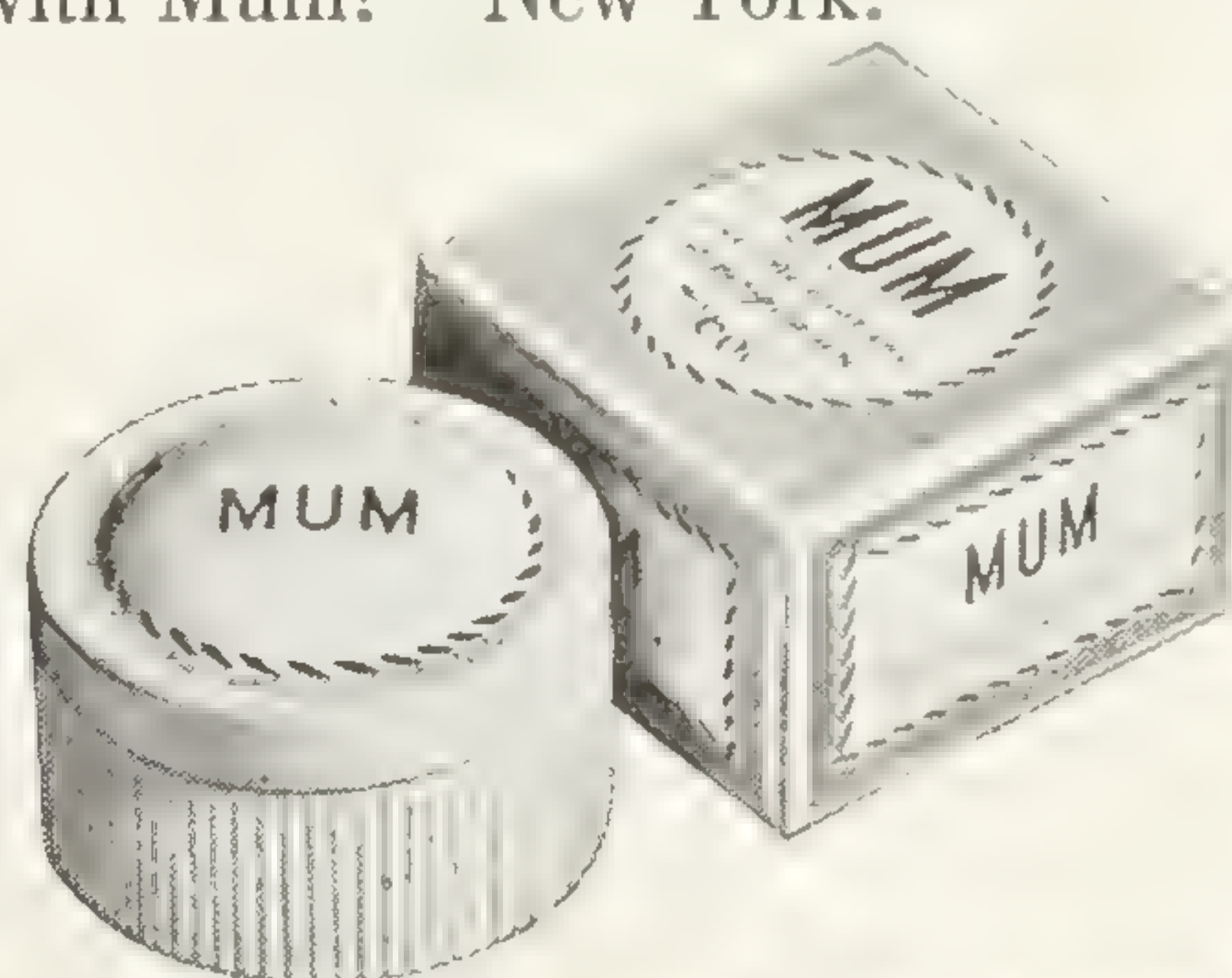
Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Molly, Bless Her

(Continued from page 67)

"I saw you in 'Higher Than High,' and you were simply wonderful!" said the girl, rapturously.

"Thanks, dear."

"Somebody told me that it really had happened to you. Did it, Miss Drexel?"

"Never believe anything you hear, child, and only half of what you see," Molly answered, evasively.

Then, as she turned to go, she faced John Graham!

"How do you do, Miss Drexel," he said, in some embarrassment. "I wouldn't have known you if I hadn't heard that young lady call your name."

"Oh, Mr. Graham!" Molly felt as if a sudden fever had swept her body and had settled in a pool of fire on her face and throat. "Oh, Mr. Graham!" she repeated, unable to think of anything else to say.

"This is quite unexpected, isn't it, Mrs. Bunch?" he laughed self-consciously. "I know, of course, that your name is Miss Drexel, but somehow I always think of you as Mrs. Bunch."

For a moment Molly felt impelled to make a complete confession as to the basis of their play, but with his piercing gray eyes intent upon her, she lost courage and only muttered, "How is little Jimmy?"

"Not little any longer," he replied. "You wouldn't know him, he's grown so. The trip abroad did him a great deal of good, and I'm planning now to send him to Oxford when he graduates from school."

"That's simply swell." Her voice had grown husky with emotion which she bravely tried to hide. "Tell him that Daisy's grown, too. She's magnificent now. Maybe Peabody could take her down to see Jimmy some Sunday. She—even Daisy's an actress now, Mr. Graham. She acts in our play."

As they looked into each other's eyes and laughed, it seemed to Molly as if all fear of John Graham had left her and there was, and always would be, a new warmth and understanding between them.

"Couldn't we have tea together?"

She was startled when he asked this, and was furious with herself because she giggled like a schoolgirl. "I'd like to, Mr. Graham, but your former parlor maid, Julia, is giving a ritzy tea here this afternoon, and I'll have to be on exhibition," she explained, with twinkling eyes.

"Hmm!" Graham wanted to linger. "You—I understand—I'm glad that you've had a great success," he began, falteringly.

"By the way, Mr. Graham," Molly cut in, desperately, "I've got another awful confession to make to you. Our play—well—we based it on our experiences in your home. I'm terribly sorry, but it's done and—" She hesitated, choked by her embarrassment. Finally she managed to say, "Please don't go to see it! Please don't!"

"But why?"

"Because—oh, just because," she floundered. "It wasn't fair of us to do it, and I'm afraid, oh, you'd be terribly angry with us if you saw the way we pictured you—not a bit like you, really, and I'd hate to have you angry with me again." Afraid that she had said too much, Molly was eager to escape. "Pardon me if I run along now. I'm rather late, and Julia is such a stickler for everybody being on time."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Miss Drexel. You see—I wanted to see it and—and—I've been to it three times and enjoyed it very much."

"Oh, Mr. Graham!"

"Of course, I must admit," he continued, smiling in the face of her perturbation, "that at first I was quite amazed and a little bit shocked to think that that intolerant, bombastic old cuss on the stage was myself."

Though he smiled, Molly was conscious that his pride still was hurt. A little ashamed, she held out her hand to him. "You'll never now how sorry I am," she said, humbly. "It was nice of you even to speak to me again." Her eyes unexpectedly filled with tears and she hurried away, quite unconscious that she had not said the conventional good-bye to him. Had she turned around, she would have seen him staring after her. As if suddenly propelled by a desire to recall her, he hastened toward

James Gleason,

Walter Winchell

and Josephine

Hutchinson the

night they aired

"Front Page" for

Cecil B. de Mille



the elevator. Before he reached it, the elevator door telescoped noisily and she was gone.

THOUGH Molly, for days, tried to put all thought of John Graham out of her mind, she could not forget their brief and disturbing meeting in the lobby of the Plaza. Often she relived the entire scene, piecing it together as if it were a picture puzzle. She tried to recall every detail, but she could remember only fragmentary bits of their conversation. He *had* asked her to tea. He *had* seen the play. She *had* spoken about Jimmy. But she was not certain whether she had given him the impression that she was pleased to see him again or that she hoped, after his kind invitation to tea, to have him ask her again at some future date. That, she decided, was where she had made her mistake—running off like an idiot without even saying good-bye to him! At night, this unhappy thought churned in her mind, but she confided it only to Lily and Ronnie Burgess.

Several evenings later Julia rushed breathlessly into Molly's dressing room. "Mr. Graham's out in front! What on earth do you suppose he will do? He's right in the third row on the aisle! I just discovered him when I was looking through the peephole. But he doesn't look as if he were angry. Oh, heavens, Molly, do something! Say something!"

Molly smiled wisely and talked unflurriedly, though her heart was beating unusually fast. "I know he's there, Julia. At the end of the first act he sent me a note asking if he could come backstage."

"Oh, ye gods, Molly, how perfectly thrilling! Did he mention *me* in the note?"

"Not particularly. He said he'd like to see all of us." Her face glowed happily. "Jimmy's with him, too."

When the last curtain had fallen and Graham and Jimmy made their way to-

ward the stage entrance, Graham was hoping that Molly would meet them at the stage door. He was disappointed and slightly embarrassed when Julia swept toward them with both hands outstretched, as proud of her appearance as a peacock of its tail. "Oh, you dear Mr. Graham!" she said cloyingly, "tell me that we're forgiven or I'll be the most unhappy woman in New York."

Hoping that Molly would appear, Graham glanced past Julia as he answered politely, "I like the play very much, Miss Fayne, and, of course, I'm not angry."

"You lamb!" she cried. "And here you had me worried to death!"

"I'm sorry," he muttered, unconsciously disentangling his arm from her

clutching grasp. "Where is—where are all the others?"

"Yes, where's Mrs. Bunch?" Jimmy asked eagerly.

Julia wheeled around and stared at Jimmy as if she scarcely recognized him. "Why, if here isn't your little boy!" she exclaimed with well-simulated joy. "I'd forgotten all about you. Goodness! how you've grown! Or have you grown, my dear?"

She was startled by Jimmy's sudden outcry as he rushed across the stage to greet Burgess, who was hurrying into the wings with Daisy at his heels.

"Jimmy!" Burgess cried, clasping the boy's hand warmly. "Hey, Daisy! Look who's here!"

Daisy cocked her head on one side, sniffed the air for a familiar scent, then with a mighty roar, hurled herself on Jimmy.

"Gee! she was wonderful in the play," Graham heard his son exclaim. He hurried to shake hands with Burgess.

Before Burgess could marshall his thoughts, Julia pounced upon Graham again. "I'd love to stay and have a nice little visit with you," she said as she gave him a playful pat, "but Lady Carlisle is giving me a party tonight. Are you living in New York now or out in the sticks?"

"In New York."

"How charming! Have you taken a house?"

"No, we're at the Park Lane."

"Ah, the Park Lane! I'm at the Plaza, Mr. Graham. Do drop in any afternoon for a cup of tea and a nice little English biscuit."

Graham's face brightened when he saw Molly's name on the dressing room door. "Come, Jimmy!" he called. "Here's Mrs.—Miss Drexel!"

After Graham had knocked and Molly had called "Come in," he and Jimmy entered eagerly, without even a backward glance at Julia.

"Jimmy!" Molly cried, her gaze riveted on the boy's flushed, happy face. "Why, you look simply wonderful! You—you're almost a head taller!" Then, embarrassed because she had overlooked Graham, she held out her hand to him. "Forgive me, I was so excited seeing Jimmy. My, but that trip abroad helped him a lot. He's sort of filled out, hasn't he?"

"I'm on the football team at school," Jimmy said proudly. "And say, when I told the boys I knew you personally, my stock sure went up."

"That's good, Jimmy," she said, rather lamely. She struggled to keep the tears out of her eyes. "Have you seen Daisy?" she asked, keeping her face slightly averted from Graham.

"Have I! And I nearly died laughing at her on the stage. I hope you don't mind, Mrs.—Miss Drexel, but I couldn't resist telling them at school, that in a way, Daisy once belonged to me."

"Why, she's still yours, Jimmy!" Molly explained, eagerly. "We've only borrowed her from you. And whenever you want her, we'll send her right over."

Jimmy hastened to protest. "Oh, no, I'd never think of taking her away from you. Besides she's a swell actress and it gives me an awfully important feeling to have a member of my family, so to speak, on the stage. I'd like to have a picture of her, though, if you don't mind."

"You shall have a large crayon portrait in a gilt frame!" Molly laughed. "Daisy's a camera hound. She loves to pose for a photographer. She's as vain as any actress. Wait till you see her walking through Central Park on Sunday! She refuses to go out unless she has on her best brass-studded harness and she's positively snooty to all the other dogs she meets."

MOLLY heard herself rattling on, saying none of the things she really wanted to say. However, when Jimmy left the dressing room to see Daisy again, she faced Graham soberly and began a faltering apology. "About the third act, Mr. Graham, I should have spoken about it the other afternoon, but I didn't have the courage. Heavens! I don't know what you think, but it came about merely because Ronnie didn't have a satisfactory ending for his play. He thought, considering that it wasn't a problem play, it should have rather a sentimental climax—"

"Yes, I must admit it's sentimental," Graham interrupted, smiling, "but what I can't understand is how that nice jolly woman in Burgess' play could ever fall in love with that old grouch, as Burgess portrayed him. Or *me*," he added, with a twinkle suddenly appearing in his grave eyes. "It was unmistakably meant to be *me*."

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly. "But, you see, Mr. Graham, we often exaggerate a little on the stage, especially in comedies. Now, really, you weren't as severe or unsociable as we made you out, but just for the fun of it—"

"Please don't apologize," he interrupted again. "Some day, when we have more time, I'd like to explain more fully what I feel about the play—even the sentimental third act where the old grouch proposes to his housekeeper. But tonight I was wondering if the whole company wouldn't enjoy a little supper with Jimmy and me. It would mean quite a lot—to both of us."

That evening, after Lily and Molly returned to their apartment, Lily con-

aded that she had grievously mis-
 judged John Graham. Molly was right
 about him—he could be charming when
 he wanted to be and he had quite a
 sense of humor. During their supper at
 the Savoy he had revealed himself as
 a man whom she felt she could instinc-
 tively trust. Molly made no response
 to all this, but her pretended indiffer-
 ence did not deceive Lily, and when she
 usually mentioned that she was going
 for a drive with Graham the following
 Sunday afternoon, Lily laughed in her
 sleeve.

On Sunday morning Molly received
 an urgent call from Julia. Molly must
 come down there at once; something
 unforeseen had happened. Though
 Molly pleaded with Julia over the tel-
 phone to give her even a clue as to
 whether she were ill or in some trouble,
 Julia refused even the slightest hint.
 She said that Molly was the only one
 she could call upon in the real crisis of
 her life, and now that she was stand-
 ing on the brink of a veritable cata-
 clysm, Molly must not fail her.

"What in the devil do you suppose
 he's up to?" Molly was annoyed as she
 turned from the telephone.

"Maybe she's decided to be a blonde
 and wants your advice about it. Why
 do you go trotting down there? You
 know you wanted to rest before you
 went out with Mr. Graham this after-
 noon so you could look your best."

"Partly because she made it sound
 as if it were a matter of life and death,
 and partly out of curiosity."

When Molly arrived, Julia excitedly
 exhibited an enormous box of flowers
 that she had just received from John
 Graham. At first Molly stared at it,
 refusing to believe that he had sent
 them until she saw his card. A prick-
 ling sensation traveled over her, and

after its sharpness had slowly disap-
 peared she was aware of a curious
 numbness.

"Well, Julia, that's very nice," she said
 in a dull voice.

"Oh, he's a perfect lamb!" Julia raved.
 "And I couldn't be more touched. I've
 just sent him one of my stunning new
 portraits. I was almost tempted to au-
 tograph it, 'From Julia, your devoted
 parlor maid,' but the poor darling has
 no sense of humor. Besides, I figured
 that he would put it out on display, and
 he's such a sensitive soul he might hate
 to have the whole world think there
 might have been a little *affaire de coeur*
 between us, when God knows how in-
 nocent our relationship has always been.
 Well, Molly, what do you think about
 it?"

"What's there to think about?" Molly
 spoke apathetically as she stared at the
 huge box filled with several dozen roses
 and a cluster of gardenias.

Julia sighed. "I've known it for some
 time, Molly."

"Known what?"

"That John Graham was coming back
 into my life!"

"How come?"

"Why, you're acting as if you weren't
 the least bit interested."

"Sure I am. Go ahead and shoot!
 When did you find all this out?"

"In the first place, Molly, I sensed it
 when I was down there on Long Island!
 You know how psychic I am and how I
 always seem to get things. Then, about
 two weeks ago I went to see Nella Webb
 and she told me that my sun was in the
 house of Jupiter, which meant financial
 gain, and that Venus was rising in my
 house of Saturn. Naturally, I was going
 to have a very great emotional experi-
 ence, which might end in a happy mar-
 riage before the year was out!"

"So I suppose if you can get Mr. Gra-
 ham into your house of Jupiter or Sa-
 turn or the Plaza Hotel, you're going to
 land him, is that it?"

Julia nodded wisely.

"Well, I guess I'll be toddling along."
 Molly rose heavily. "I've got several
 things to do before I go out this after-
 noon."

"Where are you going?" Julia asked,
 indifferently.

"Just out. And maybe I won't be
 doing even that. I don't know. I've got
 kind of a headache and I may lie around
 all afternoon and study the planets. My
 moon isn't rising like yours, Julia."

AS she drove away from the hotel
 Molly kept denying that she had
 dreamed of any romantic interest be-
 tween John Graham and herself, but
 she could not understand how he could
 have been attracted to the artificial and,
 at times, insincere Julia. Though she
 tried to make herself see Julia's vir-
 tues and feminine charm with an un-
 prejudiced eye, her mind kept turn-
 ing to the flowers John Graham had
 sent.

By the time he arrived, Molly had
 made up her mind definitely not to
 go out with him. When she told him
 that she had a slight headache and
 thought she had better remain at home,
 he was solicitous and apparently sin-
 cerely troubled. He recommended a
 quiet ride in the air as the best thing
 in the world for her, and was so dis-
 appointed at her refusal that she
 changed her mind and went. As they
 drove through the Park, in listening to
 his pleasant conversation she forgot
 even the roses and gardenias he had
 sent to Julia. She did not think of
 them again until suddenly she was con-
 fronted by the Plaza Hotel.

"Oh, that's where Miss Fayne lives,"
 he said, unexpectedly, as if he divined
 her thoughts. "She's a strange woman,
 isn't she?" Then he added, with ready
 apology: "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't
 mean it in a critical sense. I know
 she's your friend, Miss Drexel, and I
 suppose she's really quite attractive."

"Julia's a lovely woman," Molly went
 on, bravely, "and she has some rare
 qualities. She was one of the most de-
 voted wives I've ever known and was
 happily married for ten years."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, she's been a widow now for
 ages. A real widow. And it's too bad,
 as she'd make some man a wonderful
 wife. One who certainly would grace his
 home. Make no mistake about this, Mr.
 Graham, Julia Fayne is a lady, a per-
 fect lady, and you can always depend
 upon her to do the right thing at the
 right time. She doesn't have to sleep
 with Emily Post under her pillow, like
 I do."

Graham coughed slightly. "Yester-
 day, she sent me eight tickets to your
 show for next Sunday night. She said
 she thought I might like to invite a party
 of my friends and we'd all meet in back
 of the stage afterwards. Of course I
 know she meant that as a polite gesture,
 but I must admit that I was most em-
 barrassed. At first I was at a loss to
 know what to do. I couldn't send the
 tickets back very well and I didn't
 know whom on earth to give them to."
 He paused and turned a troubled face
 toward Molly. "I did want to call you
 and ask your advice, but I hated to
 bother you. So, at last, I decided to
 send her a box of flowers with a note
 of appreciation, and if you can only
 help me think of some way of getting
 those tickets back to her without hurt-
 ing her feelings—"

Taste...as keen when the day is done

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 source of irritation in other
 cigarettes, is not used in the
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Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

John Graham was startled when Molly burst into joyous laughter.

MOLLY was delighted when she discovered Ronnie's increasing interest in Lily. Though Lily had known Ronnie for twenty years, no thought of a romance ever had entered her head, but while he was writing a starring rôle for her into his new play, they had been drawn closer to each other. Molly saw the impending romance long before Lily was aware of it.

"I do believe, Lil, that Ronnie's falling in love with you," she said, happily.

Lily laughed curtly. "Don't be a sentimental idiot just because you're holding hands with John Graham. Of course he isn't!" However, she finally was forced to admit that propinquity had been known to bind together its unsuspecting victims. "Well," she said, reluctantly, "Maybe—I'm the kind of a woman who grows on a man like a barnacle, and I suppose if Ronnie sees enough of me and nothing of other women he's going to let me attach myself to him." She sighed. "When you toddle up to the altar with John Graham, Molly, I'm going to be the loneliest old maid in New York."

"Tush, Lily! Don't be too sure that John's going to ask me to do any toddling."

"Well, he isn't going to ask Julia! That's a cinch!"

Thinking about Julia, Molly sighed. Julia would find little happiness because she looked too far afield for it. Already she was weaving a web for her own undoing. She was turning away from her old friends and was seeking new acquaintances who, she hoped, would advance her socially. Molly comforted herself with the thought that her arms always would be open to welcome Julia when life failed her again.

She was glad that Musette and Pea-

body were conservative in their tastes and that each was saving a little nest egg to defeat old age. When the time came for their retirement from the stage, at least they could go home to her little farm in Connecticut and find peace waiting for them.

Life was incredibly wonderful to Molly. Though John Graham had not asked her to be his wife, Molly felt his need of her, and she hoped that, when the time was right, he would realize it, too. Though they had lived in worlds apart and though he was a man with a cultured mind and she had learned only from the book of life itself, their ideals were on the same plane and their interests largely in common. She realized how easily she could learn, through his kindly tutelage, to appreciate the things he loved in art and literature. Now that fame was hers again, it seemed so much less important than the protection and peace that would come with a happy marriage. The fear of growing old alone always hung like a shadow over her.

The thought of Freddy Markham came to Molly's mind. She no longer clung sadly to her memory of him, and deep in her heart she knew that she had freed him at last. Freed not only Freddy, but herself! No one, not even John Graham, could ever steal from her the memories of the past, but they had become painless as a beautiful melody that lingers in one's mind long after the song itself is forgotten.

MOLLY and John Graham, on the veranda of the Mayfair Yacht Club, gazed at the wavering silver path the moon threw across the dark waters of the Sound. A long-desired peace lay upon them. They leaned back against the soft cushions in the deeper wicker chairs and listened to the lapping of waves and the dolorous mooing of the small boats that drifted among the mir-

rored stars. Though neither spoke, they felt as if they were conversing freely with each other about the thing that lay closest to their hearts, the truth that neither had had the courage to voice; that during these months of their companionship they had found in each other the remedy for their loneliness.

Graham had wanted to be fair to Molly. She had had such a struggle, and to find success again must be a sweet reward for her patience and courage. Then she seemed such an integral part of the theater and so beloved by her audiences. "Would she be content with the appreciation of one after the plaudits of many?" he asked himself often.

Somehow, Molly had drained him of all bitterness that he had felt against his first wife. She painted such a sweet and pathetic picture of Jimmy's young mother that John Graham was aware of his own selfishness. How delighted Jimmy had been when his father told him of his increasing fondness for Molly! The boy had flung his arms around his father's shoulders. "Bless her, Dad!" he said quietly. Into that one phrase had gone his earnest prayer for his father's happiness.

The moon rose higher over the waters of the Sound, and the happy laughter on the passing boats rippled into silence. Through the door of the clubhouse drifted lilting strains of music that filtered romantically through Graham's thoughts. Gratitude welled in his heart as he laid his hand on Molly's. Somehow, he knew that she understood.

"Molly," he said, suddenly, clasping her hand as if to reassure himself of her nearness, "you will marry me, won't you?"

"Yes, dear." Though Molly's face was transfigured with joy, a lump swelled in her throat. "Lend me your hankie, John. I can't feel really happy until I've had a darn good cry!"

Hollywood Morals, If Any

(Continued from page 31)

Today the moral code is strict to the last detail.

The upshot of it was that everybody agreed that if the papers must have leg art, let them have it, but you can't pose the pictures so any of the inside of the lady's thigh shows on the plate. If I may hazard a comment, that is like splitting a leg between Nor' and Nor'-East. But maybe I'm wrong. Maybe that's morals.

The ex-convict trying to go straight had nothing on Hollywood. In both cases, their reputations were against them. And the silly part of it is that Hollywood had never been so terribly bad. In every town there are a few bad eggs, but why damn the whole place for that? The major difference between Hollywood and any place else turned out to be that in Hollywood the mildest misdemeanor, which would be forgotten any place else, was instantly magnified and publicized into a tremendous scandal.

Since I've been here, for example, there have been half a dozen incidents of a more or less unsavory nature, incidents, however, that can and do happen in every other town in the world almost daily. The real difficulty is that a sensational press broadcasts the marital difficulties, say, of an actor and actress throughout the world, not because the difficulties are interesting in themselves to anyone other than the people involved, but because the victims are, in a sense, popular.

Men without number have been sued, rightly or wrongly, for alleged misdemeanors involving ladies in their pasts. No one pays any attention to it. But let that man be a member of the theatrical profession and the same indiscretion, true or false, makes international news.

The result is that Hollywood is the most moral-conscious town that I have ever been in on any of the six continents and innumerable islands. Where else in the world are man and wife forced to consider a projected stag fishing trip as a matter of vital importance? It is no exaggeration to say that if a male star wants to go hunting in the High Sierras and his wife wants to visit relations, they must consult with a round dozen of studio employees for weeks in advance. If they don't it is almost sure to be rumored that they are pff-ft! Everything else that happens in their private lives is proportionately exaggerated.

HOLLYWOOD has been forced, therefore, to adopt a new and passing strange sort of moral code. Of course, being Hollywood, they built the moral code like a studio set—all front and rather undressed-looking behind.

I remember when I first came out here. I wanted to take a woman friend of mine out dancing one night. I asked a pal where to go and he began naming a lot of little hideaways. I told him that I was fresh from Ireland and had heard about the wild life in Southern

California and was fairly champing at the bit to get at it. Gravely he shook his head. "You've got a lot to learn, my boy. If you go out to one of the big spots you'll get your name linked with hers and—well, don't you see?"

I didn't. I still don't. As near as I can get it, everything is all right in Hollywood providing no gossip columnist sees you and if you're sure Hymie Fink won't pop out at you from behind a bush with his trusty Leica. The cardinal sin of Hollywood is to be caught.

They even have it in all the standard form contracts—a long paragraph about moral turpitude. It's not that anything is ever done here that isn't done in your own home town, but in a normal community if you step out of line a little bit when the family isn't looking, you're not apt to trip over five photographers and seven reporters who will then run like mad to the nearest newspaper yelling, "Looky, looky, looky what I saw!"

Along with the morals came a code of everyday actions that would make the compiled Mosaic Laws look like child's play. Emily Post, for example, wrote with considerable authority that when that awful moment occurs and divorced husband meets divorced wife they should positively not start throwing hors d'oeuvres at each other, but should bow formally, like complete strangers, and move on surrounded in a cloud of dignity.

Try that in Hollywood! The silence

of the grave would fall upon every party in town and people would have to start learning to wigwag at each other. The rule out here is to greet each other with a wild show of laughing enthusiasm and slap the "ex-" on the back, after having first made sure that there is no knife in the hand. In other words, "We're the best of friends but, for the sake of our careers, we just had to separate." It's just as well that they did formulate that idea because, otherwise, Hollywood hostesses would have to start giving their dinner parties in relays.

Another thing that is considered very bad form is to make dates with your producer's wife. This is important, but like all generalities, it has its exceptions. If the lady in question is winsome and has shown a predisposition in your favor, *and*—if the producer in question is out of town, or is dating your own wife on the side—then the rule may be discreetly suspended. On the other hand, if the said producer is known to be jealous and is well entrenched in his job, it is considered the worst taste imaginable to dally around his swimming pool in his absence. Still again, if the gentleman's wife is not lovely, winsome, and so forth—well, what's the use? After all, a code is a code so you might as well follow it sometimes . . .

I HAVE noticed that people all over the world have a tendency to cock an eyebrow or two at Hollywood when the subject of matrimony is mentioned. Suppose, for sake of argument, that there is a difference in that grand old custom when it is applied to the life of this unusual community; very well—why shouldn't there be? Acting is a peculiarly difficult manner of earning a living if you are lucky enough to be within the first five hundred of the profession. It places demands on marriage that sometimes cannot be withstood and divorce follows. Immediately there are protests from utter strangers, squawking about the awful example being set to the nation. These Paul Prys don't seem to realize that in most cases, if they closed the divorce courts, they would lower the marriage rates in Hollywood appallingly. Hardly a moral goal, that! The alternative in a professional marriage would mean that one or the other would have to give up a career—which is neither fair to the individual nor to the profession they serve.

Players, of necessity, are a more than average self-centered group of people. They have to be, for they draw upon their own confidence and ability to spend long periods in profound self-

analysis in order to articulate later upon the screen the emotions and authentic actions required of them. While they are working they cannot spend the time upon domestic management that is sometimes necessary.

On top of that, many a leading lady has met and fallen in love with an actor, only to find, after marriage, that what she had fondly hoped was love turned out to be nothing more than having been as stage-struck as any amateur fan waiting in the theater alley for an autograph. Don't think that professionals are not so susceptible to their comrades' charm and acts as the public in general. We are, but we also have more opportunity to be subsequently disillusioned.

There are, of course, many contributing factors, such as that terribly obvious and much discussed status when the wife is knocking over three times as large a weekly stipend as the husband. That used to be a far greater hazard in Hollywood than it is now. I, personally, know of several very happy families out here where both people work, and the husband, professionally, is paid in a scale far below his wife's. The girls themselves seem to realize the psychological jeopardy this condition imposes upon their private lives and, consequently, make ample allowance for the matters of petty but important pride in the bosoms of their men, both in courtship and in marriage. Still, it's a hazard.

In many communities a man wouldn't live long if he made love to the wives and sweethearts of four other men in one day. He couldn't live any longer here if it weren't for the fact that professional love-making for the screen isn't much different than boxing or anything else. Half the men I know sweep Sadie Glutz, the big European svelte-and-sex girl from Prague, into their arms before the camera and start thinking about their wives. In other words, they give nothing that means anything from the depths of their own private hearts. Most players' wives and husbands realize that, and nothing much is thought about adolescent jealousies.

Any time that you hear that Hollywood is immoral and a den of iniquity just tell your informant for me that he doesn't know what he is talking about. One thing he should always remember. Glamour is its own best protection. You really can't lose your head over a girl when somebody is always standing by on the side lines telling you not to rumple her hairdress and lipstick, and, for heaven's sake, not to throw a shadow on her nose, no matter how passionately you kiss her.

Tears From His Heart and His Head

(Continued from page 23)

"Though in Warminster I suppose I must have cried now and *then*," he conceded. "In fact, I *remember* crying about Horace and William."

And so was the story unfolded. In Warminster there had been two bullfrogs in the family greenhouse whom Freddie had trained to appear when called by name. Then Freddie went up to London to be gone for two months. On his return he raced to the greenhouse to call for Horace and for William. There was no Horace, no William.

He has often wished, he told me, sliding out of his chair to stretch full-length on the floor, a serious chin cupped in his hand, he has often wished especially that he'd taken a picture of William who, it seems, was quite a par-

ticular sort of frog, and who, along with Horace, was never seen again.

Recollections of Horace and William brought a remembrance also of tears he had shed upon the death of Michael, a kitten. But such tears were small preparation, after all, for tears demanded of an actor in a great title rôle!

Mr. Cukor suggested that young *Copperfield* and Cissy find a quiet corner of the great sound stage where they could "talk it over." Everything would be ready for the "take" when Freddie could be ready to cry.

On a dim unused set, the dusty steps of an Emperor's throne, a small apprehensive actor and Cissy talked long and seriously. Then, everything else failing, Cissy suggested imagining that she had died.

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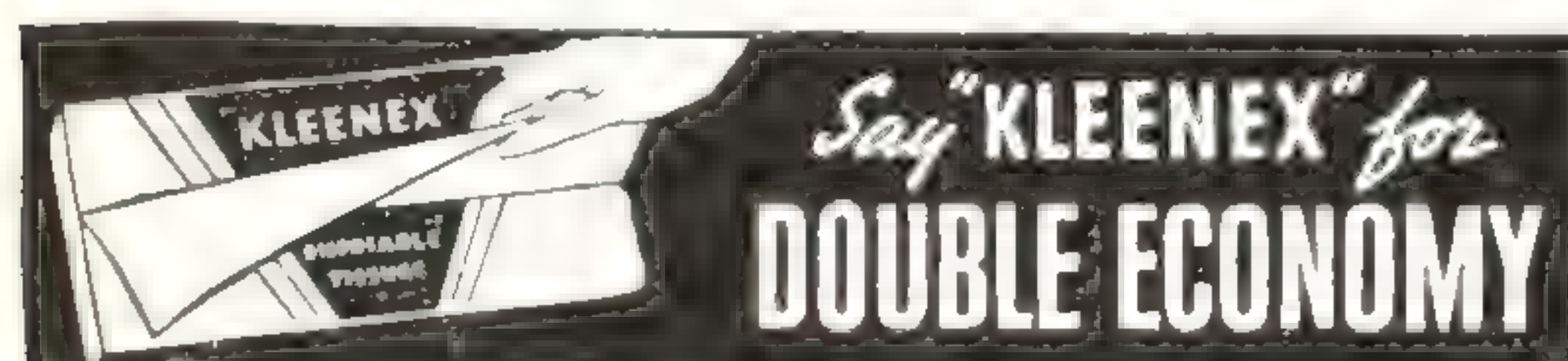


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"Oh, no!" Freddie cried in sudden despair. "Please think of something reasonable!"

But already the tears were there.

"By buckets full, weren't they, my Love?" Freddie laughed, looking roguishly up at Cissy as he recounted the tale. And thus was accomplished his first crying scene, a record in celluloid which, then and there, started a small boy named Bartholomew well on his way "to town."

HIS second crying scene came next day; the scene of *Copperfield's* beating by *Murdstone*.

"But crying for *that* scene," remarked Freddie, "was no trouble at all!"

For it seems that, though our small actor was well padded, the pad slipped, and the inspiration Freddie had for what did indeed photograph as decidedly realistic distress, remained as black-and-blue ribbons across his back for a week!

"But you should have told us instantly," said Director Cukor, much upset.

"Well I couldn't make a fuss in the middle of the *picture*," Freddie had reasoned in reply.

But Freddie's stoic acceptance of the mistake was quite different from the attitude of Mr. Basil Rathbone *Murdstone*, who had to stop work for the day. (And who arrived at the studio next morning with the finest toy motorboat to be had in Hollywood.)

It was *Copperfield's* third crying scene, however, which taught Freddie the principle which he has made fundamental for all tears from then until now.

A starved, ragged *David* was to arrive, in tears, at the home of *Betsy Trotwood*. Shortly after, two travelers astride donkeys were to appear.

But the starved, ragged *Copperfield* made the grave mistake of preceding his work before the camera by a morning's play with the donkeys, creating so gay a mood that subsequent crying was all but impossible!

"Since that time," he told me sagely, "when I am to cry, Cissy and I, first of all, stay by ourselves and think only of quiet things.

"Other people's being quiet, too, is very helpful," he added. "It never has happened to me that the others on the set have been laughing and talking, but I can imagine it would be very hard to do good crying then."

To illustrate how helpful the others can be, he told me of the chapel scene in "*Captains Courageous*;" the lighting of his candle for *Manuel*.

"All day long on that set, there was a reverent feeling," he explained. "When we finally took the scene everyone was so sure that *Manuel* was dead that tears were dripping down everywhere!"

No thought had Freddie that it was

his own genius which moved the on-lookers to tears. Indeed, one of the unbelievable things about him is his complete unawareness of any importance attached to himself. He is probably more genuinely unconscious than any child in the world, of the success of Freddie Bartholomew.

THOUGH Freddie's weekly salary has long been written in four figures, he recently authored, for \$75, his own story of his "past." The arrival of that check provided the greatest thrill of all his thirteen years.

"Just think," he exclaimed, when indeed \$75 had come, "the first money I ever earned!"

With \$35 he bought Cissy a chair. With \$22 he bought her a table light. With \$10 he bought her a flower pot. He banked \$3 for his "school fund," and spent the remaining \$5 at stands along the beach where you throw baseballs for prizes.

"No, I don't especially mind crying scenes," he went on, answering my question about it, "although we always have a headache afterwards, don't we, Cissy?" and he flashed her a very personal smile. "And now that I think of it," he considered, "I realize I always feel nervous before, and maybe that's partly how I can do it. When I am thinking over and over that presently I will have to do a very good scene of feeling pretty terrible about something, maybe just knowing I have to do it, puts my mind into a sort of desperation that makes it very easy, pretty soon, to cry."

"What helps most of all," he conceded, "is when the script is so that I don't have to do exact lines. You can see how much easier it would be," he suggested, "just to cry and say lines that come to you."

The big scene in "*Captains Courageous*" was like that, he explained.

Spencer Tracy, as *Manuel*, was already in the water when Freddie came before the camera. In the dressing room, he and Cissy had been talking over this most important scene he had ever had to do: the biggest moment in a picture for which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had gambled a million and a half dollars on the acting ability of a boy of thirteen!

Cissy had impressed on his mind the really great importance of these next few moments before the camera; this to justify herself in both his eyes and her own for what she was about to do in bringing forth the one suggestion she knew would not fail; the suggestion that, as he looked down into that swirling water, he was to imagine that hers was the face he saw there.

There were no lines to be remembered. Freddie went into the scene and, in a terror of convulsive tears, "wrote" his own words. Afterwards, the assistant director came to the dressing room,

to say with regret, that an important detail had been overlooked; Freddie was to have turned back to plead with the Captain. The scene would have to be done again.

"Please tell Mr. Fleming I'm very sorry," Freddie said, "but I could never do that scene again!"

So the great scene remained final with one "take."

OF course, it worries me to put such terrifying thoughts into his mind," Cissy told me, when we were alone. "It seems very cruel. But we both understand that what we do to accomplish a scene, is only what we *must* do, since Freddie has chosen this profession."

And thirteen years old, after all, is but thirteen years old and a very few minutes after that piece of acting which, by the magic of sound photography, will never be lost, Freddie, still in oilskins and sea boots, was racing down the block-long sound stage shouting for everybody to look out, as he made his initial run on a flashing new blue motor bike—the reward for the tears of a gentleman.

I wondered what Freddie's mental reactions are when he sees his tears bring a copious response from an audience. As, for instance when, at the preview of "*Captains Courageous*," he heard on all sides uncontrollable sobs, as a sea of white handkerchiefs mopped a sea of overflowing eyes.

"Well, of course," he said brightly, "I think that's all very nice, because then I know I've done what's expected of me."

I had but one more question to ask. Did other actors in emotional screen situations ever bring to his eyes sympathetic tears?

"No, I can't truthfully say they ever do," he replied promptly.

But Cissy reminded him of a scene in which an actor of whom he is personally very fond was sentenced to die in the electric chair.

"You *did* cry then," she said.

He was very busy now, focusing a small camera through an open window upon Concol, his Spaniel.

He snapped the picture, one eye solemnly squinted.

"Are you *sure* of that, my Love?" said he, returning the camera to its case.

"Well, of course I suppose you *are*," he said, stuffing both hands deep down in his pockets, "or you wouldn't have said it, but" . . . remarked this actor whose tears have traveled over five continents to earn for him a wide world of fame . . . "but I must say I'm a good deal surprised at myself for crying right out in public where people could see me!"

We hope no continued disagreement about salary matters will make Freddie a permanent Londoner again. America would miss this little Englishman.

The Woman Who Will Play Molly

(Continued from page 67)

"When do you start?"

"In a week."

"In a week you'll know it upside down."

Every day these two went to the café together. Sophie was director, master of ceremonies and audience. Tirelessly she drilled Marie in the technique she herself had learned through the years. Nervousness vanished, confidence returned, and on opening night Marie did her turn like a veteran floor performer. Their paths never crossed again.

Now Sophie is approaching what she

considers the peak of a career crowded with peaks, because she is to do a story inspired by Marie Dressler's life.

SOPHIE TUCKER'S own spirit is nothing to be sneezed at. Out of hopeless poverty, out of a spot where a lesser woman might have whined, "I never had a chance," she arose by her own unaided efforts.

Second of a family of four, Sophie was born while her parents were en route from Russia to the ship which was to take them to America. Her

earliest memories are of the little rooming house they ran in Hartford, and the cheap restaurant below, where they served twenty-five-cent meals.

She came home from school and worked. She served, she washed dishes, she scrubbed floors. . . .

One thing she enjoyed — using her voice. She also had an instinct to please. The little restaurant was near the theater, and actors would drop in for a bite. Sophie would throw in a song free with the soup, and when they laughed it made her feel good.

There was a boy living next door who asked her to marry him. She was fifteen. She still doesn't know what made her do it, except that her childish mind held a hazy notion that through romance you escaped from misery into happiness. The boy made ten dollars a week. She escaped from nothing, not even from her mother's kitchen. Soon, despite her marriage, everything was as before.

Till the baby came. The baby's birth crystallized all her rebellion.

One day she left her baby at her mother's home. With him, she left a letter where her mother would find it when she went to bed. "Don't look for me," she had written. "If you leave me alone, I'll take you away from the love."

In New York she trudged up one flight of stairs and down another, till she found a boardinghouse willing to exchange food and lodging for her services as dishwasher and bedmaker.

By prowling around she discovered that there were cafés in the Forties, where girls sang for a living. She picked out the most likely one, went in and asked for a job. "Let's hear you sing," and after she'd sung, "G'wan home, kid."

She tried other spots, with the same result. But she kept going back to her original choice, haunting the place until they threatened to throw her out. One day the boss saw her. "Who's the kid?"

"Thinks she can sing. Bellows like prize ox."

"Let's hear her." He heard her. "O.K., kid. I'll give you fifteen a week." A week later she was stuffing into an envelope, with fingers that shook, a five-dollar bill and a scrawled note: "I have a job. I will send money every week for you and the baby."

SOPHIE began the upward climb. Four years after she left home, Sophie had made enough money to buy a home—and had moved her mother and her son into it.

That was the end of the restaurant and the end of the stove.

She takes no applauding pats for the burden she shouldered. "It's what anybody who could, would do for his own. Besides, who was getting the biggest kick out of it? Little Sophie."

Her father died as she was beginning to gain recognition. So did the boy she'd married on ten dollars a week. But her mother lived to enjoy all the peace and pleasure Sophie had dreamed of for her.

TEN years ago Sophie took part in a picture called "Honkytonk," over which she feels a veil had best be drawn. She makes no bones about the fact that she eyed the movie industry with longing.

"Of course I wanted to become a part of it. Why not? It's only the greatest industry in the world, that's all. Whatever success I gained in other fields—and I've been grateful, mind you, always will be—ever since this movie business started, I've hoped, dreamed, lain awake nights scheming how to get into it."

She came to Hollywood to sing at the Trocadero. All the big shots turned out for her. She sang "Jealousy," she sang "Life Begins at Forty," she sang "Why Do They Call It Gay Paree?" It was the first time these people had heard her in a floor show. They thought she was swell.

On her way to the dressing room, a man stopped her. "A woman who can make people laugh and cry the way you do," he told her, "must have something for the screen."

She knew Louis B. Mayer by sight, though she'd never met him. "And those words will sing in my ears as long as I live. It was the first sign of hope after a thousand disappointments. And this is the first chance I've had to mention the name of the man who gave me that hope. So I'm mentioning it loud and strong."

"Directly I was through at the Troc, they spent a nice little fortune testing me. I couldn't tell whether it was good or bad. Most of all, it frightened me. I'm such a big hulk—all right, I'm not a big hulk. I'm teeny like a fairy and pretty like a bird. I just look like a hulk. All I could see was that big, big face. I tried to look through it for something else, something of that personality that I knew had been my mainstay all these years. But I couldn't tell, I couldn't tell a thing except that I was scared so sick I wanted to crawl under the rug and stay there."

Sophie left Hollywood to fill other engagements. At first she waited eagerly for news, but as month followed month without a word, hope sickened and died. It was a blow, but she didn't snarl about it. She didn't blast Hollywood and all its works. She blamed no one but herself too much. "You just didn't click. Forget it."

Eight months later she was singing in Saratoga Springs. Out front she caught sight of Mr. Mayer with Nicholas Schenck. Again Mr. Mayer came backstage, again he spoke of his enthusiasm. "There's something about you that's got to register on the screen."

He backed his faith. Next day came a wire from her agent in Hollywood. Sam Katz was casting "Broadway Melody of 1938." There was the part of a rough-edged diamond who ran a theatrical boardinghouse. They wanted Sophie Tucker to play it.

It's a part she can play convincingly. She's probably listened to more hard-luck tales than any other member of a profession famous for hard-luck tales. Sit with her for an hour, and the phone will ring six times. Five calls out of the six will be bids for help. A boy is trying to build up a trade in paper napkins and doilies. She promises a list of addresses, and makes a note of the promise on her pad. Will she sing at a hospital benefit? She will. Another boy has a voice. She's taken the trouble to hear him and thinks he's good. "So-and-so's coming to dinner Friday," she tells him. "Drop in—like an accident, you know?—and I'll see that he hears you sing." On her desk lies a letter from an old rabbi in Hartford, with whom her mother used to work hand-in-hand. He's sent her a bunch of raffle tickets to sell for the benefit of an old people's home. She'll get rid of them all.

"When I can help, I help. When I have to be brutal, I can be brutal too. There's no sense in stringing people along, letting them think they have something they'll never have in a million years. There's no sense in breaking down their morale either, making promises you have no intention of keeping. When I say I'll see them at six, I'm here at six."

"You can give a certain amount of money. You can't give till you have to ask for help yourself. But besides money, there's always a little time and a little energy left over, that the other fellow can use."

She broke into a broad smile. "I've got a grand scheme for myself when I retire. I'm going to be president of one big charity organization for the whole world."

Until then, Metro gives you Sophie Tucker, bless her!

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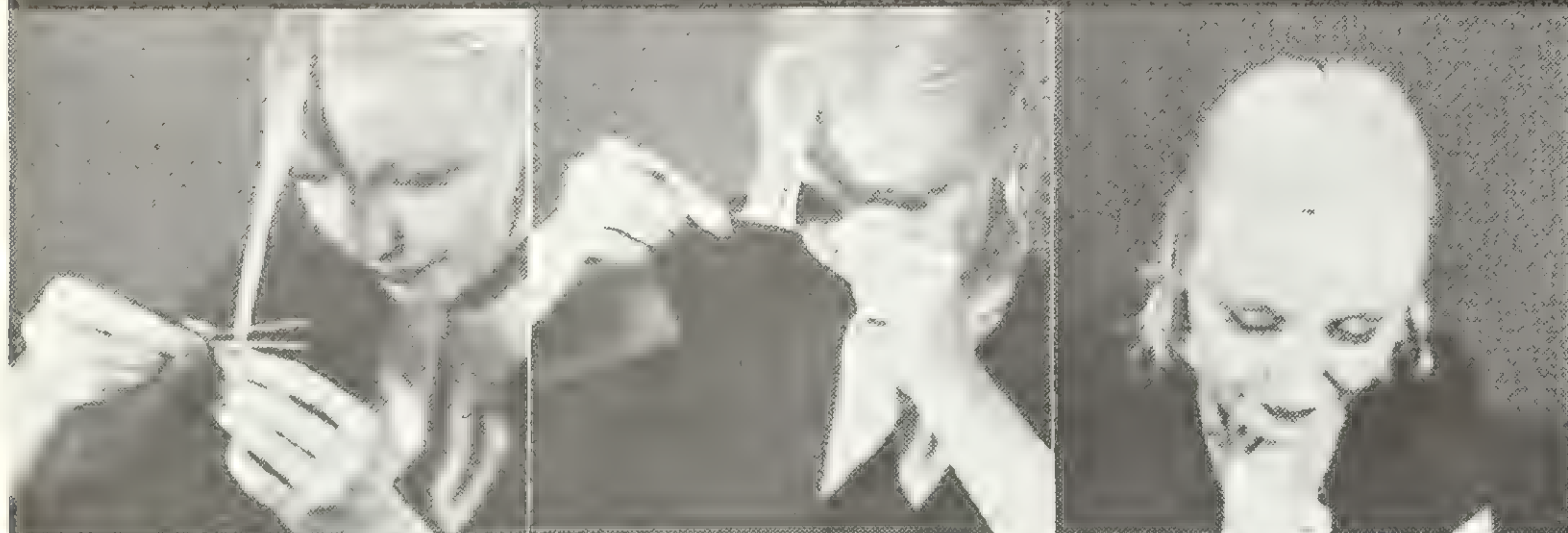
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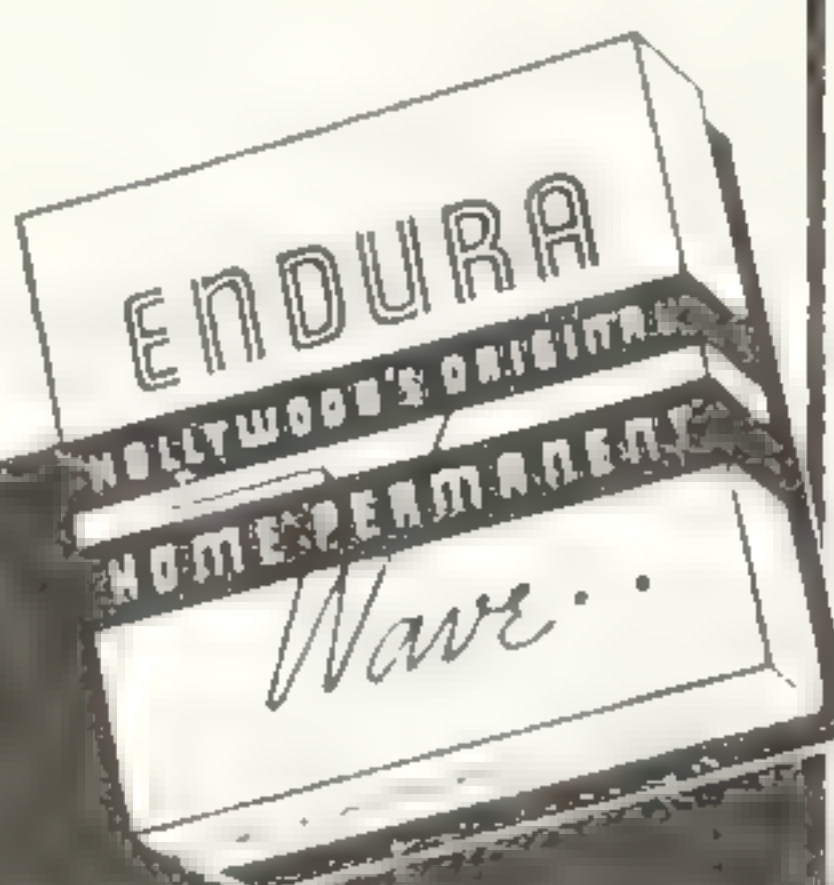
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 56)

VARSAITY SHOW—Warners

HERE is a rollicking frolicking three-three-cheers-for-dear-old-Rutgers musical with Fred Waring and his band leaping over the goal post for another touchdown. There is a gay infectious spirit about this story of college boys and girls who decide to put on a varsity show. When faculty member Walter Catlett interferes with their hotcha plans, the collegiates lure alumnus Dick Powell, now a Broadway producer, to help produce their show. When Dick's assistant, Ted Healy, contracts the mumps, the boys and girls conceive a plan for getting rid of snoopy Catlett. They merely pass the mumps on to the professor and the show goes right on to New York too, where even the National Guard fails to prevent Busby Berkeley's chorus girls from prancing up and down hundreds of stairs. The Lane Sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, are outstanding. There are tuneful melodies, smart comedy, pretty girls galore in this smash hit musical of the month.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

DISAPPOINTING after Bing Crosby's previous pictures, but nevertheless a good show is this vague musical comedy about four funny people trying to make money. Based on the familiar device of strangers' benefiting from an eccentric will, it offers Martha Raye, Andy Devine and William Frawley in several good scenes. Mary Carlisle is Crosby's romantic foil. The score is nice.

FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

INTENDED as a minor production, this thrilling story of planes and fliers in the Andes has all the symptoms of being a hit picture. Well directed, well paced, and with every performance made to count, it concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. There headman Onslow Stevens sends aviators out to certain death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne together find the answer to liberty and love.

THE BIG SHOT—RKO-Radio

HILARIOUS situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's fortune, backs an antvice crusade which goes after himself and the gang, and only finds out at the end that he is supposed to be the gang's big shot. Cora Witherspoon gives a fine caricature portrait of his socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores as the homespun veterinarian.

WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners

BIG and blustery Barton MacLane takes care of the horses by some heavy gambling at the race track. Pretty Peggy Bates and appealing Ann Sheridan are the women in the case. The wine, if any, is warm and of poor vintage, and even Miss Bates' prim attempts to reform MacLane fall on stony ground. You can do better at Santa Anita, Empire, Saratoga, Hialeah or what have you.

HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

THE situations and gags that enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hideaway by a gang of crooks provide good comedy. Complications enter into the story when a rival mob also descends upon Stone's farm. Emma Dunn is his energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his

pretty daughter. Ray Mayer has a hilarious scene, and your whole family should enjoy it.

ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox

BILL ROBINSON'S dancing and Fred Washington's warm performance in this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The complicated story revolves around a white child and a colored woman who claims its parentage, and there are attempted kidnappings, various shootings, and a prison break. Sally Blane is the child's real mother and Claire Trevor is the newspaper girl who solves everything with the help of Douglas Fowley.

HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox

HERE comes that Jones family again and in trouble, as usual. Pa Jones played by Jed Prouty, is a candidate for mayor on a reform platform, but almost loses the votes when enemies frame his son Kenneth Howell in a messy scandal just before election. But son Roger uncovers the base plot in time and Jones wins. Russell Gleason, Spring Byington, Florence Roberts and Shirley Dean are in the cast.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Warners

THOSE of you who see this picture with too close a memory of Bea Davis and Leslie Howard together in "Of Human Bondage" will find, not disappointment, but a new delight in the team. Because for the first time Mr. Davis does not have to suffer and Mr. Howard has no occasion to look pinched around the nostrils; this, in its suavest and smoothest form, is farce comedy.

Covering the canapé of intelligent detached portrayal with the caviar satire, these consummate players create the characters of two conceited stars who are in love with each other but temperamentally allergic. He has Romeo trouble offstage as well as agrees to help disillusion the fiancée of his friend, Patric Knowles. Olivia Havilland plays with understanding and sympathy the young, lovesick girl.

Miss Davis takes a firm hand when Howard proves himself susceptible to lovely Olivia, and the piece ends in laughter. For that matter you will find much dialogue in the clamor of amused audience, most of which is caused by business anyway, and part of which is due to Eric Blore.

ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

SOMEONE, of course, was bound to make a picture about last spring's Mississippi flood, and this irritating little murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the menace Eduardo Ciannelli's gun until Fawcett sends the great waters to help them. The cast is good, but the entire story is unbelievable and forced.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of *The Shadow Stage* does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of *The Shadow Stage*.

ENDURA CORPORATION • HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Hollywood on the Air

(Continued from page 53)

An-Actress campaign, which shifted entirely to the air waves last month with John Barrymore. It—the campaign—is doing all right, to the surprise of a lot of smarties. Mrs. B. has something, if radio means anything and we double dare you to say it isn't. The gal was good! Didn't you ask so? Here's the secret: John has always thought Elaine had talent, and is determined to show the scoffing world he's right. Result: he's turned himself into a dramatic maestro par excellence. Now the ambition of Barrymore's life, he admits, is to knock audiences cold with Elaine in a stage production on Broadway. Maybe this fall. Incidentally, they rigged up a little fake-guard fence to keep John from reporting too strenuously at NBC. It worked and now they're thinking of emulating all NBC actors with the same thing!

Lux eased off the air until September, then returned with Bob Montgomery and George Evans romping through "Beau Gummell." We never saw anyone have as good a time as Bob being the fashion model. He picked the show himself, as he did "Night Must Fall" for movies, and so everything was up-to-date. We popped out behind during his histrionics and caught Bob's chauffeur hunched up in the car, windows rolled tight, getting a load of his master's voice.

The best Luxitement of the month, however, in our opinion, was "The Front Page" and Walter Winchell. Walter took his big chance to stir up radio waves in the punchiest performance these old eyes have seen since Hollywood started muscling in on the radio district. Not that that's any credit to Hollywood, because W. Winchell, for all, is a transplanted blossom—gentle reader, not destined to remain unseen.

Things started popping the minute Winchell signed up on the running board of a Lux agent's car. The rest was like a page out of "The Front Page," if you get what we mean. Walter breezed into the Theater, sailed his hat across the stage, tipped his hat back and started pouring it on. Even tongue-tongued Jimmy Gleason's eyes popped and after the show, Josephine Hutchinson, who can act on our stage any time, said she got a real lift out of electric delivery.

The only tragic note on Lux last month was the announcement Cecil B. De Mille made twice. Once he said, Miss Amelia Earhart will be our guest when she returns next week from her around-the-world-flight. The next time, "—if she returns . . ."

But that guest spot was never filled. Show Boat, pardon, the new Show Boat heads the list of late arrivals to the West Coast. Hal Kemp and his boys, with Alice Faye in the hot throat spot, started plugging Chesterfields in the most satisfying manner, also. The only side of a radio show was never more evident, though, than the other night on that bill when Alice sang "Good Night, My Love" and the announcer cooed, "'Y Listenin', Tony Martin?" And all the time Tony was right there in the studio—in the front row! Charlie Winninger and Jack Haley started Show Boat off to the race upwards and onwards again, although check, you know, is just warming up in at show. He's booked to have his own program in October for Log Cabin syrup and is as nervous as a bride about

it. Jack is the last of the old-time song, dance and gag men to hit the big-time air waves. He's a pal of Jack Benny's, Fred Allen's and George Burns', and with all of them out of town except George and Gracie, three guesses who the Haleys parted with following Jack's air debut.

MAYBE it's because opposites attract or maybe it's just that dummies, like gentlemen, prefer blondes—anyway, Don Ameche hasn't invited up nearly so many brunettes to tease Charlie McCarthy on the Chase and Sanborn Sunday hour. Last month it was Sonja Henie, Gladys George, Ann Sothern and Mary Pickford who held up the Nordic parade. Mary's showup was the nearest thing to a radio scoop the bright boys could figure out last semester. It was all arranged by radiophone in Honolulu, where Mary and Buddy were taking a Hawaiian honeymoon. The Philippine Clipper helped hustle America's perennial sweetheart over the waves to the mike and very lovely she looked too.

Things are picking up for both Bill Fields and his diminutive little chum, Charlie, we're glad to report. Bill's doctor (not the \$12,000 gent) had him in for a checkup the other day and when it was over he took Bill's cane and broke it across his knees. "You won't need that any more!" sezsee. As for that rat, McCarthy, Edgar Bergen has up and bought him a whole wardrobe—white linen mess jacket, polo coat and beret, swimming trunks and—can you take it?—green silk pajamas! Edgar told us he felt selfish not giving Charlie a taste of the more abundant life.

The Sunbonnet Boys, meaning Bing Crosby, Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor, being still away gathering daisies, chiggers, sunburn and culture, we'll whip right into our russet résumé and falling leaves of radio's autumn Hollywooders, to wit: Lanny Ross takes Fred Astaire's place on the new Packard show . . . The loveliest young singing star on the air, Florence George, qualified for a Paramount ticket to other day—you'll be seeing her . . . Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz broke Hollywood Bowl records again this season. If they aren't married why do they have identical license numbers—LP-13 and AK-13? . . . After wooing and coaxing Jeanette MacDonald on the air, Vick's are having a terrible time getting any time for her—all sold out! . . . Jam-minded stars are making plenty of pilgrimages to Benny Goodman's School of Swing . . . When you compliment George Burns on the program, he says, "It's Gracie's show." . . . Jimmy Ameche, Don's brother, who used to be Jack Armstrong, is a Paramount term ticket. That brings all the Ameches out to Hollywood . . . Husband Herbie Kay flies out from Chicago on week ends just to look into those lovely Lamour eyes . . . Bill Fields is grumbling about the censors; they're slowing up his stuff . . . Since Werner Janssen has been knighted by Finland, must we call her Lady Ann Harding?

The newsboys were snapping pictures at one of John Barrymore's streamlined Shakespeare rehearsals. Suddenly a flash bulb exploded like a Mills bomb, rocking the place and showering glass in all directions. Elaine screamed and ran across the room hysterically. But John never batted an eyelash.

"That," he stated calmly, "is nothing—after you've been married four times!"

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Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.

They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

You Will See a New "You"

One of these shades will prove the right one for *you*! It will prove your "lucky" shade. It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"—a more glamorous "you."

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You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

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Try, not one or two shades, but *all* ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(37)

Lady Esther, 2018 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

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City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario)

(Continued from page 4)

a great deal of difficulty keeping adults away. We loved having lots of children come because it meant making new friends, but their parents were a terrific problem. Finally, someone, I think it was Bobby Breen, suggested that we hang a sign on the door every afternoon reading *Smallpox . . . Quarantined*. It seemed to be a good idea at the time, but it didn't work. For one thing it frightened the children as well as their parents, and it was there only three days on account of the policeman on our beat told us it was against the law anyway, and suggested that we remove it without delay.

Jane Withers thought up our present sign. It it painted on a sheet of white cardboard almost as large as the door and the letters are six inches high. It reads like this: *Notice To Grownups . . . This Is Station K-I-D . . . Scram . . . PS And Double Scram . . . PPS This Means All Adults Except Those Bringing Homemade Cookies And Ten Cents Cash.*

At first I was doubtful. "It wouldn't be *comme il faut* in Europe, Jane," I said. "Do you think it's all right here?"

Jane, a daughter of one of the finest families of the old South, answered, "Nowhere except in Hollywood; it's different here, people understand the difference between impoliteness and pretending. But in case somebody from Georgia should come we won't want to hurt his feelings so we'll just write underneath: *Dear Grownups, This Is Our Make-believe Butler Saying 'Madame Is Not at Home!'*"

It was just the thing we needed.

Jane Withers is like exclamation points and dynamite. She's the grandest fun, has all kinds of splendid ideas, and can think of more things to do in five minutes than anyone else could in a week. Of course, they sometimes turn out to be rather mischievous things, but Jane is never without a good excuse handy—well, not always a good excuse, but, as she has often told me, even a poor excuse is better than none.

Once I scolded her for biting her nails, telling her that she might get a germ in her mouth. She seemed to be quite impressed, but several weeks later I looked at her hands and saw that she had not stopped the habit. Before I had time to speak she said quickly, "O Marianne, you needn't worry about the germs anymore. Ever since you told me about them I've been careful to wash my hands before I start to bite my nails."

When Jane is around everybody is happy. There is something about the way her eyes twinkle that makes the world suddenly become a most cheerful place. To me, she has always seemed more like some gleeful prankish little sprite than a real child. I suppose that is because she wasn't born like other children, in a little white bassinet in a hospital. In fact, you could hardly say that she was born at all. It was just that Mrs. Withers left the kitchen window open by mistake, one spring morning, and Jane danced through on a sunbeam. It seemed such a nice place that she decided to stay, so they had to keep her.

She never does things like ordinary people, but that's because she isn't an ordinary person. In her French lesson the other day she had a sentence which an ordinary person would translate, "You're lovely, little one, what a wonderful thought!" Jane translated it, "You're the tops, kid, that's a bright idea."

She's a tomboy most of the time and loves being out of doors with her goats, chickens, and dogs; but her real red-letter days are the ones when her father takes her fishing. She can sit on a wet rock all day, and go home perfectly happy, even though she hasn't had a nibble. Her one regret, since she has a great fondness for buttermilk, is that she hasn't a cow. Her delight knew no bounds when her milkman took her down to his dairy and taught her to milk. When she came home her father asked her how she liked being a milkmaid. "Oh, just fine," she told him, "but I couldn't discover which one of those spouts the buttermilk came from."

The spacious nursery in the Withers' home has a large family of dolls and Jane spends hours making their clothes and dressing them. A short time ago she decided she'd like to imitate the early Americans and spin the thread and weave the cloth for their garments. She already had a loom, so we got together at my workbench (I'm a carpenter in my spare time) and made her a little spinning wheel, exactly like the big one in the museum, but only half as large. When it was finished Jane liked it so well that she wanted all of you to see it, so she had snapshots taken of herself and the spinning wheel, beside the fireplace in her playroom.

Sometimes Jane reminds me of the little girl in an old-fashioned daguerreotype, and I can well imagine her seated at the spinning wheel, in a little ankle-length challis dress, the firelight shining on her black curls and in her eyes. I guess everybody in the world loves Jane. Out here, we call her the All-American.

We printed a great many of the snapshots of Jane and her spinning wheel, and if you'd like to have one for your own album just read the little announcement at the end of the copy.

And now for a secret! Shirley Temple told me that she would have a snapshot too; taken for you, maybe next month. You mustn't ask to have these photographs autographed, though, for there wouldn't be time for that; but we do wish you'd send us your autograph for our own collection.

Autographs always make me think of Joan Blondell. Once she invited me to bring some of the children to her home for tea. Among them was my five-year-old friend, An Margareth, who had never seen a star before and was jubilantly delighted at the prospect, Miss Blondell being her special favorite. She made me promise again and again to ask Joan if she might have a photograph of her. Joan, always gracious, pretended to be flattered at the request, and went into her study and autographed a beautiful photo especially to An Margareth. The other children crowded around, so Joan didn't see An Margareth, with an expression of infinite disappointment, walk to where I was standing and hand me the picture, saying, "Here, I don't want it."

"But why?" I asked, surprised.

"Because," answered the little girl who had never even heard of an autograph, "because, it's not good. It's ruined. It's been 'wrote' all over!"

If any little readers of this page would like the snapshot of Jane Withers and her spinning wheel, they may have it simply by writing a letter, stating their request, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address all letters to **MARIANNE**, care of **PHOTOPLAY Magazine**, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

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So Men Can't Cook, Eh!

(Continued from page 8)

don't think my Beans à la Metro have sex appeal?

HERE'S another recipe I just hate to give away, but after all, I want something to live after me. It's the recipe for my barbecued spareribs.

Barbecued Spareribs à la May Robson

I've named my spareribs after dear Muzie May, because my ribs are the only ones she'll ever pick on.

First, I spread out my ribs in a pan under a high flame, turning them to brown them crisply on both sides.

Next, I pile them in a roaster and half cover them with this barbecue sauce:

To one cup of vinegar, one of water, and two of catsup, I use a tablespoon of freshly ground black pepper and one of salt, a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of chili powder, one of brown sugar, and a half-teaspoonful of cayenne. This is, of course, if I am expecting guests who like things hot.

Then I let the ribs simmer, with the top on the roaster, very, very slowly, for at least an hour and a half, always basting the top ones when I haven't anything else to do. Why they turn out so good I don't know. Maybe it's because I put a few bay leaves in and don't want to tell you about it. But no matter how many I make there's never a rib left for my little dog Pico to play with.

THERE'S a certain psychological effect that the first course of a meal produces, which lasts through the entire dinner. That is the real reason why I always like to try to start the meal off

with a potage, which extracts some such remark as, "Oh, isn't that delicious! What is it?" And here's a recipe that's very simple and yet so unusual that I don't believe you'll ever cook it. But I'll give it to you anyway.

Sorrel Soup à la Una Merkel

You wonder why I've named this soup after Una. Well, here's the reason. Sorrel is really nothing more or less than sour grass, and Una is so sweet she loves anything sour.

Sorrel can be bought in all the better grocery stores. If I have a dinner for eight, I chop about three fourths of a pound of sorrel very fine, and let it simmer in a tablespoonful of chicken fat for five or six minutes. Then, after it is entirely cooled, I beat into it the yolks of ten eggs. (I told you you'd never make this soup.)

As one good beat deserves another, I beat into this a quart of chicken broth. When the mixture is thoroughly whipped, I put it in a double boiler and let it come very slowly to a boil, stirring most of the time. Of course, I season it with pepper and salt to taste, and a squirt of onion juice. (Be sure to squirt the onion juice into the soup and not eyeward.) Just before serving, I add about six tablespoons of cooked wild rice.

As this is an article and not a book, I will have to finish my Epicurean Phantasmagoria without even giving you dessert or a demitasse.

If you're brave enough to try any of these recipes, and they go wrong, you can scold me care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Beauty For The Very Young

(Continued from page 10)

A LUKEWARM bath running to cold is the most exhilarating before going out but Anita can't resist a hot bath before retiring. She loves to soak in a hot tub and feel all the tired nerves relaxing under the soothing influence of the heat. Hot water, yes, but not hot enough to be weakening. Again, moderation is her formula.

A salt-water rinse after her tooth brushing orgy daily keeps her gums healthy and her teeth gleaming white.

Her hands, which have been modeled by sculptors and acclaimed by noted artists as among the most beautiful in Hollywood, are regularly cared for in her beauty routine. She keeps them soft by using lotion, smoothing it on gently and massaging from the tips of the fingers toward the wrist. Her beautifully shaped nails are protected from shredding and cracking by occasional castor-oil baths. They are only moderately long. She dislikes nails that are startling in their length—she thinks that they look too much like claws—and her own are just long enough to accentuate the tapering length of her fingers. Her hands show their care to the best advantage when she plays the harp.

Anita's diet rules are few and easy to follow. Simple, tastefully prepared vegetables and meats; but never any overly starchy or richly spiced desserts. Two glasses of milk a day, one of orange juice and never, never more than one cup of coffee or tea. Potassium broth, cooked with a bouillon cube or a soup bone, is a daily ritual. She eats a great deal of fruit and particularly likes it for luncheon, served as a dessert with sour cream. With simple fare such as

this, it is easy to see one reason why the clarity of her beauty is so undimmed.

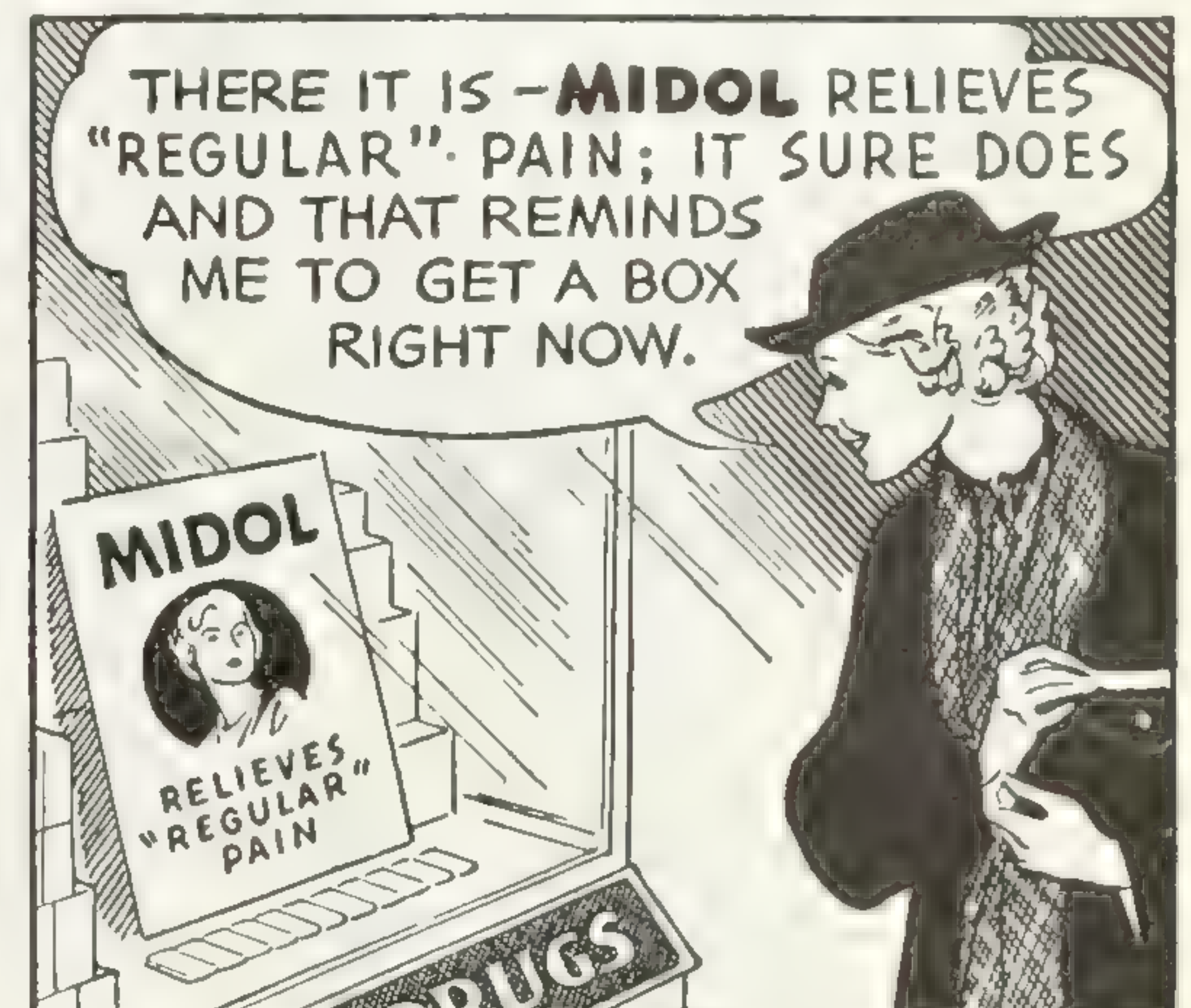
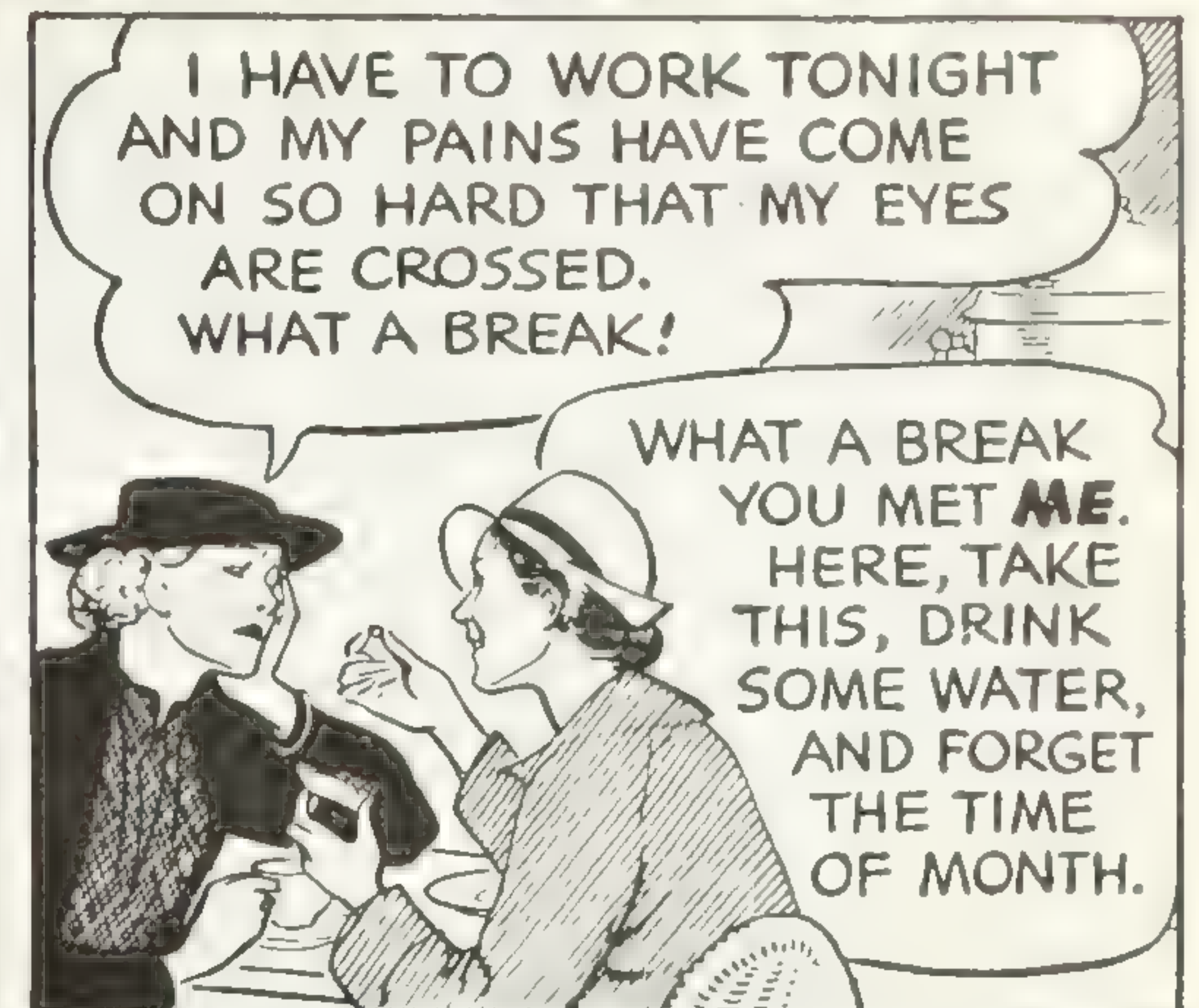
But no beauty schedule is complete without properly planned outdoor exercise. Anita believes that it is as imperative to beauty as it is to physical fitness and she is skilled in all the sports, excelling in tennis, swimming, badminton, ping-pong and riding. At present, she is planning to take up fencing again. As a child, she was such an expert with the foils that she was offered a lucrative contract to tour the country giving exhibitions.

"There is nothing that will develop poise and grace of movement more quickly than fencing," she says, "and grace of motion is an integral part of beauty."

Grace is very much a part of Anita's beauty as we could plainly see. You would have seen it too had you watched her move about the sunny, peaceful house which a wise and beautiful mother has created, with pride, around the radiant youth of her daughter.

We left the big white house with the same peace of spirit which envelops those who live within it—two very lovely women whose beauty is as much of the mind as of the body; whose lives are lived with gentle dignity and gracious charm. And we concluded that beauty in itself is not so great a part of Anita's consciousness as are the simple, earnest, active rules that produce it. As a result, she is not only Hollywood's most beautiful young girl but one of its most energetic young stars with the stamina of health to follow the road which beauty has paved for her.

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everything you want to know. This very minute thousands of men and women are using the Radio Mirror Almanac and enjoying their radios more than ever before. Get a copy of Radio Mirror for October today and use this great innovation. Once you've tried it you'll never be without it. And the Almanac is only a small part of radio's own big magazine.

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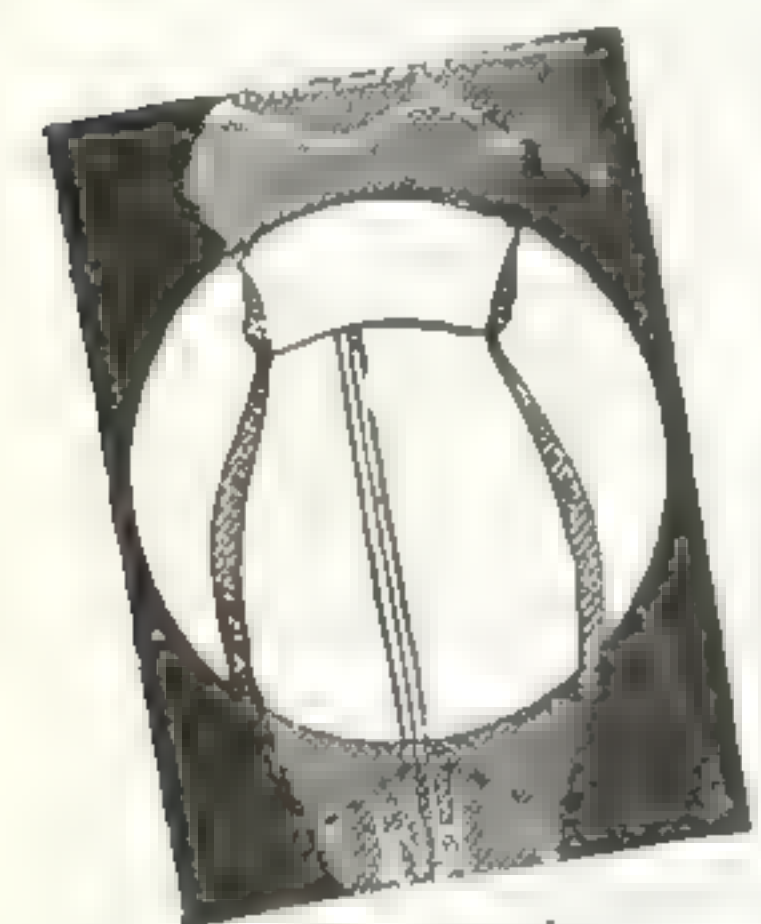
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"How Did They Ever Get That?"

(Continued from page 24)

without burning either himself or his clothes."

MEANWHILE what was happening in New York, at the studios? Dan Doherty was in the office on the late shift. Everybody else had left except a telephone operator, a doorman and the watchman. Producer Truman Talley was in Europe, supervising the preparations for covering the Coronation. General News Manager Ed Reek was at dinner. As I said before, the *Hindenburg* assignment had been expected to be routine stuff. Suddenly the telephone rang, a toll call from Philadelphia:

"Dan? This is Dennis Welch. The *Hindenburg's* on fire."

"Are you kidding me?" asked Dan, rather impatiently.

"Would I be calling you from Philly to kid you?" was the answer.

"I s'pose not—thanks Denny—get off the wire, will you? I got work to do."

Whereupon Doherty made himself exceedingly busy on the telephone.

"Get Mr. Reek," he ordered. "Get Jack Haney (the news editor), get all the lab crew, developers, printers. Get the office boys and tell them to take it on the run."

General Manager Reek left half his dinner uneaten. Before long, a hungry but highly keyed-up staff began pouring through the Movietone door on West 54th Street: sound crews for scoring, cutters, projectionists, even the chef, since it was bound to be an all-night job with no time to go out for even a sandwich. While we imagine them getting ready for the biggest sensation in their lives, let's go back to Lakehurst and see what was happening there.

Gold, Kennedy, Tice and De Titta had been busy making pictures around that holocaust. But the man who had to worry most was A. A. Brown. On him devolved the problem of getting the film to New York, an almost impossible feat, for the field was a bedlam.

Brown remembered that one A. F. Cofad, Customs Broker for Movietone, was somewhere on the field waiting to clear a shipment. By a miracle, Brown found Cofad after only a few minutes' search. Pouncing upon the broker and handing him the cans of negative Brown said, "Quick! Back to New York as fast as that car will take you!"

Cofad happened to know all the back roads in New Jersey. He broke all records. The Movietone films of that *Hindenburg* disaster were in the office by eleven o'clock—and ordinarily a man is driving pretty fast if he makes New York from Lakehurst in two hours. By 12:30 the film was back from the laboratory and in a half-hour it was all cut and ready to be scored. Before daybreak prints were being carried by airplane all over the world. The picture was being shown all over the United States and Canada on the following day. French, German, Spanish, Portuguese and English commentators and title writers had been among the emergency staff so hastily summoned by Dan Doherty. All night they worked, so that prints for all over the world could be sent out little more than twelve hours after that first burst of flame from the *Hindenburg*.

That is how one scoop was accomplished. The Movietone film of the *Hindenburg* disaster was shown to American audiences hours before that of the nearest competitor. Partly due, as you may have observed, to an organization

geared up to meet any emergency and eat it alive, and partly to Broker Cofad's knowledge of New Jersey's back roads. For the crowds of curious whose cars jammed up all the approaches to Lakehurst fatally slowed up most of the other newsreel men.

On the continent of Europe that Movietone film had a scoop by three days. Because the only ship sailing out of New York on that Friday was a slow one, the cans were flown to Montreal and rushed to London aboard a C. P. express liner.

But the liner reached England on what is known as a bank holiday. Of course, no Englishman thinks of doing any kind of work on a holiday. An American in the London office rushed to the dock, got that film and shipped it immediately by plane to Paris, whence prints scored in foreign languages were dispatched immediately all over Europe.

WHILE there is nothing daredevilish to tell about the filming of the Coronation, it was exciting enough for anybody's taste. Consider this one bare circumstance: never before had anybody even dreamed of such a secular, material thing as a camera being allowed within the sacred precincts of Westminster, let alone photographing that high sacrament, the crowning of a British king.

You may have heard that the British public squawked loudly because American audiences saw much more of the actual Coronation, the scenes in the Abbey. Thereby hangs a tale. The English newsreel companies had decided that 150 feet of those inside pictures would be plenty. The Americans, thinking the English knew what they were talking about and that the inside shots probably wouldn't be so good, made similar plans.

In the evening we were sitting in the projection room, watching the "rushes" and biting our nails, wondering whether the film would come through in time to be cut, scored and hurried to the *Normandie* which was to leave Southampton the following morning. The inside scenes were inevitably delayed because, by general agreement, they had to be censored by Their Graces the Duke of Norfolk, as Hereditary Earl Marshal, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The procession shots came in early and could be cut in plenty of time. But they were so cut as to allow of only those 150 feet of inside-the-Abbey scenes.

Their Graces arrived eventually and were most gracious. They proved to be about as easy and liberal censors as we ever encountered. Had I been the Archbishop of Canterbury I am sure I would have ordered the elimination of the shot in which he appeared to be fumbling with the crown, although it was said later the fumbling was actually the blessing of the four knots at the corners. However, he didn't.

But when Truman Talley saw that film (of the inside scenes), he nearly had a fit. Not because it was so bad but because it was so amazingly good.

"A hundred and fifty feet of this!" he exclaimed. "Not if I know it! Eight hundred and fifty at least."

That precipitated a dilemma and an emergency. There was nothing in our agreement with the British to prevent our using more of those Coronation scenes if we saw fit. But all arrangements for releasing had been made on the supposition that there would be only 150 feet. And S. R. Kent, head man of Twentieth Century-Fox, was already on his way to America, in fact was some-

where on the Atlantic. The question had to be decided then and there, immediately, pronto. Talley did his durndest to get Kent on the radiophone. No luck. Finally he said:

"Nuts! I'm going to take a chance. We'll use 850 feet of that inside-the-Abbey Coronation stuff and swim or sink by it."

As everybody now knows, he swam with gusto. Those Coronation pictures were a raging success. What was more, Talley scooped the world. Not through any daredevil stuff but by a singularly cagey prevision. He had taken a full crew to London with him. The result was that he was able to develop, cut and score the film on the spot. Other companies sent the negative to New York to be cut and scored which entailed a delay of, to be sure, only a few hours. But the difference of a few hours is something that newsreel men feel entitled to crow about for many weeks.

THE most harrowing story about a scoop concerns the one that didn't come off. It almost ended with the death of six men. One of the group actually did perish.

Jack Kuhn of Fox Movietone conceived of a plan to scoop the country on the pictures of the assassination of King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France. They were aboard the *S.S. George Washington*, bound for New York. The idea was to meet the liner some 600 miles out at sea with a plane, pick up the film and fly back, thus beating every other newsreel by at least one whole day. The can of film, tied to a life preserver, was to be thrown off the stern of the ship and be picked up by means of a grappling hook lowered from the plane.

Elmer Grevenburg, one of the most audacious of pilots, undertook to handle the controls. With him in the plane were Jack Kuhn, Ed Reek, his boss, who went along for the ride, as did a radio operator, a mechanic and a co-pilot. The latter never came back.

A gale was blowing. When they met the *George Washington* she was ploughing through monster waves. Captain George Fried slowed his vessel up and gave the signal to drop the film can tied to the life preserver. Kuhn lowered his grappling hook—a miss! On the next try, better luck. But only for a moment. With a ping, the line parted; it wasn't heavy enough. Away went the grappling hook to the bottom of the sea. Life preserver and can floated off.

Captain Fried then radioed the men on the plane that he would swing his ship around and create a wake of smooth water on which the plane could alight. Then Kuhn could pick up the can, Fried would head his vessel into the wind and make another wake from which the plane could take off. Meanwhile "Grevvy," the pilot, was circling the *George Washington* about thirty feet from the surface at about eighty-five miles an hour. Suddenly out of nowhere arose a huge wave. The plane crashed into it with terrific force, throwing the radio operator and the mechanic out into the sea.

Grevvy and Johnson, the co-pilot, were up in the nose, strapped in. The plane went down nose first. The only way for everybody to get out was through a small door up near the tail, which now stood almost vertically in the air. Captain Fried threw life preservers overboard, but the struggling men couldn't reach them. Kuhn and Reek

got hold of a broken piece of pontoon. But it was attached to the wreckage of the plane by a small steel cable, so that the half-drowning men were being crushed between pontoon and wreckage by the force of the waves. The co-pilot grabbed a kapok cushion, but the waves washed him, cushion and all, completely out of sight within ten minutes. When the lifeboat from the *George Washington* approached the wreckage, wave after wave drove it away. After endless effort the sailors rescued Grevenburg, the mechanic, and the radio operator. Grevvy was unconscious. They threw a line to Reek, but nobody was holding it, so he sank with a hundred feet of line dragging him down. One sailor dove and brought him up, but the line got tangled and they both sank. A second sailor had to jump in and save them both.

By this time Johnson, as I have said, was completely out of sight. Kuhn's pontoon had broken loose and he was rapidly drifting into the distance. He saw the lifeboat heading back to the *George Washington*. The sailors had given him up for lost. In desperation he took off his white muffler and waved it frantically. He would have been hopelessly lost but for Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin who was on the bridge. It was he who caught a glimpse of that white muffler through his binoculars. The lifeboat crew had to row two miles to pick Kuhn up, so far had he drifted.

Sometimes I am inclined to think that these newsreel men are the most resourceful, wily fellows I know. If they aren't, they don't last. In the nature of their jobs, they often have to go where they aren't wanted, where there are strict "verbotens" and elaborate systems to prevent them from penetrating. Like the good reporter's, their slogan is: "Get the story."

LET me illustrate with an experience of husky, round-faced Bill Jordan. With his blond hair and blue eyes he looks like the most guileless of individuals. On the occasion I am thinking of, he was covering the cataclysmic eruption of Mt. Etna in 1928. With him was his foxy colleague, Ettore Villani. They went to the mouth of the crater and made simply historic shots of the volcano in full eruption, beating the world, but escaping death only by crawling back through streams of lava under a terrific bombardment of noise and sulphur gas.

But they wanted to do still more, to get some shots of towns that were literally being swept under by rivers of lava. To do this, they had to go around the base of the mountain. Let Bill Jordan tell the story.

"We had left Rome in such a hurry we hadn't bothered to get special permissions of any kind," says Jordan.

"When we got to a town that was fairly near where we were headed for, we were stopped by soldiers of the regular army. It seems martial law had been declared. We had no permission to pass through the lines, and they wouldn't recognize any arguments. Villani then pulled a fast one. He asked if he could go into the town on foot. The soldier figured it was okay and let him do it. Villani went in, located the mayor of the town, and asked his permission to bring the truck into the town and park it, so we could go to a hotel.

"He got the permission and, like all Italian permissions, it was a piece of paper with red seals, ribbons, and looked most authoritative. He came back to the car, and showed this permission, and we got by the soldiers. Villani then took this piece of paper and put it on the windshield and held his hand on it, while I drove the car like mad. So we went right through that town. And

every town we went through where there were soldiers we refused to stop. I kept my hand on the horn, drove sixty miles an hour, and Villani pointed urgently to this red seal he was holding to the windshield. The soldiers would put up their guns and try to stop us, but when we got up close they'd see this red seal and salute us, and let us go through. And it was only a parking permit! We went through three or four towns that way.

"Finally we got to the actual lava zone. This river of lava from the crater was flowing down slowly, and as it came along it completely wiped out houses. The lava piled up the sides and then spread over the tops, causing them to collapse. The way we photographed them was to get on top of a house and get the picture of the lava coming up the side. Then when it got up to the point where it wasn't safe for us to stay any longer, we'd get off the roof, go back to the next house, and then photograph the one collapsing, that we'd just left. We just kept backing up. We stayed there all day long, got enough in one day, so immediately drove back to Naples and then to Rome, to ship the film. We got out the same way we came in."

THEN there was that exciting bit of camera reporting, the newsreel film taken during the Memorial Day steel clash at Chicago. This graphic visual record, the horror of it enhanced by its roar of sound, was suppressed by Paramount, you remember, for an entire month after the riot, for fear of inciting further labor battles throughout the country. This was the film that was run off before members of a Washington investigating committee—a drama-packed account of an occurrence of grave national importance, whose accuracy could not be questioned. Once again the boys behind the cameras had scored!

If you question the newsreel men, you'll find that they are usually in agreement on the point that industrial warfare is one of the meanest assignments in their job. Beatings, camera smashing are an old story to those men who cover labor battles and, oddly enough, the boys are usually viewed with suspicion by both sides. However, they love their work, and they do it—fearlessly, courageously and well. And there are amusing compensations.

One of the funniest yarns they tell around the newsreel studios concerns the now historic anti-Prohibition parade in New York. The principal figure in that march, as you will remember, was the jovial, effervescent Mayor Jimmie Walker. Now, it is the custom of the biggest newsreel companies to bring its European cameramen to America from time to time, to give them an idea of American technique, American requirements and so forth. So it happened that the brunt of the anti-Prohibition parade assignment was given to a visiting cameraman from Vienna.

As his film was shown in the projection room that evening it was quite good. But the news staff was puzzled by the frequent shots of one particular marcher, a dignified, almost pompous old party with a long gray beard. In fact, there was footage upon footage of the Gentleman with the Beaver. But not an inch of Mayor Jimmie Walker, the leading man, the star, the principal attraction of the whole show. Finally the news editors broke forth in a roar:

"Where in — is the Mayor?"

"Why," stuttered the bewildered cameraman from Vienna, "you yust saw him—dere he is again, de gentleman mit de viskers."

In Europe, especially Teutonic Europe, the Herr Bürgermeister (Mr. Mayor) invariably wears a long beard!

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"BACK IN CIRCULATION"—WARNERS—Screen play by Warren Duff. From a *Cosmopolitan* Magazine story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: Bill Morgan, Pat O'Brien; "Timmy" Blake, Joan Blondell; Arline Wade, Margaret Lindsay; Murphy, Eddie Acuff; Mac, George E. Stone; Sam Sherman, Ben Welden; Attorney Bottsford, Raymond Brown; Dr. Evans, Granville Bates; The Sheriff, Spencer Charters; Dr. Eugene Forde, John Little; "Snoob" Davis, Craig Reynolds; Carlton Whitney, Walter Byron; Buck, Regis Toomey; Dr. Hanley, Gordon Hart; Dist. Attorney Saunders, Herbert Rawlinson.

"BIG SHOT, THE"—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman and Bert Granet. Directed by Edward Killy. The Cast: Mr. Simms, Guy Kibbee; Mrs. Simms, Cora Witherspoon; Peggy, Dorothy Moore; Chel, Gordon Jones; Drake, Russell Hicks; Murdock, Frank M. Thomas; McQuade, Dudley Clements; Police Chief, George Irving; Gloria, Maxine Jennings; Mamie, Barbara Pepper; Bugs, Tom Kennedy; Deuces, John Kelly; Soapy, Eddie Gribbon; Spots, Al Hill; Johnny Cullen, Donald Kirke.

"CONFESSION"—WARNERS—Original screen play by Hans Rameau. Adaptation by Julius J. Epstein and Margaret LeVino. Directed by Joe May. The Cast: Vera, Kay Francis; Michael Michailow, Basil Rathbone; Presiding Judge, Donald Crisp; Mrs. Koslov, Dorothy Peterson; Prosecuting Attorney, Robert Barrat; Xenia, Veda Ann Borg; Reporter, Anderson Lawlor; Russian Interpreter, Michael Mark; Leonide Kirow, Ian Hunter; Lisa, Jane Bryan; Hildegard, Mary Maguire; Stella, Laura Hope Crews; Defense Attorney, Ben Welden; Wanda, Helen Valkis; Dancer, Matty King.

"DOUBLE OR NOTHING"—PARAMOUNT—Based on a story by M. Coates. Screen play by Charles Lederer, Erwin Gelsey, John C. Moffitt and Duke Atteberry. Directed by Theodore Reed. The Cast: Lefty Boylan, Bing Crosby; Lisa Lou Lane, Martha Raye; Half-Pint, Andy Devine; Vicki Clark, Mary Carlisle; Peterson, William Frawley; Sailor, Benny Baker; Jonathan Clark, Sam Hinds.

"EXCLUSIVE"—PARAMOUNT—Based on a play by John C. Moffitt. Screen play by John C. Moffitt, Sidney Salkow and Rian James. Directed by Al Hall. The Cast: Ralph Houston, Fred MacMurray; Vina Swain, Frances Farmer; Tod Swain, Charlie Ruggles; Charles Gillette, Lloyd Nolan; Mrs. Swain, Fay Holden; Colonel Bogardus, Edward H. Robins; Elliott, Gaylord Pendleton; Springer, Harlan Briggs; Formby, William Mansell; Beak, Horace MacMahon.

"FLIGHT FROM GLORY"—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by David Silverstein and John Twist. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: Smith, Chester Morris; Lee Wilson, Whitney Bourne; Ellis, Onslow Stevens; Wilson, Van Heflin; Hanson, Richard Lane; Jones, Paul Guilfoyle; Itchy, Solly Ward; Hilton, Douglas Walton; Old Timer, Walter Miller; Molly, Rita LaRoy; Pepi, Pasha Khan.

"FIREFLY, THE"—M-G-M—Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Based upon the book and lyrics by Otto A. Harbach. Adaptation by Ogden Nash. Music by Rudolf Friml. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The Cast: Nina Maria, Jeanette MacDonald; Don Diego, Allan Jones; Major De Rougemont, Warren William; Innkeeper, Billy Gilbert; General Savary, Henry Daniell; Marquis De Melito, Douglas Dumbrille; Etienne, Leonard Penn; King Ferdinand, Tom Rutherford; Lola, Belle Mitchell; Secret Service Chief, George Zucco; Duval, Corbett Morris; Wellington, Matthew Boulton.

"GANGWAY"—GB.—Music and lyrics by Sam Lerner, Al Goodhart and Al Hoffman. Directed by Sonnie Hale. The Cast: Pat Wayne, Jessie Mathews; Inspector Bob Deering, Barry Mackay; Nedda Beaumont, Olive Blakeney; Greta Brand, Liane Ordeyne; Carl Freemason, Patrick Ludlow; "Smiles" Hogan, Nat Pendleton; Otterman, Noel Madison; Taggett, Alastair Sim; Mrs. Van Tuyl, Doris Rogers; Tracy, Laurence Anderson; Benny the Gebt, Blake Dorn; Joe, Graham Moffatt; Ass't Commissioner, Peter Gawthorne; Smithers, Henry Hallatt; Foreign Dancer, Warren Jenkins.

"HIDEAWAY"—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by Robert Bren and Edmund L. Hartmann. Directed by Richard Rosson. The Cast: Frankie, Fred Stone; Emma, Emma Dunn; Joan, Marjorie Lord; Clarke, J. Carroll Naish; Bill, William Corson; Eddie, Ray Mayer; Al, Bradley Page; Norris, Paul Guilfoyle; Oscar, Tommy Bond; Sheriff, Dudley

Clements; Nolan, Alec Craig; Yokum, Charles Withers; Hank, Otto Hoffman; Mooney, Bob McKenzie.

"HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME"—PARAMOUNT—Original story and screen play by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Additional dialogue by George O'Neil. Music by Jerome Kern. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The Cast: Sally Waterson, Irene Dunne; Peter Corlandi, Randolph Scott; Molly, Dorothy Lamour; Doc Waterson, Raymond Walburn; Red Smith, Charles Bickford; Grandma Corlandi, Elizabeth Patterson; Mac, William Frawley; Veresi, Akim Tamiroff; Samuel, Ben Blue; Brennan, Alan Hale; Zeke Smith, Stanley Andrews; Gabby Johnson, Frank Sully; Boy, Tommy Bupp; Mrs. Lippincott, Helen Lowell; Mr. Lippincott, Lucien Littlefield; Mr. Stark, Irving Pichel; Colonel Blake, Purnell Pratt.

"HOT WATER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Robert Chapin and Karen De Wolf. Original story by Ron Ferguson and Eleanor De Lamater. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: John Jones, Jed Prouty; Bonnie Jones, Shirley Deane; Mrs. John Jones, Spring Byington; Herbert Thompson, Russell Gleason; Jack Jones, Kenneth Howell; Roger Jones, George Ernest; Lucy Jones, June Carlson; Granny Jones, Florence Roberts; Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan; Bebe Montaine, Joan Marsh; Isabel Enfield, Marjorie Weaver; Dr. Enfield, Willard Robertson; Hal Lynch, Robert Glecker; Walter Whitaker, Arthur Hohl; Maxwell, Selmar Jackson; Mayor Roberts, Joseph King.

"IT'S ALL YOURS"—COLUMBIA—Story by Adelaide Heilbron. Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: Linda Gray, Madeleine Carroll; Jimmy Barnes, Francis Lederer; Baron Rene de Montigny, Mischa Auer; Constance Marlowe, Grace Bradley; City Clerk, Victor Kilian; License Clerk, George McKay; Alexander Duncan, Charles Waldrone; E. J. Barnes, J. C. Nugent; Judge Reynolds, Richard Carle; Dabney, Arthur Hoyt; Reporter, Gene Morgan.

"IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER"—WARNERS—Original story by Maurice Hanline. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The Cast: Basil, Leslie Howard; Joyce, Bette Davis; Marcia West, Olivia de Havilland; Henry Grant, Patric Knowles; Digges, Eric Blore; William West, George Barbier; Gracey Kane, Bonita Granville; Aunt Ella, Spring Byington; Mrs. Kane, Georgia Caine; Elsie, Veda Ann Borg; First Butler, E. E. Clive; Joyce's maid, Valerie Bergere; Mrs. Hinkle, Sarah Edwards; Mr. Hinkle, Thomas Pogue; Mrs. Babson, Grace Fields; Mr. Babson, Harvey Clark; Mr. Kane, Ed Mortimer; Second Butler, Thomas Mills.

"LONDON BY NIGHT"—M-G-M—Screen play by George Oppenheimer from a play by Will Scott. Directed by William Thiele. The Cast: Michael Denis, George Murphy; Patricia Herrick, Rita Johnson; Bessie, Virginia Field; Correy, Leo G. Carroll; Inspector Jefferson, George Zucco; Sir Arthur Herrick, Montagu Love; Bill, Eddie Quillan; Squires, Leonard Mudie; Tims, J. M. Kerrigan; Inspector Sleet, Neil Fitzgerald; Postman, Harry Stubbs; Burroughs, Ivan Simpson; Jones, Corky.

"LOVE UNDER FIRE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Gene Fowler, Allen Rivkin and Ernest Pascal. Based on a play by Walter Hackett. Directed by George Marshall. The Cast: Myra Cooper, Loretta Young; Tracy Egan, Don Ameche; Pamela Beaumont, Frances Drake; Tib Conway, Walter Catlett; Captain Delmar, John Carradine; General Montero, Sig Rumann; Lieut. Chavez, Harold Huber; Rosa, Katherine de Mille; Captain Bowden, E. E. Clive; Lieut. Cabana, Don Alvarado; Captain Contreras, Georges Renavant; Bert, Clyde Cook; Lieut. De Vega, George Regas; Cunningham, Claude King; Officer, Francis McDonald; McWhirter, David Clyde; Civilian, Egon Brecher.

"MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR"—WARNERS—FIRST NATIONAL—Original story by C. B. Kelland. Screen play by William Wister Haines and Elaine Ryan. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The Cast: Claude Dodd, Kenny Baker; Mme. Moro, Alice Brady; Marjorie Day, Jane Wyman; Gateway, Henry O'Neil; Hiram P. Doremus, Ferris Taylor; "Sniffer," Frank McHugh; Jessica Stafford, Gertrude Michael; Lidin, John Eldridge; Doc Quinn, Harry Davenport; Information Desk Girl, Linda Perry; Taxicab Driver, Al Herman.

"ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Based upon the original stories of Judge Ben B. Lindsay, Robin Harris and Alfred Golden. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: Lucy ("Tex") Warren, Claire Trevor; Barbara Harrison, Sally Blane; Jim Tabor, Douglas Fowley; Flora Jackson, Fredi Washington; Sunny, Joan Carol; Moxie McGrath, Ralf Harold; Jerry Harrison, John Eldredge; Johnny, Paul McVey; Mortimer Atlas, Ray Walker; Peter Brindell, Russell Hopton; Charlie Milford, Chick Chandler; Henry Bangs, Eddie Anderson; Judge Clarke, Howard Hickman; Officer Joe, Bill Robinson.

"SHIEK STEPS OUT, THE"—REPUBLIC—Screen play by Adele Buffington. Original story by Adele Buffington. Additional dialogue by Gordon Kahn. Directed by Irving Pichel. The Cast: Ahmed Ben Nesib, Ramon Navarro; Flip Murdock,

Lola Lane; Sam Murdock, Gene Lockhart; Gloria Parker, Kathleen Burke; Abu Saal, Stanley Fields; Munson, Billy Bevan; Polly Parker, Charlotte Treadway; Lord Byington, Robert Coote; Allus Ali, Leonid Kinskey; Mario, Georges Renavent; Kisub, Jamel Hasson; Minister, C. Montague Shaw; Lt. Bordeaux, George Sorel.

"SOULS AT SEA"—PARAMOUNT—Based on a story by Ted Lesser. Screen play by Grover Jones and Dale Van Every. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The Cast: "Nuggin'" Taylor, Gary Cooper; Powdah, George Raft; Margaret Tarryton, Frances Dee; Lieut. Tarryton, Henry Wilcoxon; Captain of the "William Brown," Harry Carey; Babsie, Olympe Bradna; George Martin, Robert Cummings; Court Prosecutor, Porter Hall; Woodley, George Zucco; Tina, Virginia Weidler; Gaston de Basinet, Joseph Schildkraut; Captain Martisel, Gilbert Emery; Toymaker, Lucien Littlefield; Violinist, Paul Fix; Pecora, Tully Marshall; Mate, Monte Blue; Granley, Stanley Fields.

"STELLA DALLAS"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN—UNITED ARTISTS—From the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty. Screen play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by King Vidor. The Cast: Stella Dallas, Barbara Stanwyck; Stephen Dallas, John Boles; Laurel, Anne Shirley; Helen Morrison, Barbara O'Neil; Richard Grosvenor, Tim Holt; Ed Munn, Alan Hale; Mrs. Martin, Marjorie Main; Mr. Martin, Edmund Elton; Charlie Martin, George Walcott; Carrie Jenkins, Gertrude Short; Mrs. Grosvenor, Nella Walker; Con, Bruce Satterlee; Con (grown up), Jimmy Butler; Lee, Jack Egger; John, Dickie Jones; Miss Phillibrown, Anne Shoemaker.

"THAT CERTAIN WOMAN"—WARNERS—Screen play written by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The Cast: Mary Donnell, Bette Davis; Jack Merrick, Henry Fonda; Lloyd Rogers, Ian Hunter; Flib, Anita Louise; Merrick, Sr., Donald Crisp; Virgil Whittaker, Hugh O'Donnell; Mrs. Rogers, Katherine Alexander; Amy, Mary Phillips; Tildon, Minor Watson; Valko, Ben Welden; Detective Neely, Sidney Toler; Dr. James, Charles Trowbridge; Fred, Norman Willis; Dr. Hartman, Herbert Rawlinson; Kenyon, Tim Henning; Jackie, Dwan Day.

"VARSITY SHOW"—WARNERS—Original story by Warren Duff and Sid Herzog. Screen play by Warren Duff, Sid Herzog, Jerry Wald and Richard Macauley. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: "Chuck" Daly, Dick Powell; Ernie Mason, Fred Waring; "Babs" Steward, Rosemary Lane; Betty Bradley, Priscilla Lane; "Rubberlegs" Stevens, Lee Dixon; Prof. Washburn, Roy Atwell; Prof. Biddle, Walter Catlett; "Scotty," Scotty Bates; William Williams, Ted Healy; Cuddles, Mabe Todd; "Trout," Sterling Holloway; "Hap," George McFarland; Buzz Bolton, Johnny Davis; "Polly," Poley McClintock; Specialty Number by Buck and Bubbles; "Hammer," Ben Welden; Dean of the College, Halliwell Hobbes; Mrs. Smith, Emma Dunn; Mike Barclay, Ed Brophy.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT"—RKO-RADIO—Scenario and dialogue by Miles Malleon and Charles de Grandcourt. Produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox. The Cast: Queen Victoria, Anna Neagle; Prince Consort, Anton Walbrook; Prince Earnest, Walter Rilla; Duchess of Kent, Mary Morris; Lord Melbourne, H. B. Warner; Baroness Lehzen, Greta Wegener; Archbishop of Canterbury, C. V. France; Wellington, James Dale; Sir Robert Peel, Charles Carson; Lord Conyngham, Hubert Harben; Palmerston, Felix Aylmer; Gladstone (Young), Derrick De Marney; Gladstone (Old), Hugh Miller; Stockmar, Paul Leyssac.

"VOGUES OF 1938"—WALTER WANGER—UNITED ARTISTS—Original screen play by Samuel and Bella Spewack. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: George Curson, Warner Baxter; Wendy Van Klettering, Joan Bennett; Mary Curson, Helen Vinson; Prince Muratov, Mischa Auer; Mr. Morgan, Alan Mowbray; Mr. Brockton, Jerome Cowan; Sophie Miller, Alma Kruger; Mrs. Lemke, Marjorie Gatenon; Miss Simms, Dorothy McNulty; Betty Mason, Polly Rowles; Violet, Marla Shelton; Mrs. Van Klettering, Hedda Hopper; Lawyer, Roman Bohnen; Enterlainers, Georgie Tapps, Virginia Verill, Fred Lawrence, Gloria Gilbert, Olympic Trio, Wiere Brothers, Rocco and Sauter, The Four Hot Shots, Victor Young and his orchestra.

"WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES"—WARNERS—Screen play by Roy Chanslor. From a novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: Jim Turner, Barton MacLane; Valerie, Ann Sheridan; George Mayhew, Dick Purcell; Marjorie Mayhew, Peggy Bates; Pres Barrow, Walter Cassell; Mrs. Mayhew, Lottie Williams; Bright, Kenneth Harlan; Eight Ball, Eugene Jackson; Broadway, Charlie Foy; Joe, James Robbins.

"YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Harry Tugend, Jack Yellen and Karl Tunberg. From an original story by Gregory Ratoff. Music and lyrics by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: Judith Poe Wells, Alice Faye; Ritz Brothers, Themselves; George Macrae, Don Ameche; Sam Gordon, Charles Wininger; Lulu Riley, Louise Hovick; Rubinoff, Himself; Bobby Walker, Tony Martin; Bevins, Arthur Treacher; Evelyn Moore, Phyllis Brooks; Specialty, Tip, Tap & Toe; Orchestra Leader, Louis Prima; Hotel Clerk, Tyler Brooke; Romano, George Humbert; Mr. Whiteman, Jed Prouty; Jerry, Wally Vernon; Alderman Barney Callahan, Robert Murphy; Blonde, Dorothy Christy; Tom, Paul McVey; Lady Shopper, Clara Blandick.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 29)

the triangle is not noticeable. And speaking of pencils, Mr. Stanhope says that you must never, never use a black pencil to extend your brows or eyes, even if your brows are naturally very black. A dark-brown pencil gives the same effect and looks softer.

APROPOS OF NOTHING AT ALL—If you want to look your best when you're being photographed in your wedding dress, have the color of the dress a very pale shell pink, and it will photograph a pure white. Jeanette MacDonald's wedding dress was a soft pink, and Perc Westmore is making Norma Shearer's wigs in "Marie Antoinette" the same color, so that they will photograph a clear white.

I saw Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly" and was so impressed by the velviness of her skin that I dashed over to see her immediately and practically demanded to know how she did it. Here's the secret: Jeanette abandons her—and your—regular cold-cream cleansing once in a while—and cleans her face with three oils, using them in rotation on successive nights. The first night she uses almond oil to remove the make-up; the second night, coconut oil; and the third, olive oil. It's simple enough, isn't it? And Jeanette's lovely skin had me gasping with envy.

NO BULGES, PLEASE! — Maybe this isn't any particular place in here, but I just want to pass on something that struck me as very interesting for girls who have ambitions to be professional dancers.

Sonja Henie told me that she rehearses only two hours in the morning and then not again until evening, when she rehearses another two hours. She says that rehearsing for a longer period of time is what is responsible for those unsightly bulges and muscles on the legs. When you see her in "Thin Ice," notice the fluid grace of her lovely legs. And Sonja tells me that she has never needed to have her legs massaged because she doesn't overrehearse.

HEPBURN'S HAIR—I tried Katharine Hepburn's special way of washing her hair, and I must pass it along to those of you who have brown or reddish hair. Take four eggs and beat the yolks and whites separately until each is as foamy as possible. Rub the yolks in your scalp and massage thoroughly for five minutes. Then add the whites and rub for five or more minutes. Rinse with fresh lemon juice and cool water.

ODDS AND ENDS—Garbo eats raw carrots at intervals during the day to give her added vitality. . . Rosalind Russell mixes cologne with olive oil in equal proportions and uses it as a cleanser. For a powder base, she rubs in a little of the same mixture, wipes most of it off, and then powders over it. . . Virginia Bruce washes her face in soap and water, then rinses first in clear water, then in water with a little lemon in it. The lemon is whitening.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.



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Radio MIRROR
10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 72)

that they balance your skirt length. Don't be afraid of novelty, but, also, don't forget that the hat which may amuse you today may turn out to be but a giggle in a few months or so, when the novelty has worn off and only the craziness persists. Yes, a bit of caution should be used as to millinery in your planning, unless you can afford to wear a hat only a few times and then pass it on to someone.

A CALL from Katharine Hepburn brought Muriel King swooping through the air to design her clothes for "Stage Door." She has done Ginger Rogers' and Gail Patrick's also, in the same picture. Two contrasting types, Ginger with her airy, natural spontaneity; Katharine, with her sophisticated, greyhound streamlines, gave Miss King a great opportunity.

For Katharine, with her wide shoulders, she has designed with almost military severity a knockout coat of heavy, soft shaggy black wool, which has a braided front and brass buttons. Another coat of this type is of gray-blue cloth, its outstanding curved lapels lined with brighter blue. Long lines of dark-blue silk braid are on the front and back of the top of the coat and are squeezed into frog fastenings. The dress to be worn with this coat is of the blue materials of the lapels.

Layers of rounded petals trim an evening gown of gray marquisette which Katharine will wear. Petal layers surround the armholes, start at the shoulder on the bodice and taper to the belt, repeat this line in the back, and flow in a long line down the side fronts of the enormously wide skirt. A wide belt of magenta suede, buttoned in front, confines the waist.

A charming afternoon frock for Katharine is of black silk crepe, with wee grosgrain bows spaced at intervals on its surface. The V neck is filled in with a jabot of dozens and dozens of tiny grosgrain ribbon loops in white, and these also edge the long sleeves. There is a black chiffon negligee which is a dream. It is tucked from throat to hem in sun-ray pin tucks. Oh! the labor of that! There is a ruffle at the throat and another at the waist and both are confined with black velvet ribbons. White flowers are tucked into the belt.

So smart as to be outrageous is a short jacket of black heckle feathers, cut with a pointed standing collar. This Katy wears over an evening gown of black chiffon, made with harem-skirt loops on the sides of the skirt. The neck is high and transparent and has an inch-wide standing collar, tightly fitting the throat. A flat band of silver edges the neck and ends the short sleeves. Silver thread scrolls its way above these bands. Every edge of the dress is hand-rolled.

Ginger wears more youthful clothes. Watch for a suit of powder blue with a swagger coat. Her figured silk blouse is of blue with a red, chartreuse and white pattern.

Make an evening dress of bright green marquisette, yards and yards of it; then cover it with another entire dress of palest water green in the same material and you have one of the evening gowns Ginger wears. Add two cellophane flowers and you will look like something you might find floating through the woods on a midsummer's night. See it on page 60.

These are only a few of the delights in "Stage Door," for I saw dozens of clothes I should love to tell you about; on Katharine, Ginger and Gail, three distinct types.

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LOUISIANA		Belk Williams Co.	Wilmington
Ames Co.	Alexandria	NORTH DAKOTA	
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		C. Zimmerman	Cleveland
		Field's (Spaier's, Inc.)	Dayton

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Hudson Bay Co.	Calgary, Alberta	NEBRASKA	
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The Wilbur Suit Co.	Colorado Springs	Gaby's Exclusive Shoppe	Nash
CONNECTICUT		NEW JERSEY	
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Sage Allen & Co.	Hartford	Lillian Charm	Trent
C. O. Miller Co.	Stanford	NEW YORK	
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA		Fowler, Dick & Walker	Binghamt
Woodward & Lothrop	Washington	Abraham & Strauss	Brookl
FLORIDA		Flint & Kent	Buffa
Nordell's	Miami	Nugent's	Glen Fa
Bon Marche	Pensacola	Lord & Taylor	New York Ci
GEORGIA		Leon Friedman	Ogdensbu
Davison Paxson Co.	Atlanta	Boeckel Shop	Poughkeeps
Maysons	Macon	Hollywood Milliners	Tr
Leopold Adler	Savannah	Irving H. Irion	Uti
ILLINOIS		Pierre Campbell	Yonk
Dress Well Shop	Charleston	NORTH CAROLINA	
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.	Chicago	Glendale Shop	Ashevi
Block & Kuhl Co.	Decatur	Ellis Stone & Co.	Durha
Joseph Spiess Co.	Elgin	Ellis Stone & Co.	Greensbo
Kellogg, Drake Co.	Galesburg	Rosenbaum's, Inc.	Tarbo
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Peoples Store	Roseland	Robinson-Schwenn Co.	Hamilt
INDIANA		Fieldman's, Inc.	Lin
The Fair	Anderson		
Ziesel Bros. Co.	Elkhart		

The John Ross Co. Springfield
Edward Wren Co. Steubenville
The Hub. Toledo
Lamson Bros. Co. Van Wert
Bonnewitz Co. Wilmington
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Chas. F. Berg, Inc. Portland
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Allentown, Pa. Hess Bros.
Alliance, Ohio. C. C. Crawford
Alpena, Mich. Thomas Gown Shop
Alton, Ill. The Young D. G. Co.
Amesbury, Mass. The New York Cloak Co.
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Ann Arbor, Mich. Jacobson's
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Augusta, Me. Chernowsky's
Baltimore, Md. The May Company
Barre, Vermont. The Fashion Shop
Battle Creek, Mich. Jacobson's
Beckley, W. Va. Rahall's
Bellefontaine, Ohio. Wicks Dry Goods Co.
Beloit, Wis. A. H. Booth & Co.
Benton, Ill. I. Bass
Benton Harbor, Mich. The Enders Co.
Berlin, N. H. Stahl-Clarke Co.
Bethlehem, Pa. H. B. Sigal & Sons
Billings, Mont. Doyle & Doyle
Binghamton, N. Y. McLean's
Bismarck, N. D. A. W. Lucas Co.
Black River Falls, Wis. Chaimson Dept. Store
Bloomington, Ill. W. H. Roland
Blossburg, Pa. Style Shop
Blue Earth, Minn. Paul's Smart Styles
Bluefield, W. Va. Goodwin's
Boise, Idaho. Mayfair Shop
Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh
Bozeman, Mont. Braten's
Bradock, Pa. Sachs Bros.
Bradford, Pa. Yampolski Bros.
Brattleboro, Vt. J. E. Mann
Bremerton, Wash. Bremer's
Bridgeport, Conn. Meigs & Co.
Brockton, Mass. Porter's
Buffalo, N. Y. J. N. Adams & Co.
Burlington, Vt. Abernethy Clarkson Wright, Inc.
Butte, Mont. Symon's D. G.
Cadillac, Mich. J. W. Harvey Co.
Cambridge, Ohio. Davis & Co.
Cambridge, Md. J. G. Carton
Canandaigua, N. Y. Norma Shop
Canton, Ohio. Erlanger D. G. Co.
Cape Girardeau, Mo. Louis Hecht
Carbondale, Pa. Globe Fashion Shop
Caribou, Me. The Patee Co.
Carlisle, Pa. Bowman & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa. M. J. Frankel
Centralia, Ill. M. L. Levin
Charleoi, Pa. J. S. Miller
Charleston, Ill. Dress-Well Shops
Charlotte, Mich. Fred A. Richey Co.
Cheyenne, Wyo. S. H. Caminsky
Chicago, Ill. Marshall Field & Co.
Chisholm, Minn. Raattama's
Cicero, Ill. Meyer De Mar
Cincinnati, Ohio. Alms & Doepe Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va. Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Clearfield, Pa. Leitzinger Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio. May Co.
Cobleskill, N. Y. Rosalyn Specialty Shoppe
Columbia, Mo. Parks D. G. Co.
Columbia, Ohio. The Fashion
Connellsville, Pa. G. C. Davidson
Corning, N. Y. Rockwell Co.
Council Bluffs, Iowa. John Beno Co.
Creston, Iowa. Menzer's, Inc.
Crawfordsville, Ind. Golden Rule Store
Cumberland, Md. Rosenbaum Bros.
Davenport, Iowa. Weigle's
Dayton, Ohio. Donnenfeld's
Decatur, Ill. Hecht's
Decorah, Iowa. Decorah C. & S. Co.
Des Moines, Iowa. Wolf's
Detroit, Mich. J. L. Hudson Co.
Devils Lake, N. D. Manns Dept. Store
Duluth, Minn. Maurice's
Dubuque, Iowa. Roshek Bros.
Dunkirk, N. Y. Sidesys
East Liverpool, Ohio. Stein D. G.
East St. Louis, Ill. Seidel Apparel Co.
Easton, Md. Fox Bros.
Easton, Pa. Grollman Bros.
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City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

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Flint, Mich. The Vogue
Forest City, Iowa. R. R. Jacobs
Fort Dodge, Iowa. Gates D. G.
Fort Fairfield, Me. Ellis Green Co.
Fostoria, Ohio. H. O. Ahlenius
Framingham, Mass. Rayfield's
Franklin, N. H. Max Solomon
Frederick, Md. J. D. Hendrickson
Freeport, Ill. Hecht's
Fremont, Ohio. A. L. Bantz Co.

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Gardner, Mass. Winchester Specialty Shop
Gary, Ind. Broadway Style Shop
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Greenwich, Conn. A. B. Salvatore, Inc.
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Greensburg, Pa. La Rose Shop

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Homestead, Pa. Robins Shop
Hoquiam, Wash. Nail's
Hornell, N. Y. Tuttle Rockwell Co.
Houlton, Me. S. Greene & Bros.
Howell, Mich. John W. Goodnow
Huntington, W. Va. Kurzman's

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Indiana, Pa. Molly Ann Dress Shop
Indianapolis, Ind. Rink's Store
Ironwood, Mich. B. Krom & Son
Ithaca, N. Y. Holley's

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Jacksonville, Ill. The Emporium
Jamestown, N. Y. Abrahamson-Bigelow
Janesville, Wis. Hagen's
Jeanette, Pa. E. Weiner
Jefferson City, Mo. Peltason's
Johnstown, Pa. Glosser Bros.

Kankakee, Ill. Chicago Store
Kansas City, Kans. Young D. G. Co.
Kenosha, Wisc. Segal's
Kewanee, Ill. Kewanee D. G.
Klamath Falls, Ore. Adrienne's

Laconia, N. H. R. Wein
La Crosse, Wisc. E. R. Barron Co.
Lafayette, Ind. Palais Royal
Lakewood, Ohio. The Bailey Co.
Lancaster, Pa. Watt & Shand
Lansford, Pa. J. C. Bright
LaSalle, Ill. Hecht's
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Lead, S. Dak. Chase's
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Lebanon, Pa. Bon Ton
Leominster, Mass. The Vogue
Lewiston, Me. Peck's
Lewistown, Pa. Danks & Co.
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Lincoln, Nebr. The Famous Mercantile
Little Falls, N. Y. Strand Shop
Little Rock, Ark. Gus Blass Co.
Littleton, N. H. MacLeod's
Livingston, Mont. A. W. Miles Co.
Lockport, N. Y. Williams Bros. Co.
Logan, Utah. Allens Ladies Store
Lowell, Mass. Bon Marche D. G. Co.
Lynch, Ky. The United Supply Co.
Lynn, Mass. Goddard Bros.

McDonald, Pa. Chambon's
McKeesport, Pa. Cox's
Madison, Wisc. Woldenberg's
Manchester, N. H. Pariseau's
Mankato, Minn. Stevenson's
Marquette, Wisc. The Bell Store
Marquette, Mich. Lou's
Marshalltown, Iowa. Brintnall's
Marshfield, Wis. McCain-Johnson
Mason City, Iowa. Damon's
Massillon, Ohio. Erlanger D. G. Co.
Mattoon, Ill. Lester's
Mechanicsville, N. Y. P. H. Pender & Son
Medford, Oregon. Adrienne's
Milford, Mass. Louis Fashion Shop
Milwaukee, Wisc. Schuster's
Minerva, Ohio. Ralph C. Smith Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. Powers
Mishawaka, Ind. Milady Shop
Missoula, Mont. C. E. Preiss
Mitchell, S. Dak. Feinstein Bros.
Moline, Ill. La Rose Shop
Monroe, Wisc. The Link Store
Morgantown, W. Va. Floradora Shoppe
Moscow, Idaho. Fashion Shop
Mt. Airy, N. C. J. G. Harrison
Mt. Holly, N. J. Orchid Shop
Mt. Pleasant, Mich. The New Yorker
Mt. Vernon, Ill. Morton's Apparel
Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Dows-Rudin
Muncie, Ind. Roth's Smart App.
Muscatine, Iowa. Batterson Store
Muskegon, Mich. Wm. D. Hardy

Nashua, N. H. Smart Shop
Napoleon, Ohio. The Fashion Center
New Bedford, Mass. C. F. Wing & Co.
Newburyport, Mass. Goldsmith's Style Shop
New Castle, Ind. Morton's Apparel Shop
New Hampton, Iowa. Sheakley & Kennedy Bros.
New Haven, Conn. Morrison's
New Kensington, Pa. Silverman's
Newport, Vt. Flint's
Newport News, Va. The Broadway Store
Newton, N. J. The Leader
Niagara Falls, N. Y. Bellevue Dress Shop
Niagara Falls, N. Y. Mack-Friedman
Niles, Ohio. Lippy's
Northampton, Mass. McCallum's
Norwalk, Ohio. L. M. Preiss
Norway, Mich. Joseph Ruwicht & Son
Norwich, Conn. Feister & Raucher
Norwich, N. Y. The Fair Store

Oakland, Calif. Zukor's
Ogden, Utah. Brittan's
Olean, N. Y. The Kinter Co.
Olympia, Wash. M. M. Morris
Oneonta, N. Y. Oneonta Dept. Store
Orange, Mass. Orange Clothing Co.
Oswego, N. Y. M. J. McDonald
Ottawa, Iowa. T. J. Madden Co.
Ottawa, Ill. Hecht's
Painesville, Ohio. Daniels, Inc.
Parkersburg, W. Va. Jeannette's
Passaic, N. J. Montauk Shop
Paterson, N. J. Quackenbush Co.
Peoria, Ill. Hecht's
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(Continued on Page 107)



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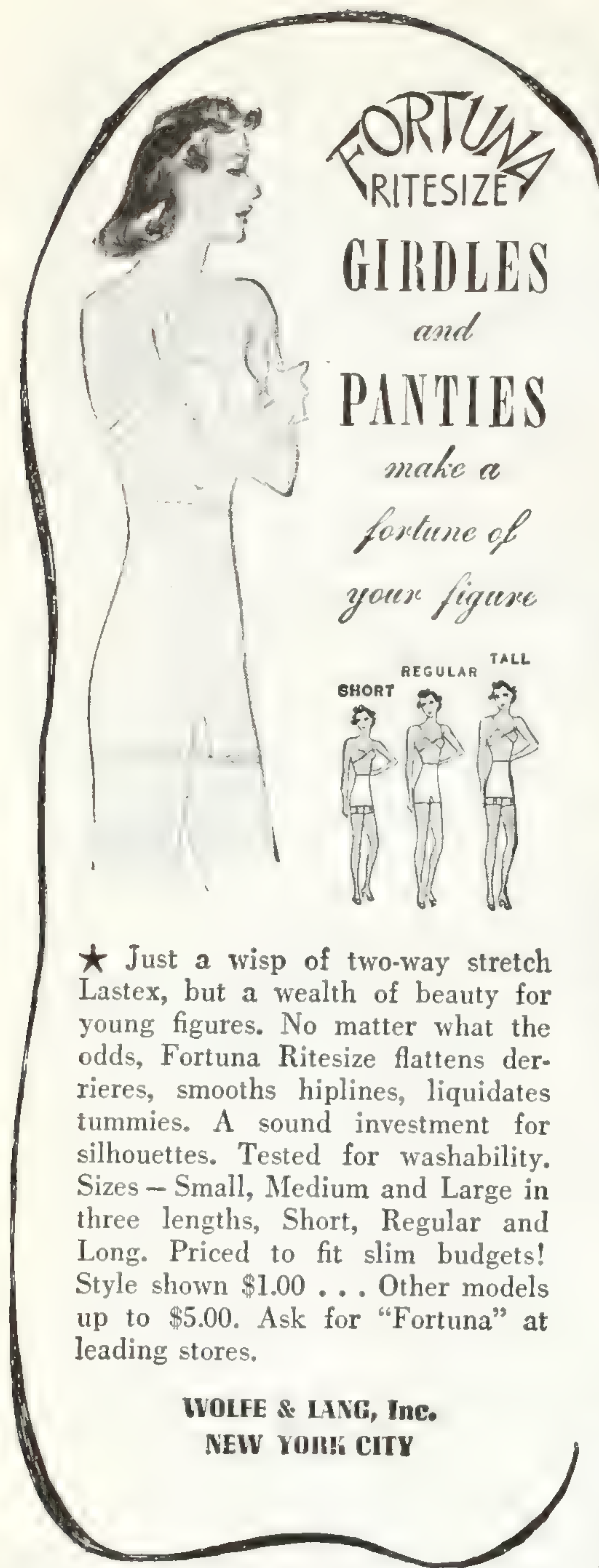


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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

GOOD OLD SOAK, THE—M-G-M

Wallace Beery as the wayward rum-guzzling father finally untangles his family's problems involving Eric Linden's passion for a night club gold digger, Judith Barrett. Una Merkel and Janet Beecher exceptionally fine support. Hokum but good. (July)

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY—RKO-Radio

A movie cowboy proves himself a two-fisted outdoor lad when he is mistaken for a real cowhand. George O'Brien is the hero who outwits ranch racketeers, wins Cecilia Parker. Joe Cais is the riotous stooge. Fast, furious and funny. (July)

HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE—Monogram

A timely, homespun and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright performance of Mickey Rooney, the misunderstood urchin battling for his father's reputation. Anne Nagel is the understanding school-marm; Frank Shields, her beau ideal. (Sept.)

HOTEL HAYWIRE—Paramount

A conglomeration of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffoonery that manages to be very funny. Leo Carrillo is the fake seer whose bad advice breaks up the family of Lynn Overman and his wife, Spring Byington. The amateur detective work of Benny Baker and Collette Lyons adds to the marital confusion. (Aug.)

★ I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount

As modern as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated conversational comedy reveals what happens when two boys meet one girl. Claudette Colbert is the department store designer out for a fling. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young see that she gets it. The dialogue is delicious and as catchy as measles. The snow scenes taken at Sun Valley are breathtaking. Simply swell. (Aug.)

IT HAPPENED OUT WEST—20th Century-Fox

Paul Kelly, a big business man, is sent West on an undercover deal to purchase a dairy ranch from Judith Allen. He falls in love with her, becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. You write the rest. (Aug.)

★ KID GALAHAD—Warners

An exciting story of the prize ring with Edward G. Robinson as the self-centered manager of Wayne Morris. Eddie hotheadedly tries to sell Morris out when he discovers the fighter is in love with his doll, Bette Davis. Humphrey Bogart, Bette, and Eddie himself are perfect. Punchy he-man material with Morris proving a winner. (July)

KING OF GAMBLERS—Paramount

The shocker-type melodrama reveals the sinister maneuvers of Akins Tamiroff, slot machine racketeer, who murders anyone who stands in his way. In love with Claire Trevor he lures his rival Lloyd Nolan into a trap which catches the wrong feller. Top-notch. (July)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB

Based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the harrowing experiences of five adventurers seeking the lost diamond mines of the Biblical king. Paul Robeson contributes some superb singing; Roland Young and Cedric Hardwicke play with their usual finesse. Somewhat à la serial, but you'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

★ KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR — London Films-United Artists

James Hilton's story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution, beautifully produced and superlatively photographed. Marlene Dietrich, as the exquisite countess, drops her mask, becomes really human. Robert Donat, as the secret service agent who saves her life, is perfect. Exceptional. (Aug.)

LADY ESCAPES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Another grade Z attempt at whimsical farce that fails miserably to amuse. Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart are a pair of battling hyenas who, after a year of assault and battery, decide on a divorce. What happens? Who cares? (Aug.)

LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID—Paramount

An action-packed drama of modern Spain with timely subject material and a good story, but the dialogue is an insult to intelligence. Included in the cast are Lew Ayres, Dorothy Lamour, and Gilbert Roland, all of whom overact. (Aug.)

LET THEM LIVE—Universal

Vivid and fast-moving story of a young doctor's efforts to better sanitary conditions in the slums. John Howard is splendid as the medic; Edward Ellis true to type as the crooked politician who balks Howard's efforts. The cast is good. (July)

★ LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Warners

Warner Brothers prove once again their aptitude for combining fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment. Paul Muni does epochal acting as the French writer, champion of the underdog, who risks his life and career to fight for Captain Dreyfus, unjustly condemned to Devil's Island. Joseph Schildkraut as Dreyfus is superlative. The entire cast scores. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures. (Sept.)

LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A lightweight little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor,



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breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Without benefit of clergy, they enter a happiest married contest, are forced to live up to the terms. Stay home and be comfortable. (Sept.)

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—Paramount

A tender heart-stirring story of two old people who are unwanted by their children. Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore (in a serious rôle for once) offer a richly sympathetic portrait of a devoted couple. Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Porter Hall among the strong cast. It's splendid. (July)

MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal

The story of a cop, Edward Ellis, who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, allows his heritage to throw him for a loop on the wrong path, but all ends well with the help of his heart throb, Nan Grey. Take it or leave it. (Aug.)

MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST—M-G-M

Debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to Grade A entertainment. The story concerns a crackpot inventor who gets involved in a night of adventure playing good Samaritan to a strange girl. Florence Rice is a vivid heroine. (Sept.)

MARRY THE GIRL—Warners

Fancy the hysterical "woo-hooing" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgeting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby laugh riot. Mischa Auer, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray and Carol Hughes contribute to the fun. (Sept.)

MEET THE MISSUS—RKO-Radio

Miss America contests come in for some fancy razzing in this Victor Moore-Helen Broderick snicker-flicker. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging hubby along. The judges finally pay them to leave town. Anne Shirley is romantic. Looney and lively. (Aug.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Republic

A sentimental, sobby drama of a frivolous wife who befriends two orphans to win back the custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, grows to love Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, her husband becomes convinced of her sincerity. The kiddies are cunning. (Aug.)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Warners

Based on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this reveals the brutalities of a sadistic father (Robert Barrat) who beats his daughter (Josephine Hutchinson). She kills him, goes to prison. George Brent, as her attorney, does his bit. Too repellingly cruel. (Aug.)

★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC—Paramount

This screwball story of a hilly-billy with amnesia is a rollicking comedy of the knock-down drag-out tradition. Martha Raye is the homely hen whom no man but Bob Burns wants. Things get raucous when the mountain people accuse John Howard of murdering Burns. If you like fun, here it is! (Aug.)

★ NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO-Radio

If variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of hot swing music form your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Harriet Hilliard and Parkyakarkus are the principals around whom are built many sketches and minor acts. Outstanding. (Sept.)

NIGHT KEY—Universal

The transformation of Boris Karloff from bogeyman to sympathetic character is the important feature of this pleasing picture. Karloff is an inventor of electrical burglar alarms. There is humor and suspense in his revenge when crooks use his brain child for their own ends. (July)

★ NIGHT MUST FALL—M-G-M

Sheer stark horror marches through this unusual, imaginative but superbly produced picture. Bob Montgomery steps out of his playboy rôles to appear as an English bellboy with an insatiable blood lust, and does a knockout job ably supported by Rosalind Russell and Dame May Whitty. Exceptional. (July)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY—Paramount

This tries to follow the tradition of the Philo Vance series and fails miserably. When a murderous someone seems bent on exterminating the whole Greene family, you wish they would get it over, so you could go home. (Aug.)

NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE—Paramount

A shooting, tooting action story of the famous Hopalong Cassidy series with Bill Boyd as usual playing Cassidy. Posing as a bad man to find the murderer of his brother he nearly comes a cropper. The scenery steals the show. (Sept.)

OFF AGAIN-ON AGAIN—RKO-Radio

Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of quarreling Babbits who decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their problems. The winner takes over the business; the loser plays valet to the lucky one. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep. (Sept.)

★ PARNELL—M-G-M

A moving and educational portrait of the "uncrowned King of Ireland" and the woman for whom he gave up his power, directed with restraint and scrupulous attention to historical detail. Gable in the title rôle is dignified, Myrna Loy as

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Kitty O'Shea is completely charming, and Edna May Oliver, Montagu Love, Neil Fitzgerald and Edmund Gwenn offer able support. Superior entertainment. (Aug.)

RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS—Republic
Better than most, independent "quickies" his offers Pat Ellis as an unsuccessful composer of music and Warren Hull as the big-shot musician he manages to compromise. Put it on your see-if-necessary list. (Aug.)

ROAD BACK, THE—Universal
Sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," this is a slow-moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. Richard Cromwell, John King and Andy Devine offer keen portrayals of the youthful patriots. (Sept.)

RUSTLER'S VALLEY—Paramount
Bill Boyd again takes to his boots and saddle as *Hopalong Cassidy*, frees his pal from accusation as a bank robber, finds time to woo and win Madge Evans. Better than the average *Hopalong*. (Sept.)

SARATOGA—M-G-M
Jean Harlow's last picture and the consensus is that her portrayal in this fast-moving comedy drama built around the well-known race track was one of the best of her career. Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Una Merkel, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan are all up to their usual fine standard. (Sept.)

SHE HAD TO EAT—20th Century-Fox
Here are jumbled all the old time-tested comedy devices, including mistaken identity, the screwy millionaire, the dumb country boy, the clever little maid. They all miss. Jack Haley, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn and others try hard, but the story yields only a few moments of hilarity. (Sept.)

SING AND BE HAPPY—20th Century-Fox
An innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray, working for rival advertising firms, sing and bicker for reels, make up at the behest of Helen Westley, "Pickle Queen." Songs include "Travelin' Light," and "Sing and Be Happy." (Sept.)

SINGING MARINE, THE—Warners
Amiable Dick Powell has the situation well in hand in this nicely produced musical. He plays a bashful soldier whose head becomes too big for his hat. China restores his equilibrium. Doris Weston is the girl who waits at the home port. Completely unoriginal but amusing. (Sept.)

SLAVE SHIP—20th Century-Fox
A rugged and skillfully directed drama dealing with the African slave traffic of 1850 somewhat rose-colored by a romance between Captain Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle. Wally Beery, Joseph Schildkraut and George Sanders graphically villainous. Mickey Rooney steals all the honors. (Aug.)

SLIM—Warners
Sizzling with excitement, this high voltage tale reveals the bravery of telephone linesmen in their hazardous work. When love for Margaret Lindsay upsets the palship of Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda, the triangle is squared with a terrific climax. A hummer. (July)

SMALL TOWN BOY—Grand National
The hackneyed story of the village sap who becomes a go-getter is again brought out of its wrappings. This time Stuart Erwin is the suppressed lad, who, finding a thousand bucks, immediately becomes a new man and wins the belle of the borough, Joyce Compton. Stay home. (Sept.)

STAR IS BORN, A—20th Century-Fox
The best Hollywood story to date, and in Technicolor too! It portrays the joys and sorrows of an extra girl who achieves stardom and the fall of the male idol whom she marries. Janet Gaynor makes a glorious comeback as the extra, Freddie March is the fast slipping screen king. Scrumptious cast. A "must see." (July)

SUPER SLEUTH—RKO-Radio
Jack Oakie mugs, slugs, and turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire on all mystery yarns. Playing a dim-wit actor who yearns to be a detective, he discovers a would-be murderer. The chase ends in the crazy house of a beach concession. Just where the picture belongs. (Sept.)

TALENT SCOUT—Warners
Lively entertainment results from this gay story of a talent looker-over, Donald Woods, and his singing find, Jeanne Madden. When she becomes a hit and falls in love with Fred Lawrence minor complications result. The cast has plenty of vim and the songs are catchy. (Aug.)

TALK OF THE DEVIL—GB
An extremely diverting mystery involving the ability of Ricardo Cortez to imitate anybody's voice. This aptitude gets him into hot water when Basil Sydney, a smooth forger, uses Cortez for a blind, brings Sally Eilers to the brink of ruin. (July)

TENTH MAN, THE—GB
John Lodge blusters his way through English politics, big business and marital troubles in a very loud way. Antoinette Cellier is his long-suffering

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PHOTOPLAY COAT FASHIONS
(Continued from page 105)

Pottsville, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Pottstown, Pa.	Hoffmans Ladies' App.
Presque Isle, Me.	B. S. Greene
Princeton, W. Va.	Nelson's Ladies Shop
Providence, Ky.	Dixie Bargain Store
Providence, R. I.	The Outlet Co.
Provo, Utah	Christensen's
Racine, Wisc.	Avenue Shop
Reading, Pa.	Gilman's
Reno, Nev.	Wonder Millinery & Dress
Richmond, Ind.	Palais Royal
Ridgeway, Pa.	Ladies Bazaar
Roanoke, Va.	Kann's, Inc.
Rochester, Minn.	Stevenson's
Rockford, Ill.	Husch Mercantile
Rock Island, Ill.	McCabe D. G. Co.
Rockland, Me.	Senter Crane Co.
Rumford, Me.	E. K. Day Co.
Rutland, Vt.	Wolf's Style Shop
Saginaw, Mich.	Esther Shop
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	Berry-Ball
St. Louis, Mich.	Young's Dept. Store
St. Louis, Mo.	Sonnenfeld's
St. Paul, Minn.	Husch Bros.
Salem, Ohio	Hansell's
Salisbury, Md.	R. E. Powell
Salina, Kans.	Shelton's
Santa Fe, N. Mex.	Blatt, Inc.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Boston Store
Sandstone, Minn.	Klein's Dept. Store
Sandusky, Ohio	Wm. S. Frankel Co.
Sanford, Me.	J. Papas
Sidney, N. Y.	Rosalyne Specialty Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Wallace Co.
Scranton, Pa.	Scranton D. G. Co.
Shelbyville, Ind.	Mary Lou Shop
Sheldon, Iowa	Grey Shop
Shenandoah, Pa.	Goldberg's
Sioux Falls, So. Dak.	Senter Crane
Sioux City, Iowa	B. Kopel
South Bend, Ind.	Davidson Bros. Co.
Sparta, Wis.	Robertson Bros. Co.
Spencer, Iowa	Dodge & Davis
Spokane, Wash.	T. H. Jones & Sons, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Zukor's
Springfield, Ohio	Forbes & Wallace
Springville, N. Y.	The Ed. Wren Co.
Stamford, N. Y.	Simon Bros.
Starkville, Miss.	Florence Shop
Steubenville, Ohio	Rossoff's
Sumter, S. C.	Reiner's
Sunbury, Pa.	Ben E. Ness
Syracuse, N. Y.	Fehr's
Tamaqua, Pa.	The Addis Co.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Scheid's Dept. Store
The Dalles, Oregon	Silver's Specialty
Titusville, Pa.	The Paris Shop
Toledo, Ohio	Bennett Davis
Towanda, Pa.	La Salle & Koch
Troy, N. Y.	W. I. Ruggles
Twin Falls, Idaho	B. Weinberg
Uniontown, Pa.	Cummings, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.	Kaufman's
Van Wert, Ohio	J. B. Wells & Son Co.
Vandergrift, Pa.	Ruckles Shop
Vineland, N. J.	Maxine's
Vincennes, Ind.	Shore's
Virginia, Minn.	Joseph's
Walla, Wash.	Sapero Bros.
Warsaw, Ind.	Bergman's
Waseca, Minn.	Joseph's
Washington, Pa.	Herter's
Waterloo, Iowa	S. C. Work & Son
Watertown, N. Y.	New York Fashion
Watertown, Wisc.	Globe Store
Waukegan, Ill.	Elliott's
Waukesha, Wis.	Rubin's
Waynesboro, Pa.	Hale & Sons
Weich, W. Va.	Sherman's
Wellston, Mo.	The Beryl Shop
Wellsville, N. Y.	La Belle Fashion Shop
Westfield, Mass.	Rockwell Bros. & Co.
Westfield, N. Y.	Wenatchee Dept. Store
Wheeling, W. Va.	Block's Woman's Shop
Whitewater, Wisc.	Geo. R. Taylor Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Whitewater Dept. Store
Williamsport, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Wilmington, N. C.	L. L. Stearns & Sons
Winona, Minn.	La Mode Shop
Williamstown, Conn.	Stevenson's
Wilmington, Ohio	Tubridy's
Woonsocket, R. I.	Lacy's
Yakima, Wash.	McCarthy D. G. Co.
Yonkers, N. Y.	Hal H. Bowen
Youngstown, Ohio	Bertha Merrill
Zanesville, Ohio	Strauss-Hirschberg
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wife all decked out in every thing but the window drapes. A few nice character parts. Stuffy. (July)

THE CALIFORNIAN—20th Century-Fox
The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertaining. Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish don who frees his people from the hated gringos. Katherine de Mille is the jealous menace; Marjorie Weaver the heroine. (Sept.)

THERE GOES MY GIRL—RKO-Radio
The aged setup of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good comedy situations but even Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are hard put to make anything of this film but second-rate entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—M-G-M**
Excellent characterizations by Spencer Tracy, Franchot Tone and Gladys George make this artistically good; an abundance of action makes it thrilling. It concerns war buddies who fall in love with the same woman, and bringing the action to the present day, shows what happens to a coward. Unique and worthwhile. (July)

★ **THEY WON'T FORGET—Warners**
Here is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema, and excellent entertainment. Based on the best seller "Death in the Deep South" it relates with truth and power the story of a murder case which involves the nation in sectional hatred. Newcomer Gloria Dickson shines; Claude Rains is outstanding. Don't fail to see it. (Aug.)

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M
This old thriller has lost none of its terrors by having its face lifted. Dame May Whitty is the medium who solves the murders, saves her daughter Madge Evans from suspicion, and Thomas Beck is the Governor's son who loves Madge. Plenty of suspense and shivers. (July)

★ **TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio**
Stirring drama inspired by the grandiloquent careers of the "robber barons" of America's industrial turmoil after the Civil War. Edward Arnold is a lusty *Jim Fisk*, Lord of Wall Street; Frances Farmer is intelligent as *Josie Mansfield*; Jack Oakie's comedy scores. Lavish and spectacular. (Sept.)

★ **TOPPER—Hal Roach-M-G-M**
Gay mad nonsense involving two mischievous ghosts (Connie Bennett and Cary Grant) who have the power of materializing themselves at will. Their efforts to bring harmony into the marital difficulties of Roland Young, a whimsical banker, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, will leave you gasping with laughter. The production is A-1 too. (Sept.)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—New World-20th Century-Fox
Old-fashioned in theme and treatment, this reveals Annabella, the current toast of the Continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of dukes, duels and diamonds in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. Veidt is miscast, Annabella is pert and pretty. Romney Brent is excellent. (Aug.)

★ **WEE WILLIE WINKIE—20th Century-Fox**
Kipling's famous tale of British Army poets revamped to allow Shirley Temple the name rôle, and full scope for her undisputed powers of capturing the affections of four officers as well as American audiences. There is action and plenty of it when Shirley delivers a spy message, is kidnapped by an Indian Khan. June Lang and Michael Whalen carry the romance; Victor McLaglen is excellent as usual. A "must see." (Aug.)

WILD MONEY—Paramount
Edward Everett Horton is a stingy newspaper auditor on vacation when a kidnapping makes him forget his parsimoniousness. Horton's spending spree is all there is to it, and the slight love angle introduced by Louise Campbell. Catch this on a double bill. (Sept.)

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Universal
An effective story dealing with the stresses of the naval flying service on newlyweds Wendy Barrie and Ray Milland. After many marital complications they discover regulations and love can mix. William Gargan and Kent Taylor are splendid. Nice. (July)

★ **WOMAN CHASES MAN—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists**
Brilliant nonstop comedy with Miriam Hopkins as a penniless architect, Charles Winninger as the screwball promoter and Joel McCrea as the reactionary son. Miriam chases Joel up hill and down dale, finally corners him in a tree while you are hysterical with laughter. Go. (July)

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—RKO-Radio
Paul Muni is the wronged husband, Miriam Hopkins, the woman, and Louis Hayward is the too solemn lover in this war triangle. The three work out their destiny with the help of God and German air aces. Very grim but see it for fine direction and acting. (July)

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE—RKO-Radio
Here is screwy comedy which manages to be consistently funny. Silk-hatted Preston Foster is tied up in politics, meets Joan Fontaine, falls in love. Herbert Mundin troups nicely as Foster's manservant, and Barbara Pepper is hilarious. You'll laugh. (Aug.)

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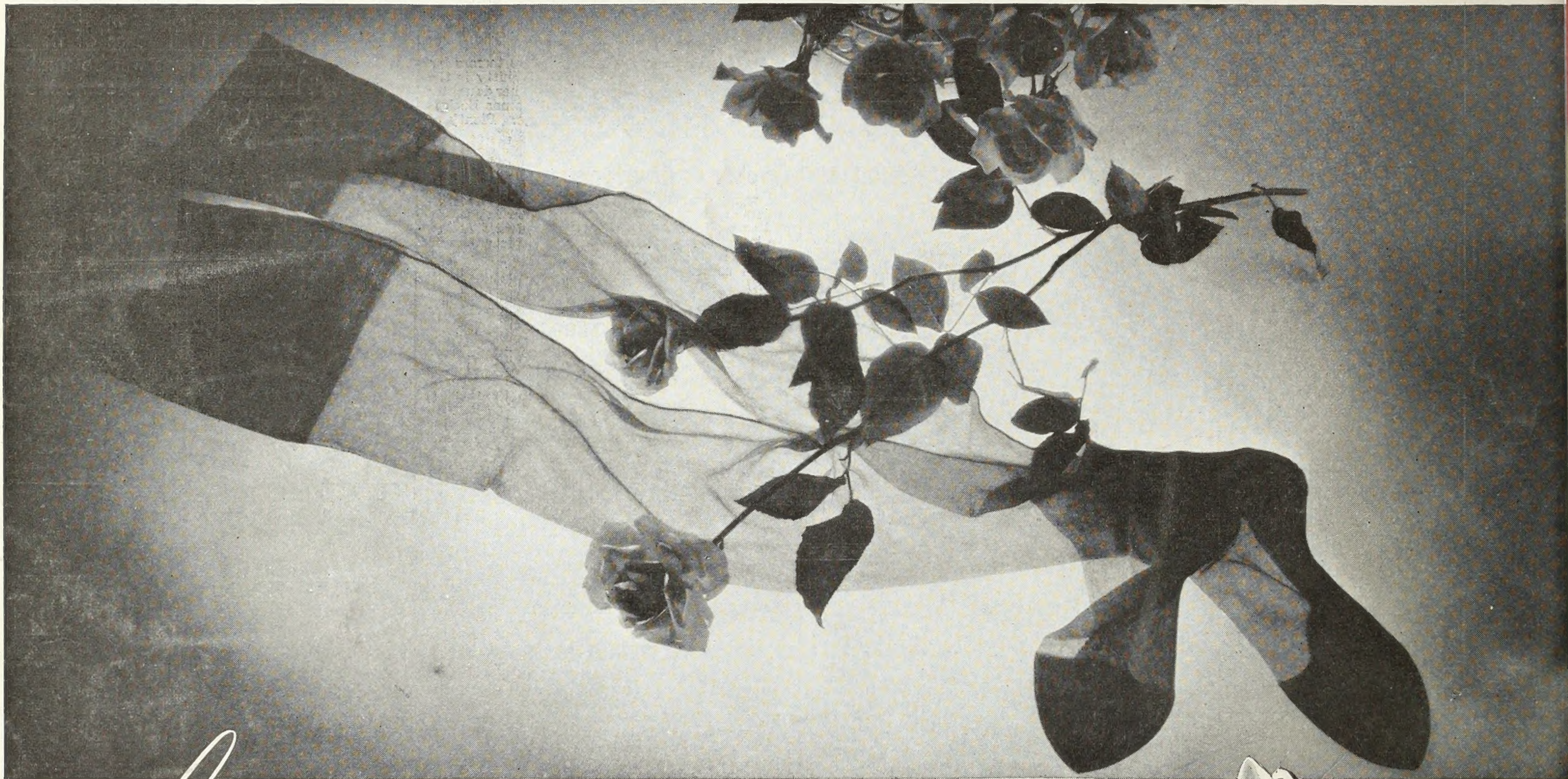
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CYCLING is a favorite sport of Miss Wendy Morgan (*left, above*) debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., of New York. Following her bow to society at the Hotel Pierre,

Miss Morgan cycle-toured in Ireland and the Tyrol. After a tiring spin, Miss Morgan admits that "cycling does take it out of you, all right . . . but Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"



IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting—for which she has a genuine talent—and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

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